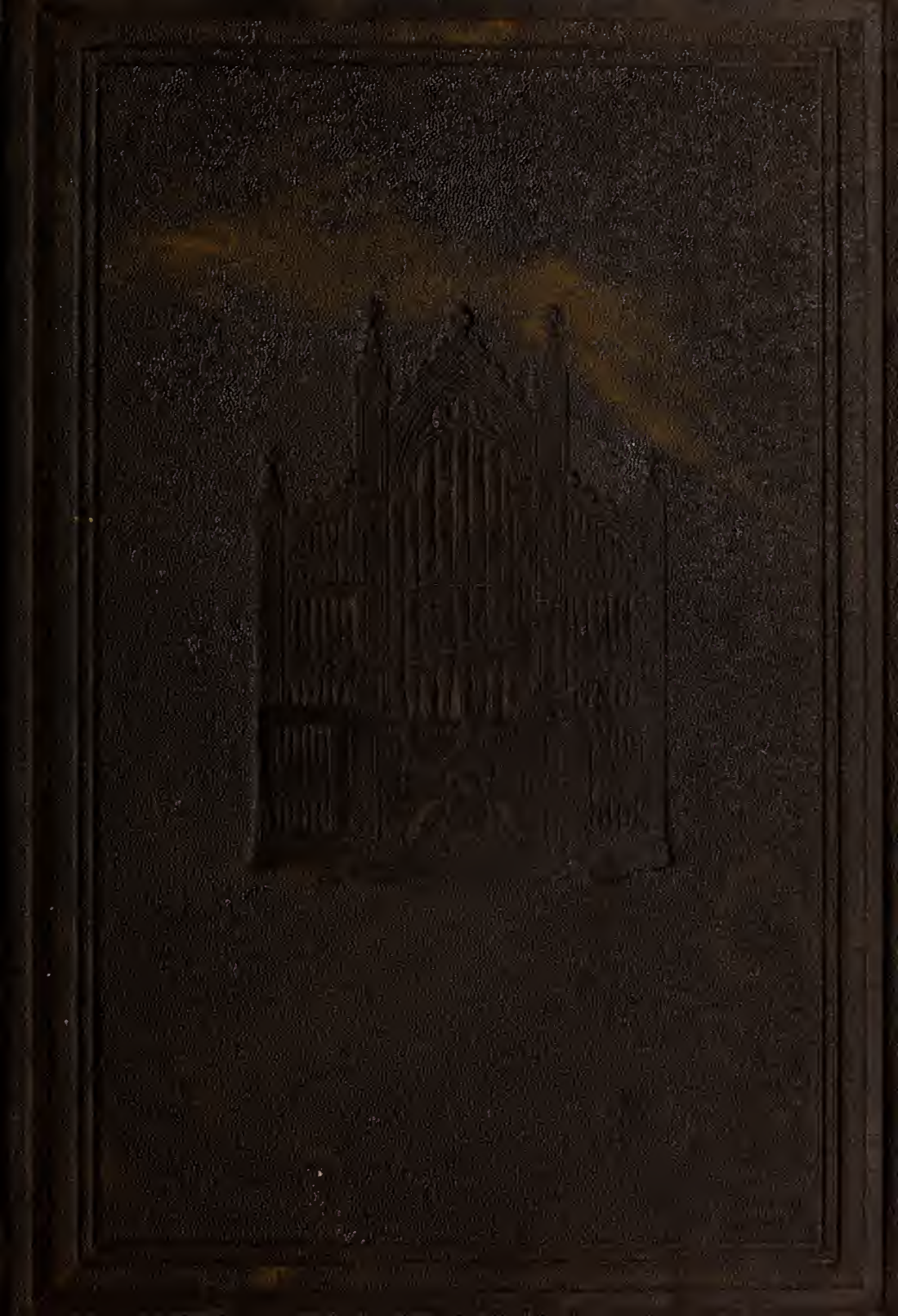

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EPISCOPAL

COMMON PRAISE:

CONSISTING OF THE

CHANTS IN THE MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE

OF THE

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

AND

THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN METRE·

WITH

HYMNS

SUITED TO THE FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH;

TOGETHER WITH

THE ADDITIONAL HYMNS

LICENSED FOR USE IN THE CONGREGATIONS

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church,

BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1865.

ALL SET TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
111 & 113 WILLIAM ST., CORNER OF JOHN.

1867.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867,

By A. S. BARNES & Co.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Electrotyped by Smith & McDougal, 82 & 84 Beekman St., N. Y.

Printed by George W. Wood, 2 Dutch Street, N. Y

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To JOHN P. MORGAN, Professor in the Conservatory of Music, Eighth Street, New York, and Organist of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, thanks are due for his able assistance in revising the harmonies of this volume; several of the tunes, as *Spanish Hymn*, *Laban*, *Deseret*, *Old Hundred* (as to Hymn 154), *Remsen*, *Phuvah*, *Armenia*, *Westlane*, *Anthon*, and *Feltus*, he has re-harmonized entirely. To DR. LOWELL MASON, and DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, ever to be had in grateful remembrance by the Christians of our land, as patriarchs in the cause of sacred music; to GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN, organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn; to CHESTER G. ALLEN, leader of the Choir of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn; to HENRY WILSON, organist of Christ Church, Hartford; and to CLARE W. BEAMES, organist of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York,—obligations are acknowledged for valuable advice, and the use of their inestimable tunes in the Composition of the work. Use has been made of the "Church Psalter and Hymn Book," by the REV. WILLIAM MERCER, of Sheffield, England; of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," published by NOVELLO & Co., of London; of the "Church Choir," by JOSEPH MUENSCHER D. D.; and of the well known "Episcopal Tune Book," published by a committee appointed by the American House of Bishops.

Justice to the Music Publishers, by whose investments and labors the works of the great composers are brought within reach of the mass of the people, and without whose co-operation such volumes as this could not be compiled, demands that use should not be made of tunes

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And now, in the earnest hope that God will bless all efforts to enrich, popularize, and spiritualize the music of the Sanctuary, this work is given for publication.

GEORGE E. THRALL,

Rector of the Church of the Messiah.

CLINTON AVENUE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Oct. 1, 1867.

CHANTS

OF THE

MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE.

Morning Prayer.

Opening Sentences.

No. 1.

No. 2.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

No. 3. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 4.

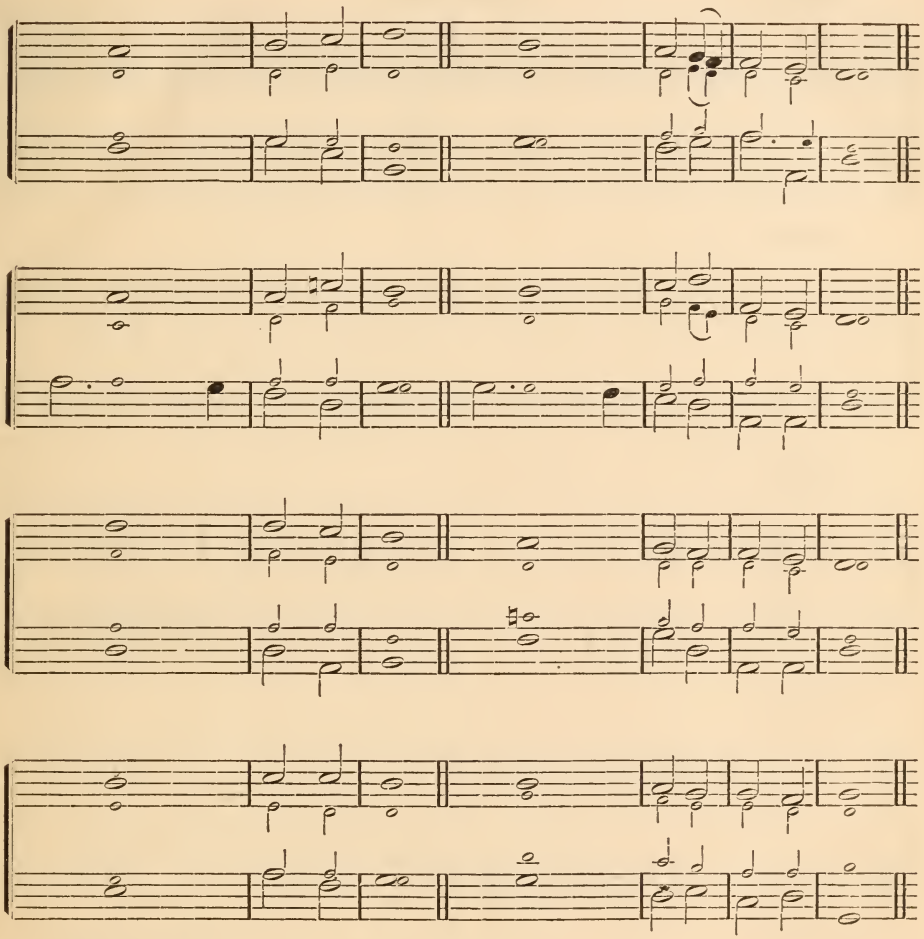
No. 5.

No. 6.

Choir.

1. O come, let us sing un-	to the	Lord,	let us heartily re- joice in the....	strength of	our sal-	vation.	2.
3. For the Lord is a ...	great —	God;	and a great.....	King a-	bove all	gods.	4.
5. The sea is his, ...	and he	made it;	and his hand pre-..	pared the	dry —	land.	6.
7. For he is the.....	Lord our	God;	and we are the people of his pasture, and the	sheep of	his —	hand.	8.
10. Glory be to the Fa- ther, and.....	to the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost :	11.

Venite. Concluded.



Congregation.

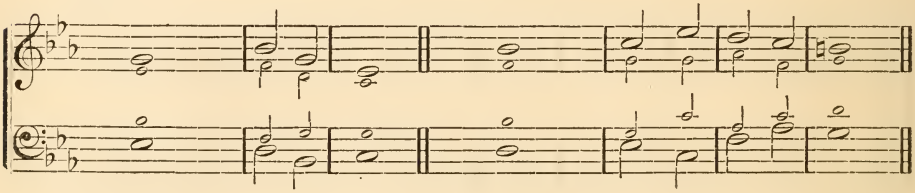
2. Let us come before his presence....	with thanks-	giving,	and show ourselves..	glad in	him with	psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners.....	of the	earth;	and the strength of the	hills is	his —	also. 5.
6. O come, let us worship	and fall	down;	and kneel be-.....	fore the	Lord our	Maker. 7.
8. O worship the Lord in the.....	beauty · of	holiness;	let the whole earth..	stand in	awe of	him.
9. For he cometh, for he cometh, to...	judge the	earth;	and with righteousness to judge the world, and the..	peo- ple	with his	truth. 10.
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever · shall	be,	world.....	with-out	end. A-	men.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

No. 7. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 8.

No. 9.

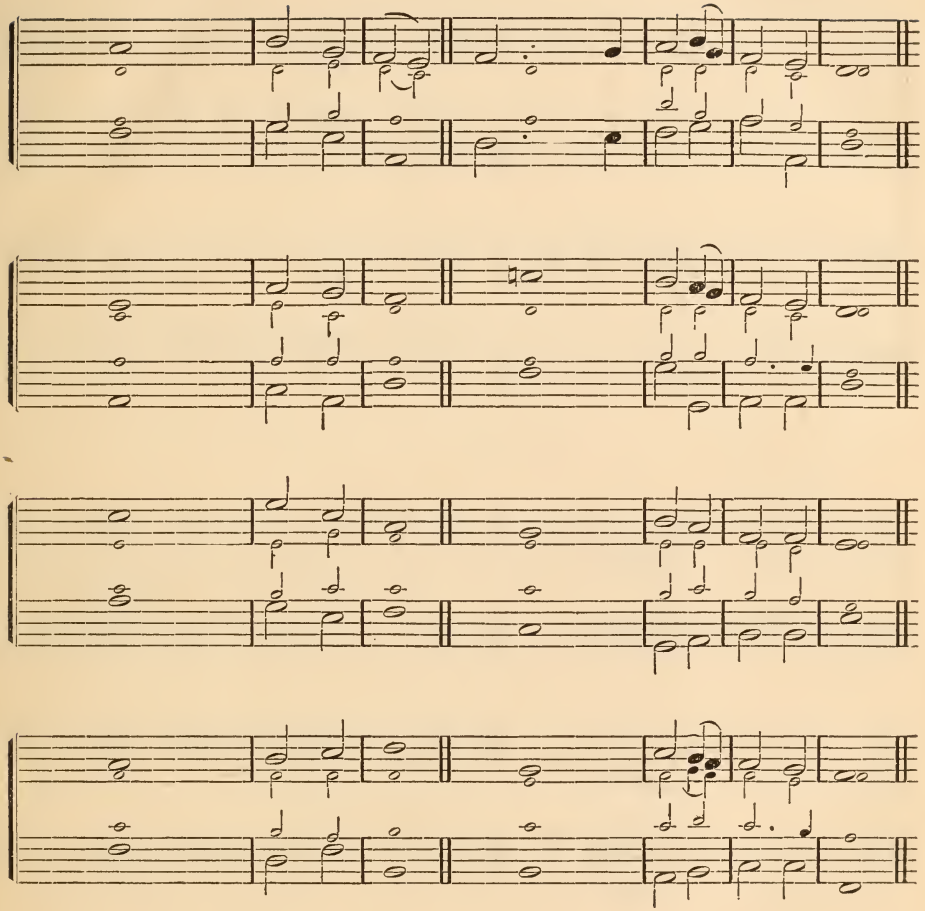


No. 10.

Choir.

1. O come, let us sing un-	to the	Lord,	let us heartily re- joice in the....	strength of	our sal-	vation.	2.
3. For the Lord is a....	great —	God;	and a great.....	King a-	bove all	gods.	4.
5. The sea is his,.....	and he	made it;	and his hand pre-..	pared the	dry —	land.	6.
7. For he is the.....	Lord our	God;	and we are the people of his pasture, and the	sheep of	his —	hand.	8.
10. Glory be to the Fa- ther, and.....	to the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost:	11.

Venite. Concluded.

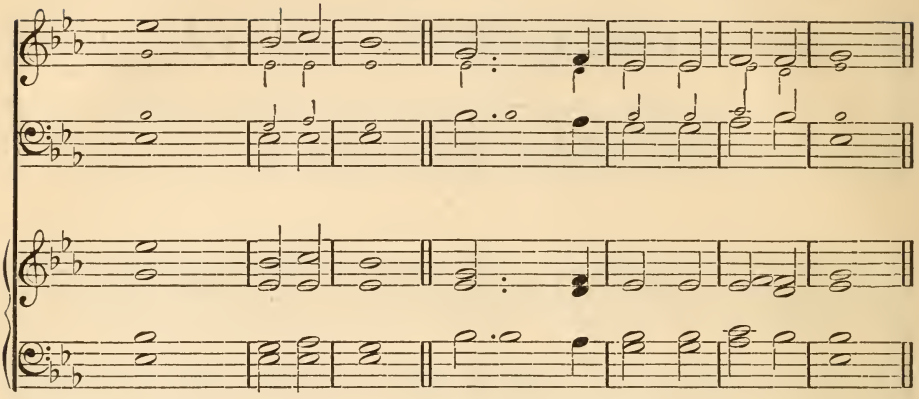


Congregation.

2. Let us come before his presence....	with thanks-	giving,	and show ourselves..	glad in	him with	psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners.....	of the	earth;	and the strength of the	hills is	his —	also. 5.
6. O come, let us worship	and fall	down;	and kneel be-.....	fore the	Lord our	Maker. 7.
8. O worship the Lord in the.....	beauty of	holiness;	let the whole earth..	stand in	awe of	him.
9. For he cometh, for he cometh, to...	judge the	earth;	and with righteousness to judge the world, and the..	peo- ple	with his	truth. 10.
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever shall	be,	world.....	with-out	end. A-	men.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

No. 11. DOUBLE CHANTS. *For the Choir.*



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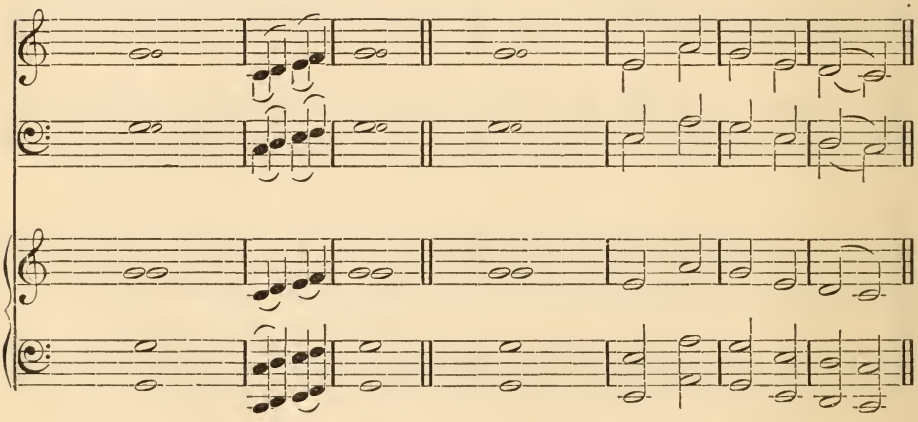


1. O come, let us sing un-	to the	Lord,	let us heartily re- joice in the....	strength of	our sal-	vation.	2.
3. For the Lord is a....	great —	God;	and a great.....	King a-	bove all	gods.	4.
5. The sea is his,.....	and he	made it;	and his hand pre-..	pared the	dry —	land.	6.
7. For he is the.....	Lord our	God;	and we are the people of his pasture, and the	sheep of	his —	hand.	8.
10. Glory be to the Fa- ther, and.....	to the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost:	11.

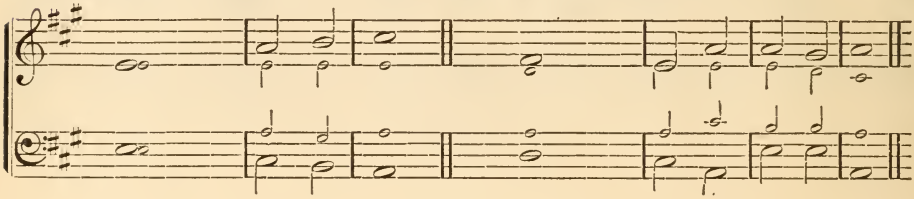
Venite. Concluded.

2. Let us come before his presence....	with thanks-	giving,	and show ourselves..	glad in	him with	psalms.	3.
4. In his hand are all the corners.....	of the	earth;	and the strength of the	hills is	his —	also.	5.
6. O come, let us worship	and fall	down;	and kneel be-.....	fore the	Lord our	Maker.	7.
8. O worship the Lord in the.....	beauty of	holiness;	let the whole earth..	stand in	awe of	him.	
9. For he cometh, for he cometh, to...	judge the	earth;	and with righteousness to judge the				
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever shall	be,	world.....	peo- ple	with his	truth.	10.
				with-out	end. A-	men.	

Venite, exultemus Domino.

No. 13. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 14.



No. 15.

1. O come, let us sing un-	to the	Lord,	let us heartily re-		
2. *Let us come before*			joice in the.....	strength of	our sal- vation.
his presence.....	*with thanks-*	*giving,*	*and show ourselves*...	*glad in*	*him with psalms.*
3. For the Lord is a....	great —	God;	and a great.....	King a-	bove all gods.
4. *In his hands are all*					
the corners.....	*of the*	*earth;*	*and the strength of the*	*hills is*	*his — also.*
5. The sea is his,.....	and he	made it;	and his hands pre- ..	pared the	dry — land.
6. *O come, let us worship*	*and fall*	*down;*	*and kneel be*-.....	*fore the*	*Lord our Maker.*
7. For he is the.....	Lord our	God;	and we are the		
			people of his		
8. *O worship the Lord*			pasture, and the	sheep of	his — hand.
in the.....	*beauty of*	*holiness;*	*let the whole earth* ..	*stand in*	*awe of him.*
9. For he cometh, for					
he cometh, to....	judge the	earth;	and with righteous-		
			ness to judge the		
10. Glory be to the Fa-			world, and the..	peo - ple	with his truth.
ther, and	to · the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly Ghost;
11. *As it was in the be-*					
ginning, is now,					
and.....	*ever shall*	*be,*	*world*.....	*with - out*	*end. A- men.*

Venite, exultemus Domino.

No. 16. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 17.

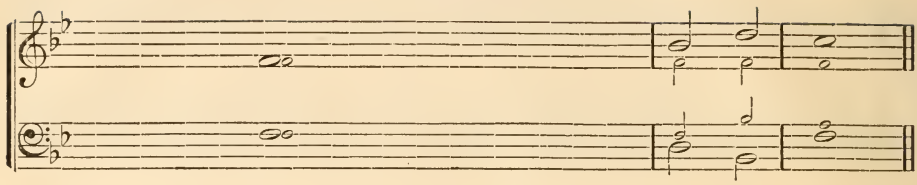
No. 18.

1. O come, let us sing un-	to the	Lord,	let us heartily re-			
2. *Let us come before*			joice in the.....	strength of	our sal-	vation.
his presence.....	*with thanks-*	*giving,*	*and show ourselves*...	*glad in*	*him with*	*psalms.*
3. For the Lord is a....	great —	God;	and a great.....	King a-	bove all	gods.
4. *In his hands are all*						
the corners.....	*of the*	*earth;*	*and the strength of the*	*hills is*	*his —*	*also.*
5. The sea is his,.....	and he	made it;	and his hands pre-..	pared the	dry —	land.
6. *O come, let us worship*	*and fall*	*down;*	*and kneel be*.....	*fore the*	*Lord our*	*Maker*
7. For he is the.....	Lord our	God;	and we are the people of his			
8. *O worship the Lord*			pasture, and the	sheep of	his —	hand.
in the.....	*beauty of*	*holiness;*	*let the whole earth* ..	*stand in*	*awe of*	*him.*
9. For he cometh, for						
he cometh, to....	judge the	earth;	and with righteousness to judge the			
10. Glory be to the Fa-			world, and the..	peo - ple	with his	truth.
ther and.....	to · the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
11. *As it was in the be-*						
ginning, is now,						
and.....	*ever shall*	*be,*	*world*.....	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Easter-day.

(*To be used instead of the* VENITE.)

No. 19.



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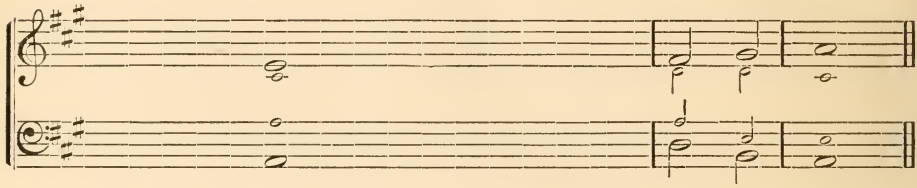
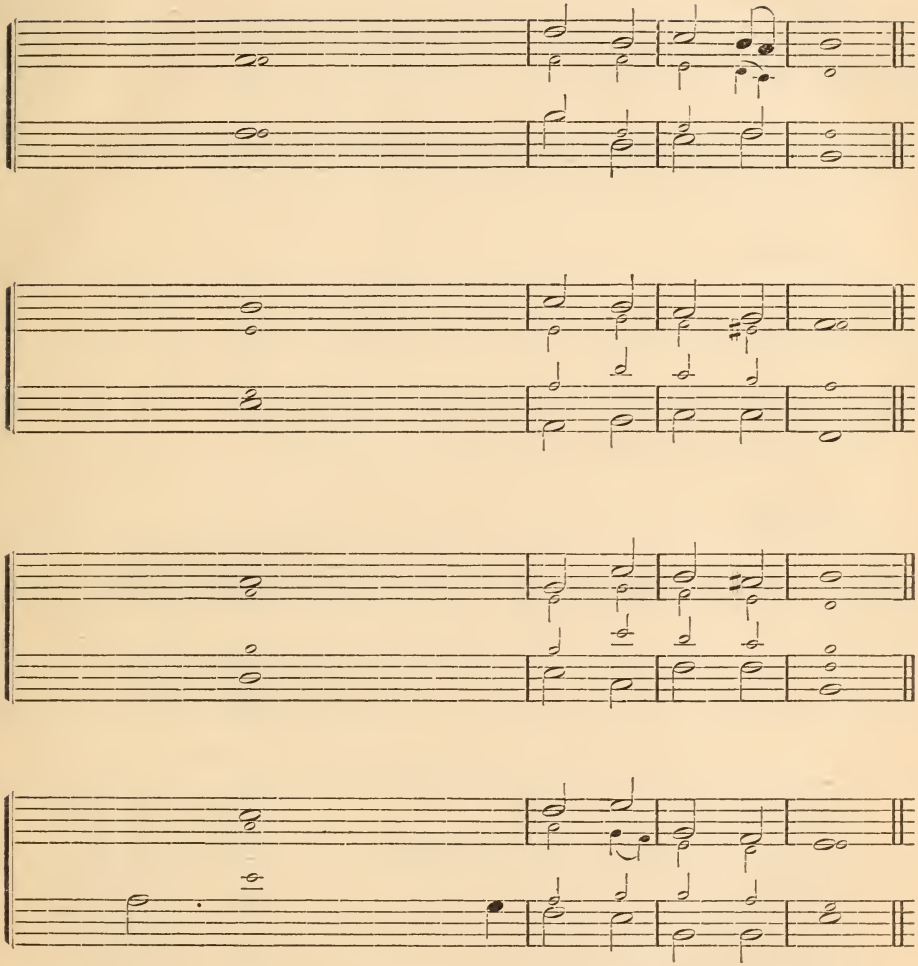


No. 21. DOUBLE CHANT.

1. Christ our Passover,	is	saeri - fieed	for us :
2. *Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven*	*of*	*malice · and*	*wickedness :*
3. Christ being raised from the dead,		dieth · no	more ;
4. *For in that he died, he died un-*	*to*	*sin —*	*once :*
5. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed		un - to	sin :
6. *Christ is risen*		*from the*	*dead :*
7. For since	by	man eame	death ;
8. *For as*	*in*	*Adam · all*	*die :*
9. Glory be to the Father,	and	to · the	Son :
10. *As it was in the beginning, is now,*	*and*	*ever · shall*	*be :*

Easter-day. Concluded.

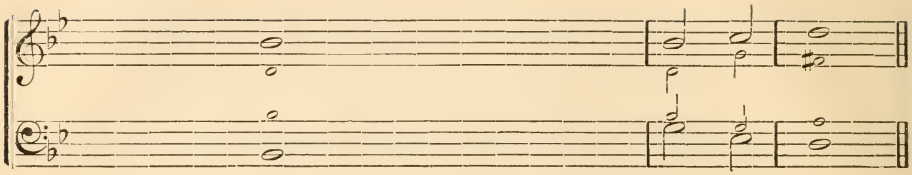


therefore	let us	keep the	feast;	2.
but with the unleavened bread of	*cer - i-*	*ty and*	*truth.*	3.
death hath no more	min - ion	ov - er	him.	4.
but in that he liveth	*liv - eth*	*un - to*	*God.*	5.
but alive unto God through	Je - sus	Christ our	Lord.	6.
and become the first-	*fruits of*	*them that*	*slept.*	7.
by man came also the resur-	rec - tion	of the	dead.	8.
even so in Christ	*all be*	*made a-*	*live.*	9.
and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost.	10.
world	*with- out*	*end. A -*	*men.*	

Thanksgiving-day.

(*To be used instead of the* VENITE.)

No. 22.



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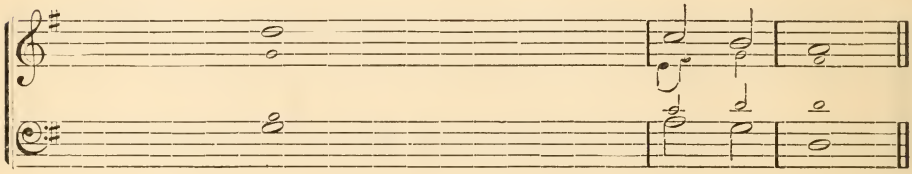

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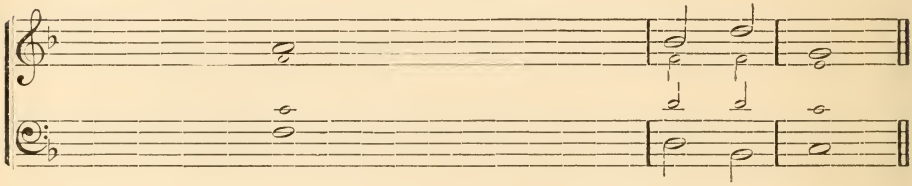
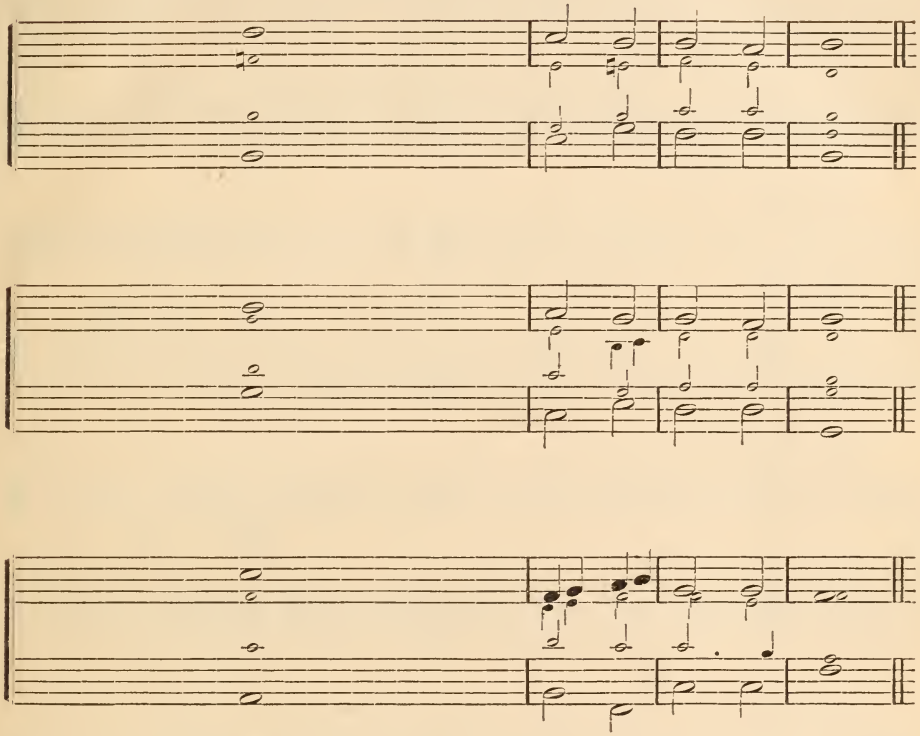


1.	Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises un-	to our	God,
2.	*The Lord doth*	*build · up Je-*	*rusalem,*
3.	He healeth those that are	broken in	heart,
4.	*He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth*	*rain · for the*	*earth,*
5.	He giveth to the	beast his	food,
6.	*Praise the Lord,*	*O Je-*	*rusalem,*
7.	For he hath strengthened the	bars of · thy	gates,
8.	*He maketh*	*peace · in thy*	*borders,*
9.	Glory be to the Father, and	to · the	Son,
10.	*As it was in the beginning, is now, and*	*ever · shall*	*be,*

Thanksgiving. Concluded.



for it is	pleasant · and	praise is	comely.
he gathereth together the	*out - casts*	*of —*	*Israel.*
and	bind - eth	up their	wounds.
he maketh the grass to	*grow up-*	*on the*	*mountains*
and to the	young —	ravens · which	cry.
praise thy	*God, —*	*— O*	*Sion.*
he hath	blessed · thy	children · with-	in thee.
and filleth thee with the	*fin - est*	*of the*	*wheat.*
and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
world	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Gloria Patri.

No. 25. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 26.

No. 27.

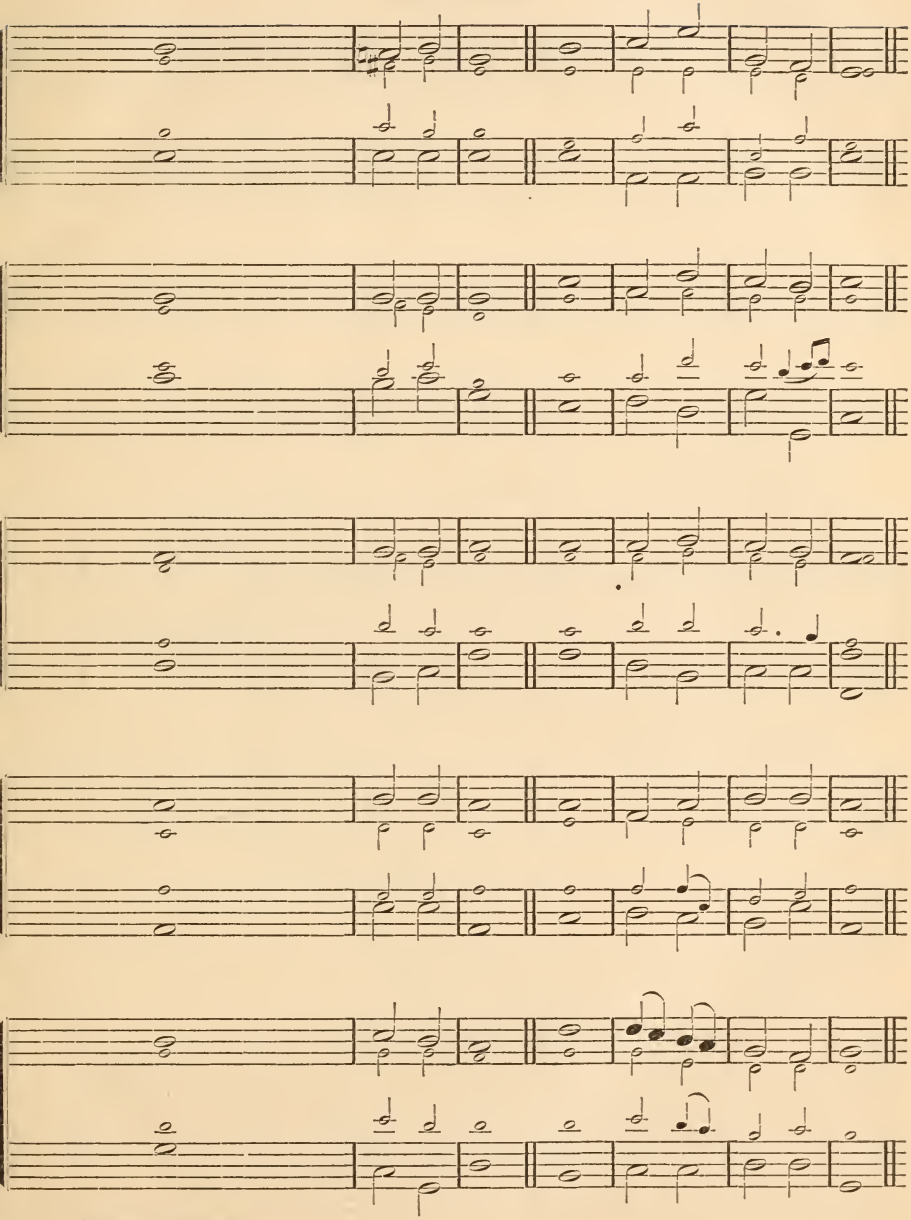
No. 28.

No. 29.

Choir.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and . . . . . | to the | Ho ly - | Ghost;

Gloria Patri. Concluded.

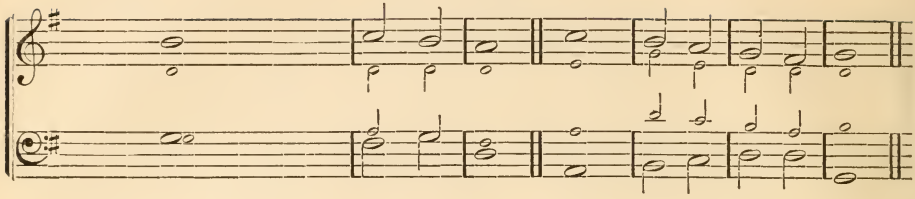


Congregation.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world | with - out | end. A - | men.

Gloria Patri.

No. 30. SINGLE CHANTS.



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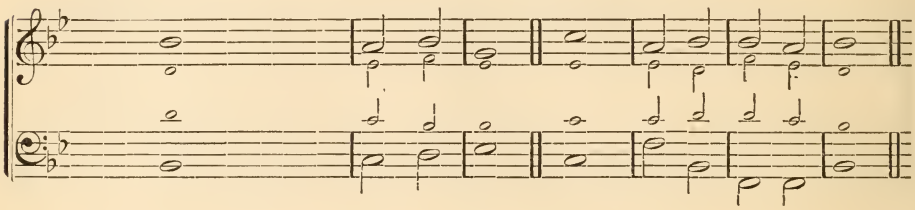

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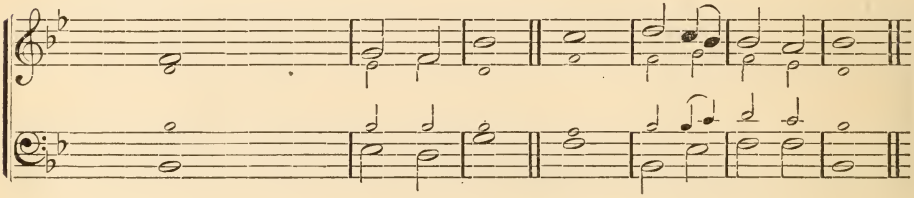

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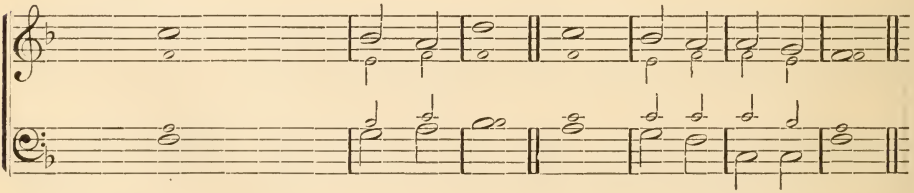

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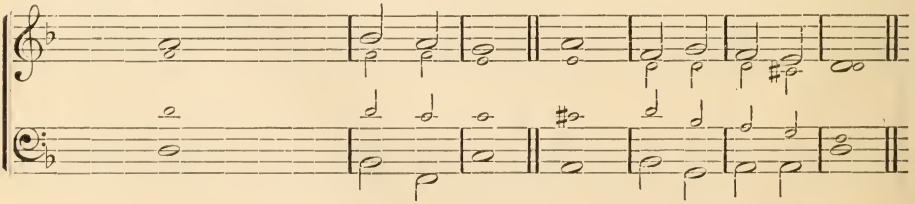
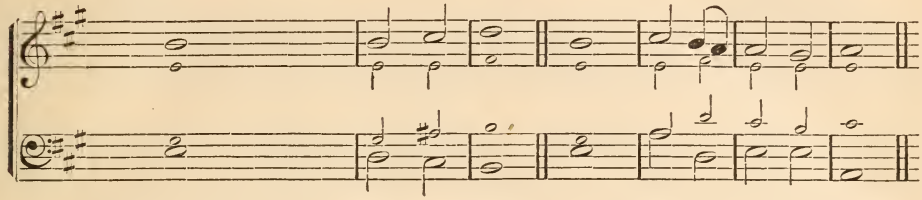


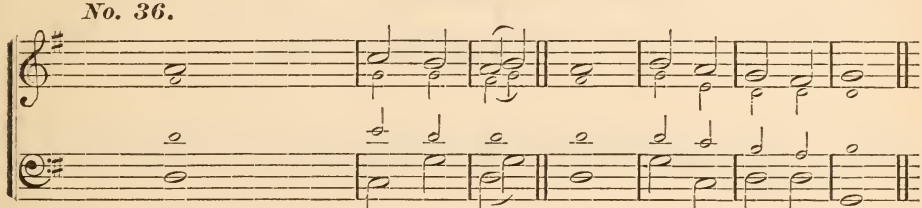
Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | *ever shall* | *be,* || *world...* | *with-out* | *end. A-* | *men.*

Gloria Patri.

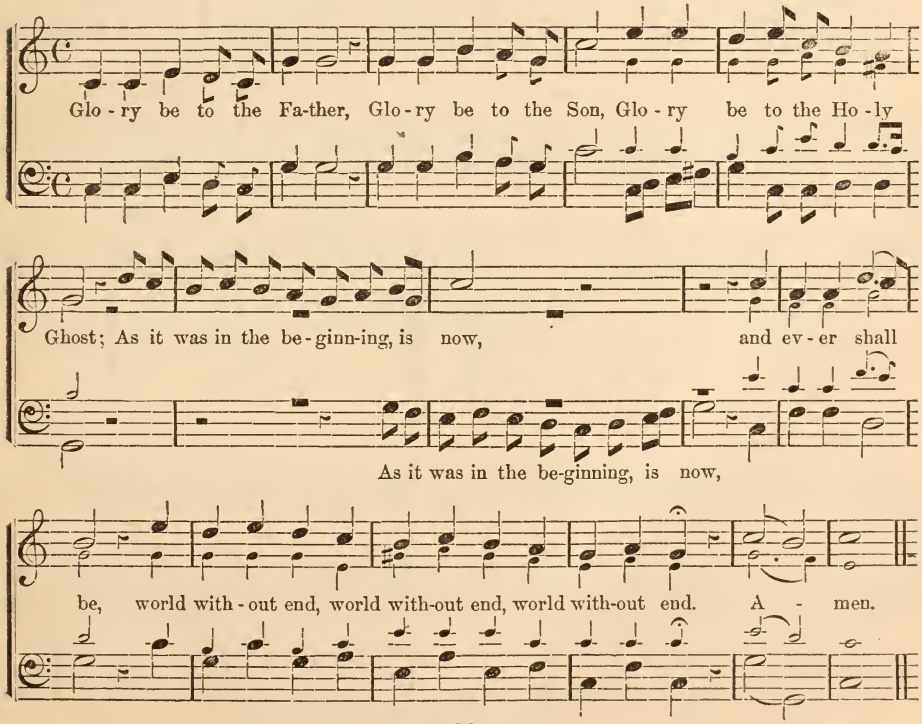
No. 35. SINGLE CHANTS.



No. 36.


Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || world... | without | end. A- | men.

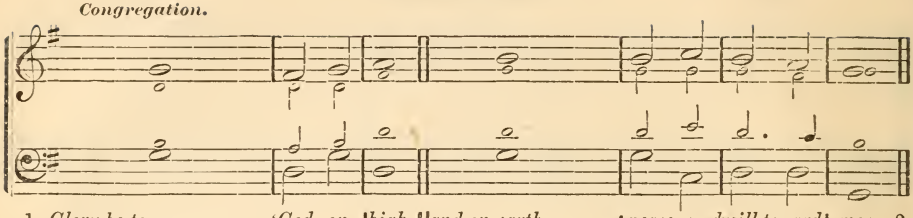
No. 37. *For the Choir.*


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly
Ghost; As it was in the be - ginn-ing, is now, and ev - er shall
As it was in the be-ginning, is now,
be, world with - out end, world with-out end, world with-out end. A - men.

Gloria in Excelsis.

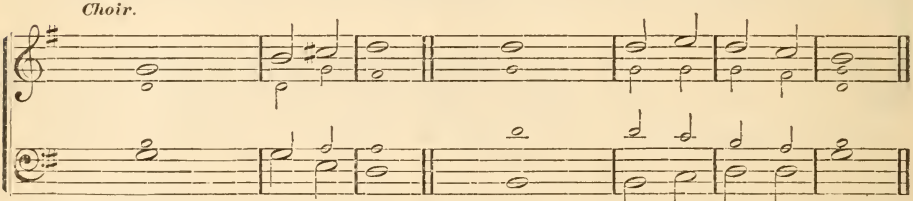
No. 38.

Congregation.



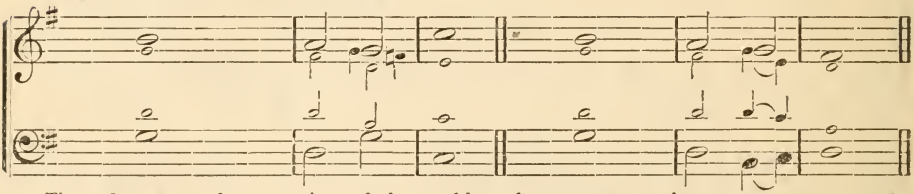
1. *Glory be to*..... *God on high,* *and on earth*..... *peace, good will toward men.* 2.
2. *We praise thee, we bless thee, we*..... *wor - ship thee,* *we glorify thee, we give thanks to*.. *thee for thy great glory,* 3.

Choir.



3. O Lord God,..... heavenly King, God the..... Fa - ther Al - - mighty. 4.
4. O Lord, the only-be - gotten Son,..... Je - sus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of.... God, Son of the Father, 5.

Choir and Congregation alternately.



5. That takest away the sins · of the world, have mercy..... up - on us. 6.
6. *Thou that takest away the sins · of the world, have mercy..... up - on us.* 7.
7. Thou that takest away the sins · of the world, re - - - - - ceive our prayer. 8.
8. *Thou that sittest at the right hand of..... God the Father, have mercy..... up - on us,* 9.

Full Chorus.

9 For thou only... art ho - ly; thou..... on - ly art the Lord; 10.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the glory · of God the Father. A - men.

Gloria in Excelsis.

No. 39.

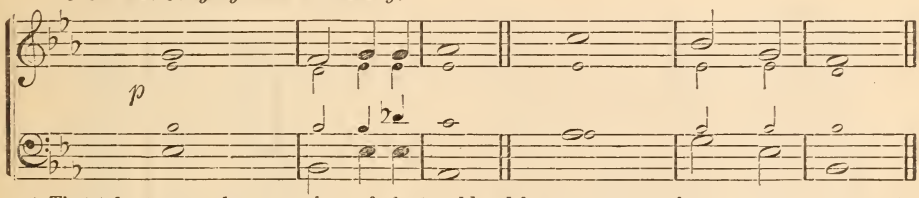
Congregation.

1. *Glory be to.....* | *God on high,* | *and on earth.....* | *peace, goodwill toward men.* 2.
2. *We praise thee, we bless thee, we.....* | *wor-ship thee,* | *we glorify thee, we give thanks to ..* | *thee for thy great glory,* 3.

Choir.

3. O Lord God,..... | heavenly | King, | God the..... | Fa-ther | Al - - | mighty. 4.
4. O Lord, the only-be-gotten Son,..... | Je - sus | Christ; | O Lord God, Lamb of.... | God, Son | of the | Father, 5.

Choir and Congregation alternately.



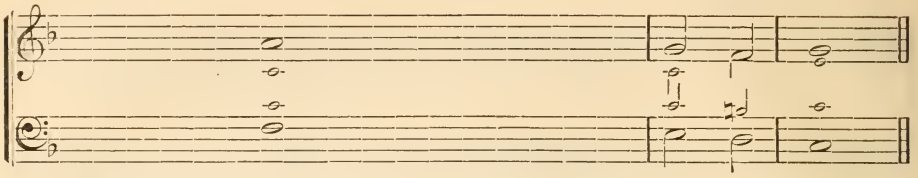
5. That takest away the | sins · of the | world, | have mercy..... | up - on | us. 6.
6. *Thou that takest away the.* | *sins · of the* | *world,* | *have mercy.....* | *up - on* | *us.* 7.
7. Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, | re - - - - - | ceive our | prayer. 8.
8. *Thou that sittest at the right hand of.....* | *God the* | *Father,* | *have mercy.....* | *up - on* | *us,* 9.

Full Chorus.

9 For thou ..... | only art | holy; | thou..... | on - ly | art the | Lord; 10.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho - ly | Ghost, | art most high in the | glory · of | God the | Father. | A - | men.

Te Deum Laudamus.

No. 40.



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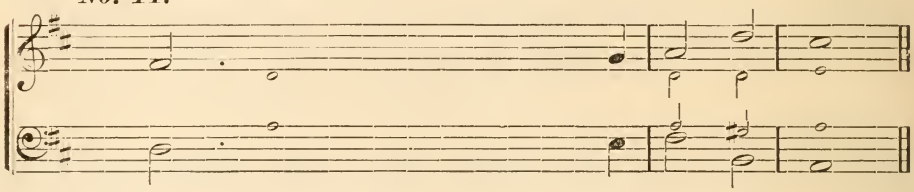

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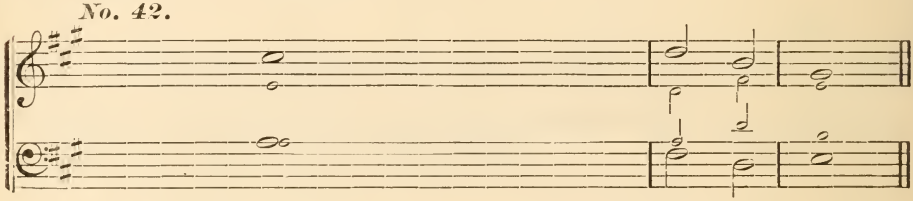


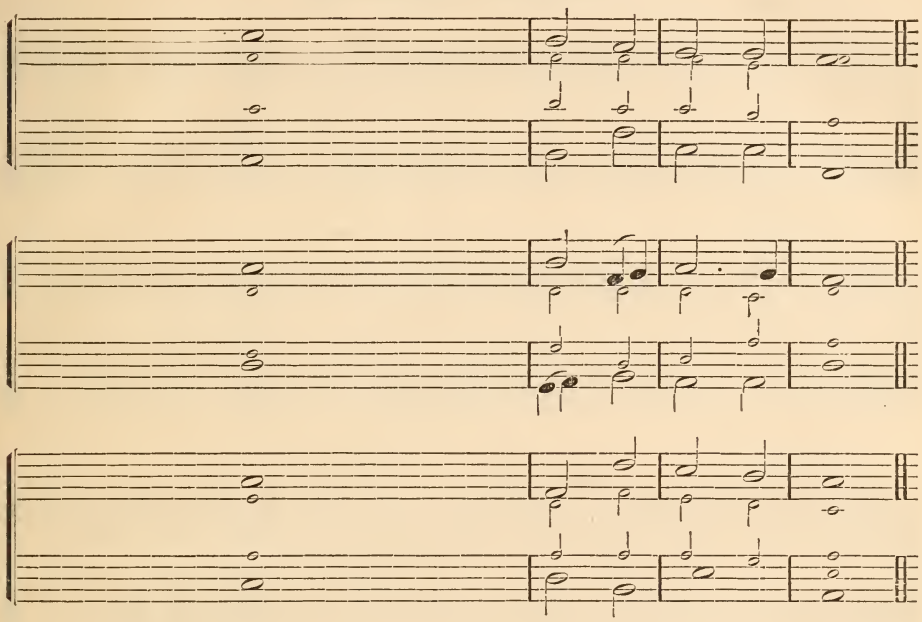
Choir.

1. We praise	thee,	O	God;
3. To thee all Angels	ery	a-	loud;
5. Holy,	Ho -	ly,	Holy,
7. The glorious company of the Apostles	praise	—	thee,
9. The Father of an	Infi -	nite	Majesty;
11. Thou	art	the	King
13. When thou tookest upon thee to de-	liv -	er	Man,
15. Thou sittest at the right	hand	of	God,
17. We therefore pray thee	help	thy	servants,
19. O Lord,	save	thy	people,
21. Day	—	by	day
23. Voueh-	safe,	O	Lord,
25. O Lord, let thy merey	be	up-	on us,

Congregation.

2. All the earth doth	wor -	ship	thee,
4. To thee Cherubim and	Ser -	a-	phim
6. Heaven and	earth	are	full
8. The noble army of Martyrs	praise	—	thee.
10. Also the	Ho -	ly	Ghost,
12. Thou art the ev- er-	last -	ing	Son
14. When thou hadst overcome the	sharpness	of	death,
16. We believe that	thou	shalt	come
18. Make them to be numbered	with	thy	Saints,
20. Gov-	—	ern	them,
22. And we	worship	thy	Name,
24. O Lord have	merey	up-	on us,
26. O Lord, in thee	have	I	trusted,

Te Deum. Concluded.



Continued.

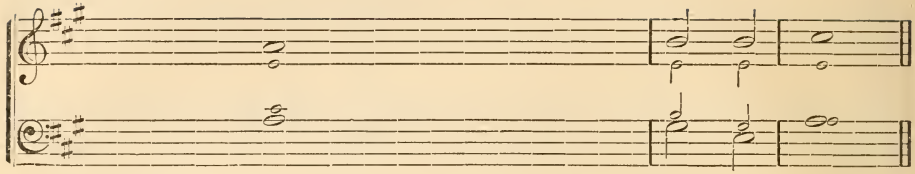
we acknowledge	thee to	be the	Lord.	2.
the Heavens, and	all the	Powers there-	in.	4.
Lord	God of	Sa - ba-	oth.	6.
The goodly fellowship of the	Pro - phets	praise —	thee.	8.
Thine adorable,	true, and	on - ly	Son;	10.
of	Glo - ry,	O —	Christ.	12.
thou didst humble thyself to be	born —	of a	Virgin.	14.
in the	Glo - ry	of the	Father.	16.
whom thou hast redeem- ed	with thy	pre - cious	blood.	18.
and	bless —	— thine	heritage.	20.
we	mag - ni-	fy —	thee.	22.
to keep us	this day	with - out	sin.	24
as our	trust —	is in	thee.	26.

Continued.

the	Fa - ther	ev - er -	lasting.	3.
con-	tin - ual-	ly do	ery,	5.
of the	Majes - ty	of thy	Glory.	7.
The Holy Church throughout all the world	doth ac-	knowl-edge	thee;	9.
the	Com- —	— fort-	er.	11.
of	— the	Fa- —	ther.	13.
thou didst open the Kingdom of	Heaven to	all be -	lievers.	15.
to	be —	our —	Judge.	17.
in	glo - ry	ev - er	lasting.	19.
and	lift them	up for	ever.	21.
ever	world —	with - out	end.	23.
have	mer - cy	up - on	us.	25.
let me	nev - er	be con-	founded.	

Te Deum Laudamus.

No. 43.



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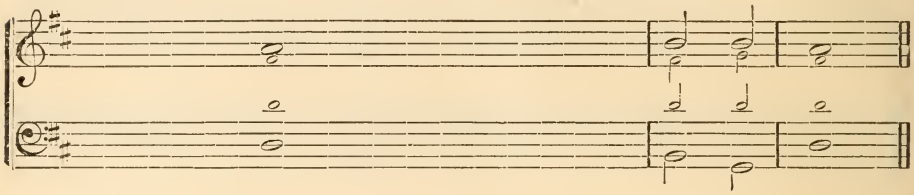

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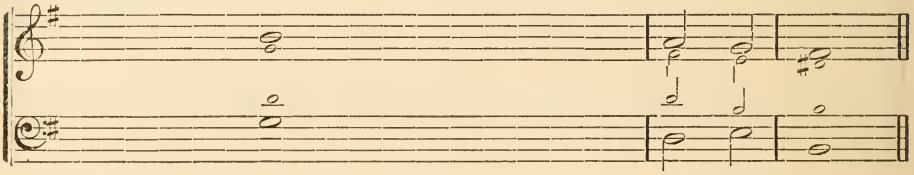


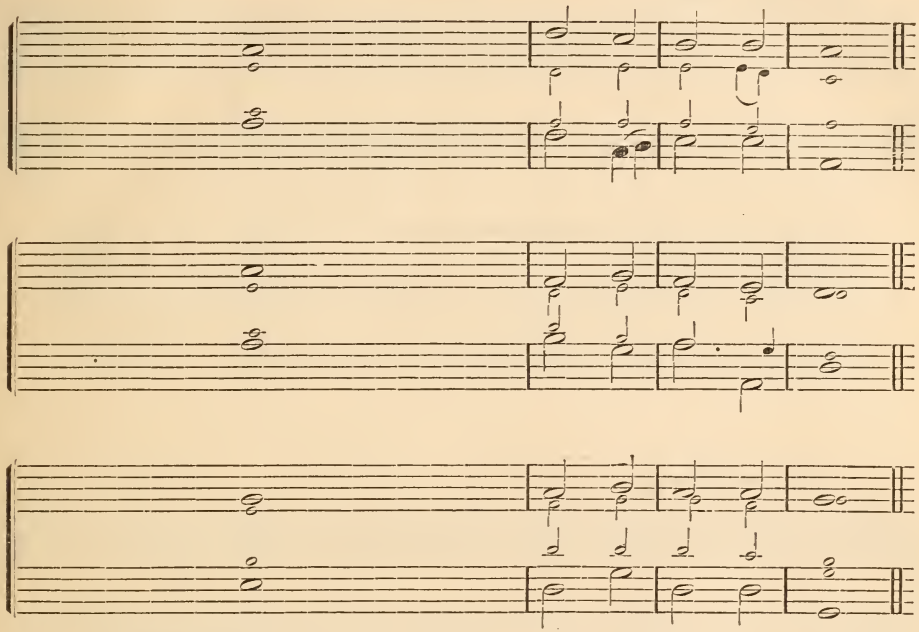
Choir.

1. We praise	thee,	O	God;
3. To thee all Angels	ery	a-	loud;
5. Holy,	Ho -	ly,	Holy,
7. The glorious company of the Apostles	praise	—	thee,
9. The Father of an	Infi -	nite	Majesty;
11. Thou	art	the	King
13. When thou tookest upon thee to de	liv -	er	Man,
15. Thou sittest at the right	hand	of	God,
17. We therefore pray thee	help	thy	servants,
19. O Lord,	save	thy	people,
21. Day	—	by	day
23. Vouch-	safe,	O	Lord,
25. O Lord, let thy mercy	be	up-	on us,

Congregation.

2. All the earth doth	wor -	ship	thee,
4. To thee Cherubim and	Ser -	a-	phim
6. Heaven and	earth	are	full
8. The noble army of Martyrs	praise	—	thee.
10. Also the	Ho -	ly	Ghost,
12. Thou art the ev- er	last -	ing	Son
14. When thou hadst overcome the	sharpness	of	death,
16. We believe that	thou	shalt	come
18 Make them to be numbered	with	thy	Saints,
20. Gov-	—	ern	them,
22. And we	worship	thy	Name,
24. O Lord, have	mercy	up-	on us,
26. O Lord, in thee	have	I	trusted,

Te Deum. Concluded.



Continued.

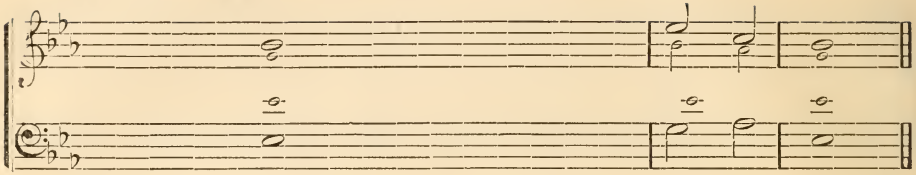
we acknowledge	thee to	be the	Lord.	2.
the Heavens, and	all the	Powers there-	in.	4.
Lord	God of	Sa - ba-	oth.	6.
The goodly fellowship of the	Pro - phets	praise —	thee.	8.
Thine adorable,	true, and	on - ly	Son;	10.
of	Glo - ry,	O —	Christ.	12.
thou didst humble thyself to be	born —	of a	Virgin.	14.
in the	Glo - ry	of the	Father.	16.
whom thou hast redeem- ed	with thy	pre - cious	blood.	18.
and	bless —	— thine	heritage.	20.
we	mag - ni-	fy —	thee.	22.
to keep us	this day	with - out	sin.	24.
as our	trust —	is in	thee.	26.

Continued.

the	Fa - ther	ev - er -	lasting.	3.
con-	tin - ual-	ly do	cry,	5.
of the	Majes - ty	of thy	Glory.	7.
The Holy Church throughout all the world	doth ac-	knowl-edge	thee;	9.
the	Com- —	— fort-	er.	11.
of	— the	Fa- —	ther.	13.
thou didst open the Kingdom of	Heaven to	all be -	lievers.	15.
to	be —	our —	Judge.	17.
in	glo - ry	ev - er	lasting.	19.
and	lift them	up for	ever.	21.
ever	world —	with - out	end.	23.
have	mer - cy	up - on	us.	25.
let me	nev - er	be con-	founded.	

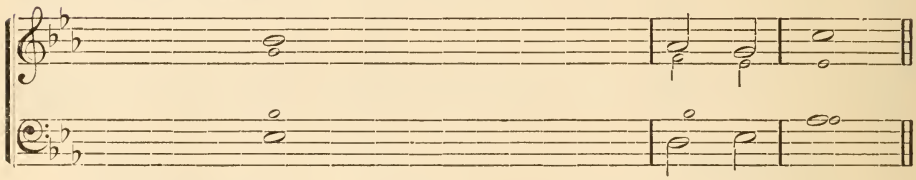
Te Deum Laudamus.

No. 46. Choir.



1. We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to.....	be	the	Lord.
3. To thee Cherubim and.....	Ser	- a-	phim
9. Thou art the King of Glory, ...	O	—	Christ.
11. When thou hadst overcome the.....	sharpness	of	death,
13. We believe that thou shalt come to.....	be	our	Judge.
15. O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine.....	her	- i-	tage.
17. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-	out	—	sin.

Congregation.



2. To thee all Angels.....	cry	a-	loud;
4. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of.....	Sa	- ba-	oth.
10. When thou tookest upon thee to de-.....	liv	- er	Man,
12. Thou sittest at the right.....	hand	of	God,
14. Make them to be numbered.....	with	thy	Saints,
16. Day by day we.....	magni	- fy	thee,
18. O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is.....	in	—	thee.

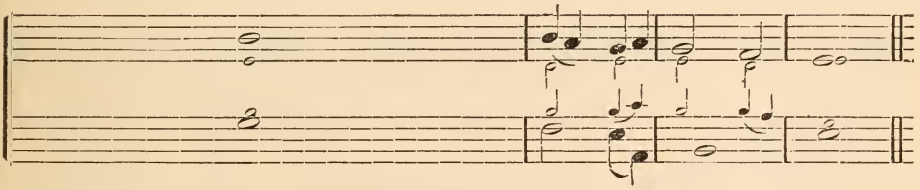
Choir. Solos.	*Congregation.*		
5. The glorious company of the Apostles....	praise	—	thee.
6. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets....	praise	—	thee.
7. The noble army of Martyrs.....	praise	—	thee.
8. The Holy Church throughout all the world	doth ac-knowledge	thee;	*Full Chorus.* The Father of an..

Te Deum. Concluded.

Continued.

All the earth doth worship thee, the.....	Fa - ther	ev - er-	lasting.	2.
con-.....	tin - ual-	ly do	cry,	4.
Thou art the everlasting Son.....	of the	Fa- —	ther.	10.
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to.....	all be -	liev- —	ers.	12.
We therefore pray thee help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed.....	with thy	pre - cious	blood.	14.
Govern them, and lift them.....	up for	ev- —	er.	16.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have.....	mercy up-	on —	us.	18.

Continued.



the Heavens, and.....	all the	Powers there-	in.	3.
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty.....	of thy	Glo- —	ry.	5.
thou didst humble thyself to be born.....	of a	Vir- —	gin.	11.
in the glory.....	of the	Fa- —	ther.	13.
in	glo - ry	ev - er-	lasting.	15.
And we worship thy Name,.....	ev - er,	world without	end.	17.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me.....	nev - er	be con-	founded.	

in-finite	Maj-es-	ty;	Thine adorable, true, and.....	on - ly	Son;	Also the Holy.	Ghost, the	Comfort- er. 9.

Te Deum Laudamus.

No. 47.

Choir.

1. We praise ..... thee, O God; we acknowledge.. thee to be the Lord.
3. To thee all angels.. cry a- loud; the heavens, and.. all the powers there- in.
6. The glorious company of the apostles ..... praise — thee, The goodly fellowship of the pro- phets praise — thee.
8. The Father, of an .. infi - nite Majesty, thine adorable,.... true, and on - ly Son;

Congregation.

2. All the earth doth wor - ship thee, the ..... Fa - ther ev - - er - lasting.
4. To thee cherubim and ser - a - phim con- ..... tin - ual- ly do cry,
7. The noble army of martyrs ..... praise — thee. The holy Church throughout all the world.... doth ac- knowl - edge thee;
9. Also the ..... Ho - ly Ghost, the ..... Com- — fort - — er.

Choir.

5. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth;

Heaven and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry.

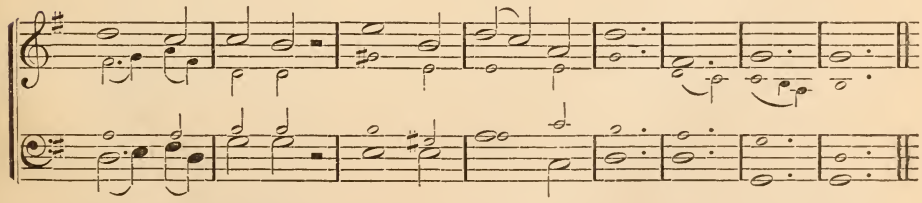
Te Deum. Concluded.

Choir and Congregation alternately.

10. Thou art the King of glory, · O Christ. Thou art the ever- last - ing Son · of the Father.
11. *When thou tookest upon thee to de - liv - er man, thou didst hum- ble thyself to be born — of a virgin.*
12. When thou hadst overcome the.... sharpness · of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all be- lievers.
13. *Thou sittest at the right ..... hand of God, in the ..... glo - ry of the Father.*
14. We believe that .... thou shalt come, shalt ..... come to be our Judge.
15. *We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed ..... with thy pre - cious blood.*
16. Make them to be numbered ..... with thy saints, in ..... glo - ry ev - er lasting.
17. *O Lord, save thy people, and..... bless thine heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever.*
18. Day by day we .... magni- · fy thee; and we worship thy Name ever, world with- out — end.
19. *Vouch-..... safe, O Lord, to keep us ..... this day with - out sin.*
20. O Lord, have ..... mercy · up- on us, have ..... mer - cy up - on us.
21. *O Lord, let thy mercy be up- on us, as our..... trust — is in thee.*

Choir.

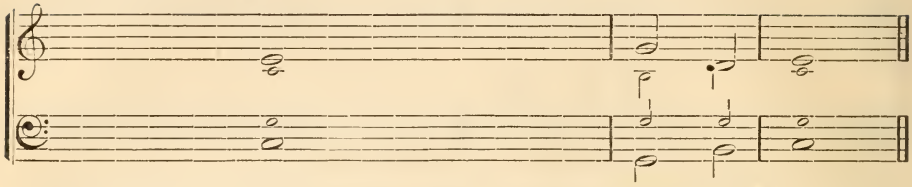
22. O Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust - ed; let me nev - er



be con - found-ed,— let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

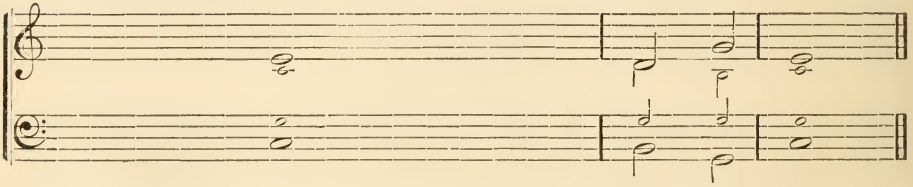
Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

No. 48. Choir.



1. O all ye Works of the Lord,	bless	ye the	Lord,
3. O ye Heavens,	bless	ye the	Lord,
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord,	bless	ye the	Lord,
7. O ye Stars of Heaven,	bless	ye the	Lord,
9. O ye Winds of God,	bless	ye the	Lord,
11. O ye Winter and Summer,	bless	ye the	Lord,
13. O ye Frost and Cold,	bless	ye the	Lord,
15. O ye Nights and Days,	bless	ye the	Lord,
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds,	bless	ye the	Lord,
19. O ye Mountains and Hills,	bless	ye the	Lord,
21. O ye Wells,	bless	ye the	Lord,
23. O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters,	bless	ye the	Lord,
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle,	bless	ye the	Lord,
27. O let Israel	bless	the	Lord,
29. O ye Servants of the Lord,	bless	ye the	Lord,
32. Glory be to the Father, and	to	the	Son,

Congregation.



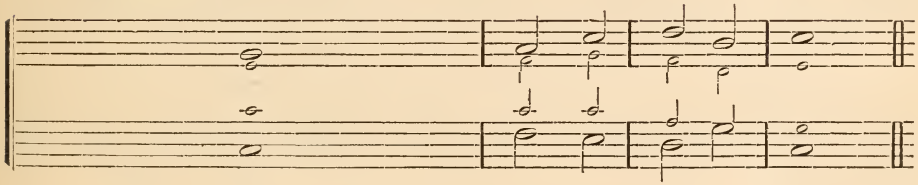
2. O ye Angels of the Lord	bless	ye the	Lord,
4. O ye Waters that be above the Firmament,	bless	ye the	Lord,
6. O ye Sun and Moon,	bless	ye the	Lord,
8. O ye Showers and Dew,	bless	ye the	Lord,
10. O ye Fire and Heat,	bless	ye the	Lord,
12. O ye Dews and Frosts,	bless	ye the	Lord,
14. O ye Ice and Snow,	bless	ye the	Lord,
16. O ye Light and Darkness,	bless	ye the	Lord,
18. O let the Earth	bless	the	Lord,
20. O all ye Green Things upon the Earth,	bless	ye the	Lord,
22. O ye Seas and Floods,	bless	ye the	Lord,
24. O all ye Fowls of the Air,	bless	ye the	Lord,
26. O ye Children of Men,	bless	ye the	Lord,
28. O ye Priests of the Lord	bless	ye the	Lord,
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous	bless	ye the	Lord,
31. O ye holy and humble Men of heart	bless	ye the	Lord,
33. As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever	shall	be,

Benedicite. Concluded.

Continued.

praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	2.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	4.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	6.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	8.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	10.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	12.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	14.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	16.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	18.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	20.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	22.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	24.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	26.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	28.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	30.
and.....	to the	Ho - ly		Ghost;	33.

Continued.



praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	3.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	5.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	7.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	9.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	11.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	13.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	15.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	17.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	19.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	21.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	23.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	25.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	27.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	29.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	31.
praise Him, and	mag - nify	Him	for	ever.	32.
world	with - out	end.	A-	men.	

Jubilate Deo.

No. 49. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 50.

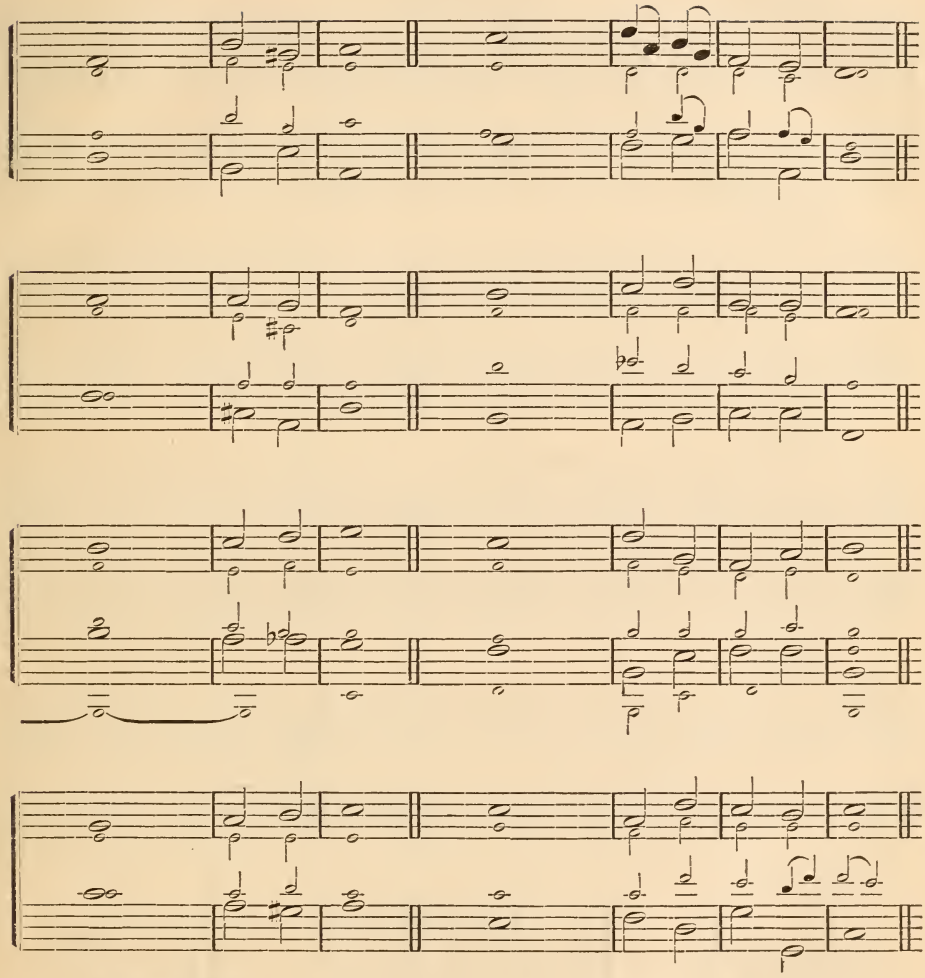
No. 51.

No. 52.

Choir.

1. O be joyful in the Lord,...	all	ye	lands;	serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his	pres - ence	with a	song. 2.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanks-giving, and into his.....	courts	with	praise;	be thankful unto him, and.....	speak good	of his	name. 4.
5. Glory be to the Father, and..	to	the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost; 6.

Jubilate. Concluded.



Congregation.

2. Be ye sure that the Lord.... } he is God; | it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his..... } people, and the sheep of his pasture. 3.

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is.... } ev - er - lasting; | and his truth endureth from gene-.. } ration to gen - e- ration. 5.

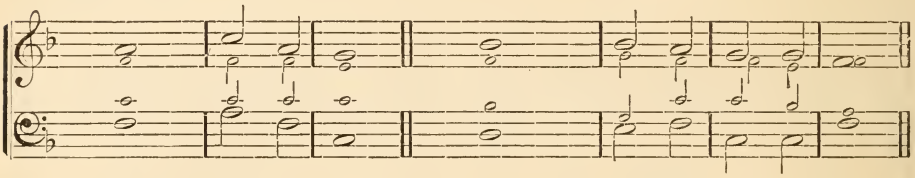
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and.... } ever shall be, | world..... with - out end. A- men.

Jubilate Deo.

No. 53. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 54.

No. 55.

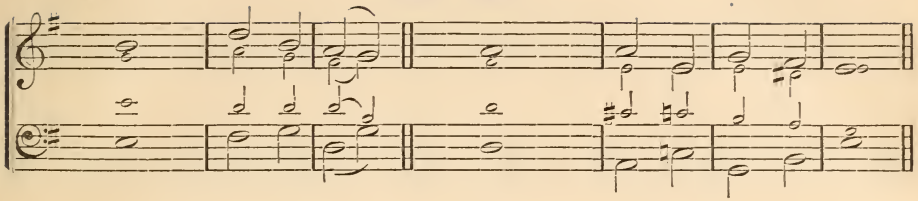


No. 56.

1. O be joyful in the Lord,....	all	ye	lands;	serve the Lord with gladness, and			
2. *Be ye sure that the Lord.....*	*he*	*is*	*God;*	come before his *it is he that hath*	pres - ence	with a	song.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his.....	courts with		praise;	*made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people,..* be thankful unto him, and.....	*and the* speak good	*sheep · of his* of his	*pasture.* name.
4. *For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is.....*	*ev - er-*		*lasting,*	*and his truth endur-eth from gene-..*	*ration · to*	*gen - e-*	*ration.*
5. Glory be to the Father, and ..	to · the		Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*		*be,*	*world .....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Jubilate Deo.

No. 57. SINGLE CHANTS.



No. 58.

No. 59.

No. 60.

1. O be joyful in the Lord,....	all ye	lands;	serve the Lord with gladness, and			
2. *Be ye sure that the Lord.....*	*he is*	*God;*	come before his	pres - ence	with a	song.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his.....	courts with	praise;	*it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people,..*	*and the*	*sheep · of his*	*pasture.*
4. *For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is.....*	*ev - er-*	*lasting,*	be thankful unto him, and.....	speak good	of his	name.
5. Glory be to the Father, and..	to · the	Son;	*and his truth endureth from gene-..* and.....	*ration · to* to the	*gen - e-* Ho - ly	*ration.* Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world .....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Benedictus.

No. 61. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 62.

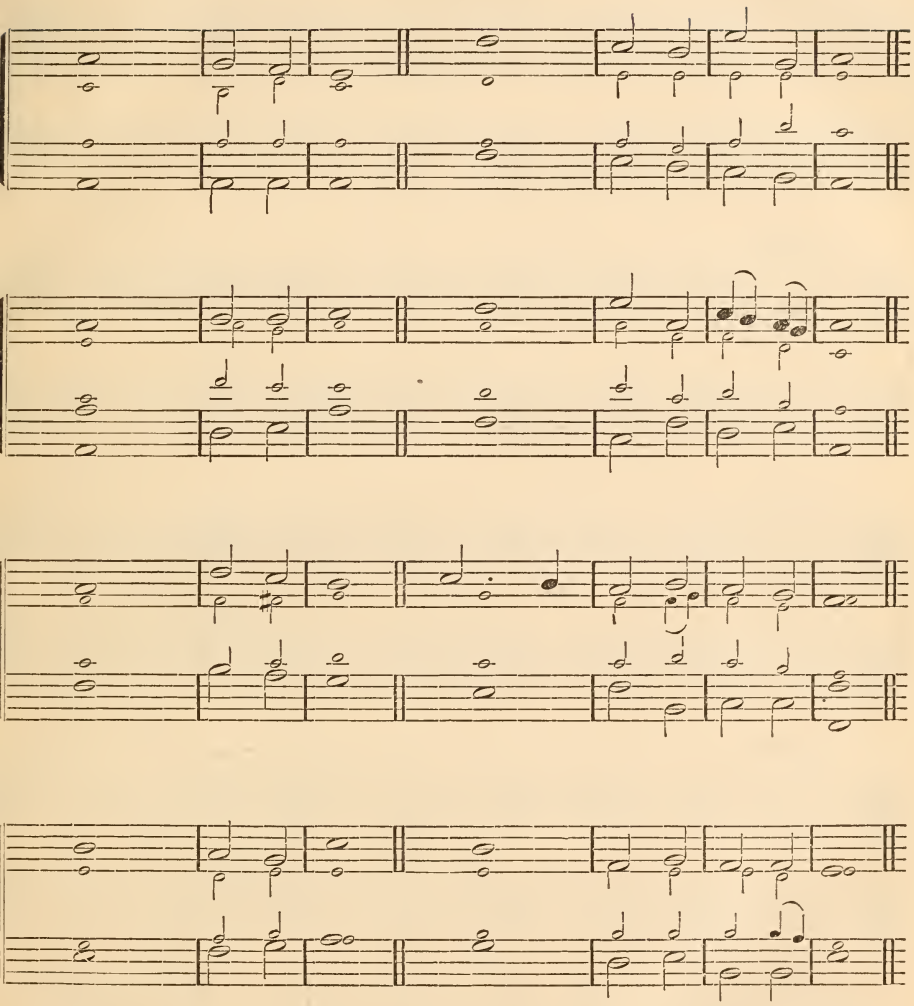
No. 63.

No. 64.

Choir.

1. Blessed be the.. Lord	God of	Israel;	for he hath.....	visited and re-	deemed his	people; 2.
3. As he spake by the mouth of his	ho - ly	prophets.	which have been ..	since the	world be-	gan; 4.
5. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost; 6.

Benedictus. Concluded.

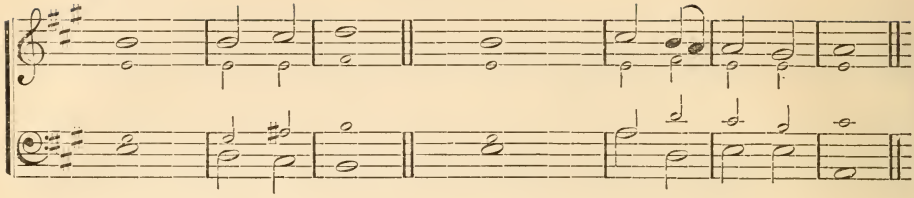


Congregation.

2. And hath raised up a mighty sal-	vation · for	us,	in the.....	house · of his	serv - ant	David; 3.
4. That we should be saved	from our	enemies,	and from the.....	hand of	all that	hate us. 5.
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....	ever · shall	be,	world.....	with - out	end. A-	men.

Benedictus.

No. 65. SINGLE CHANTS.



No. 66.

No. 67.

No. 68.

1. Blessed be the.. Lord	God of	Israel;	for he hath visited..	and re-	deemed his	people;
2. *And hath raised up a mighty sal-*	*va - tion*	*for us*	*in the house.....*	*of his*	*serv - ant*	*David;*
3. As he spake by the mouth of his	ho - ly	prophets,	which have been ..	since the	world be-	gan;
4. *That we should be saved.....*	*from our*	*enemies,*	*and from the.....*	*hand of*	*all that*	*hate us.*
5. Glory be to the Father, and..	to ··· the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Benedictus.

No. 69. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 70.

No. 71.

No. 72.

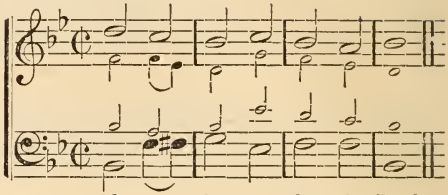
1. Blessed be the.. Lord.....	God of	Israel;	for he hath visited..	and re-	deemed his	people;
2. *And hath raised up a mighty sal-*	*va - tion*	*for us*	*in the house.....*	*of his*	*serv - ant*	*David;*
3. As he spake by the mouth of his	ho - ly	prophets,	which have been ..	since the	world be-	gan;
4. *That we should be saved.....*	*from our*	*enemies,*	*and from the.....*	*hand of*	*all that*	*hate us.*
5. Glory be to the Father, and ..	to · the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Gloria Tibi.

After the Minister has declared from whence the Gospel for the day is taken.

No. 73.

No. 74.



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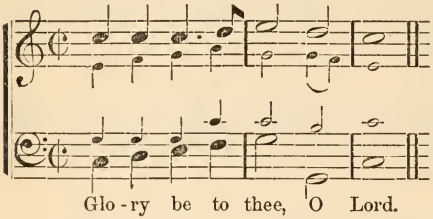

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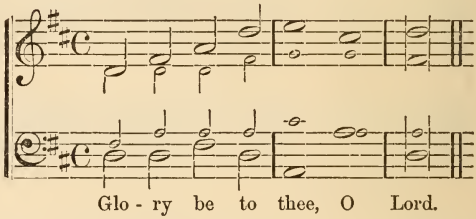

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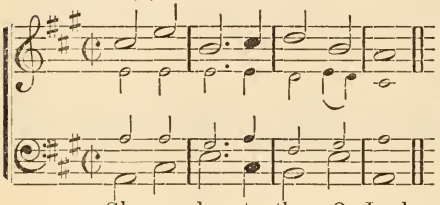

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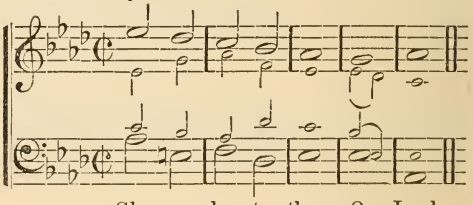


No. 79.

No. 80.

Choir. ***Congregation.***

Evening Prayer.

Opening Sentence.

No. 81.

Choir.
Congregation.
I will a - rise, I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and will
Choir.
Congregation.
say un - to him: Fa - ther! Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have
sin - ned a - gainst Heaven and be - fore thee, And am no more wor - thy to be
call - ed thy son, And am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son.

Laudate Dominum.

No. 82. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 83.

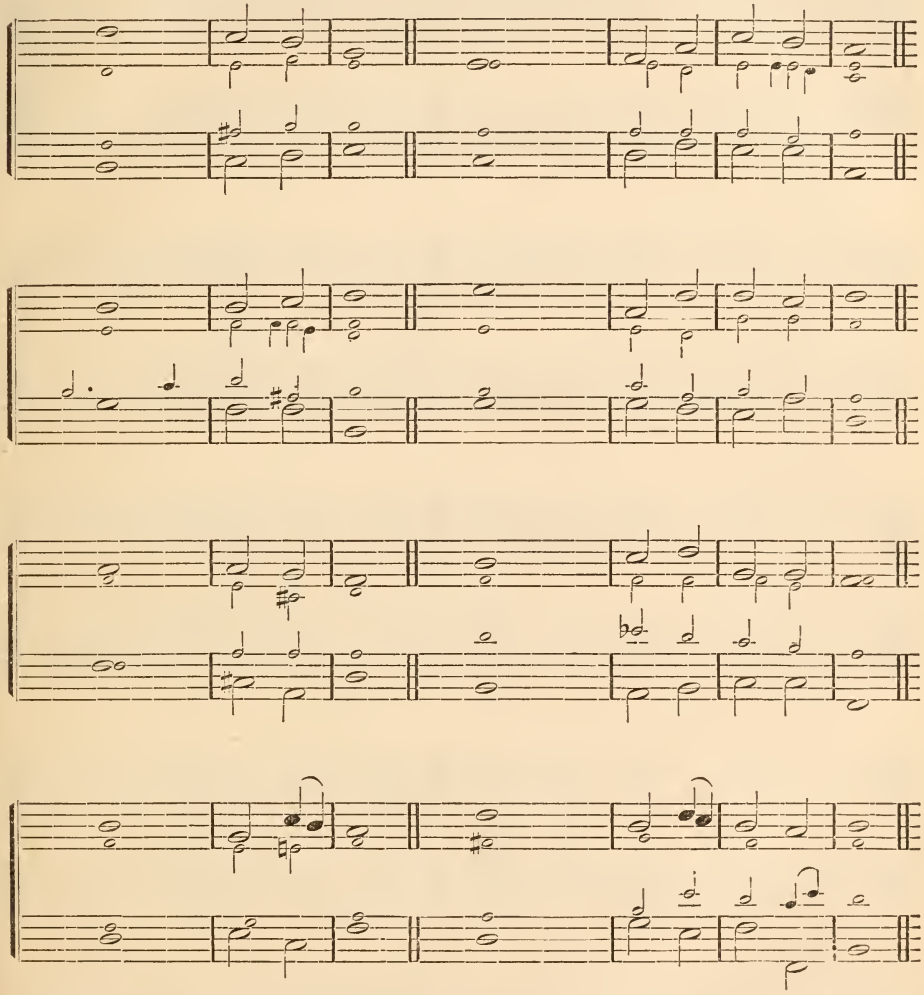
No. 84.

No. 85.

Choir.

1. O praise God in his	ho - li - ness;	praise him in the ..	firma-ment	of his	power. 2.
3. Praise him in the.	sound of the trumpet;	praise him up-.....	on the	lute and	harp. 4.
5. Praise him upon the.....	well-tuned cymbals;	praise him up-.....	on the	loud —	cymbals. 6.
7. Glory be to the Father, and..	to ·· the Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost; 8.

Laudate. Concluded.



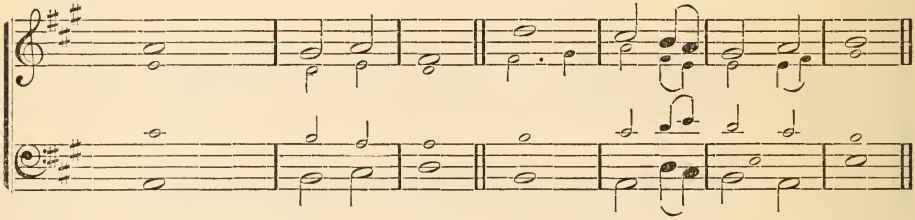
Congregation.

2. Praise him in his | no - ble | acts; | praise him accord- | ing to his..... | excel-lent | great - — | ness. 3.
4. Praise him in the | cymbals · and | dances; | praise him up- | on the | strings and | pipe. 5.
6. Let every thing | that hath.... | breath · praise | the | Lord. | Let every thing | that hath .... | breath — | praise the | Lord. 7.
8. As it was in the | beginning, is | now, and.... | ever · shall | be, | world..... | with - out | end. A- | men.

Gloria Patri.

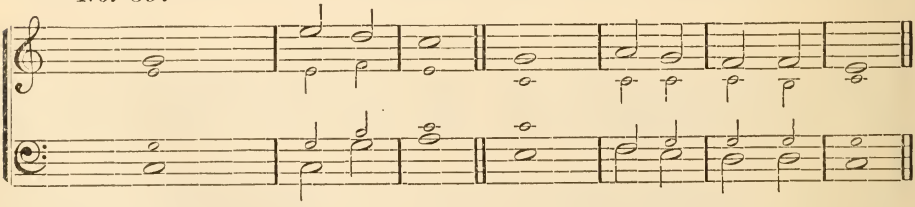
No. 86. Double Chants.

No. 87.



No. 88.

No. 89.



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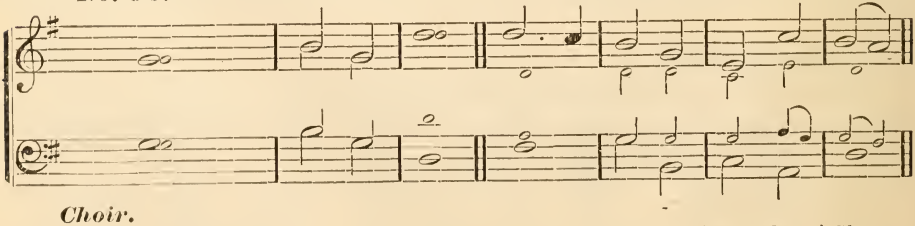
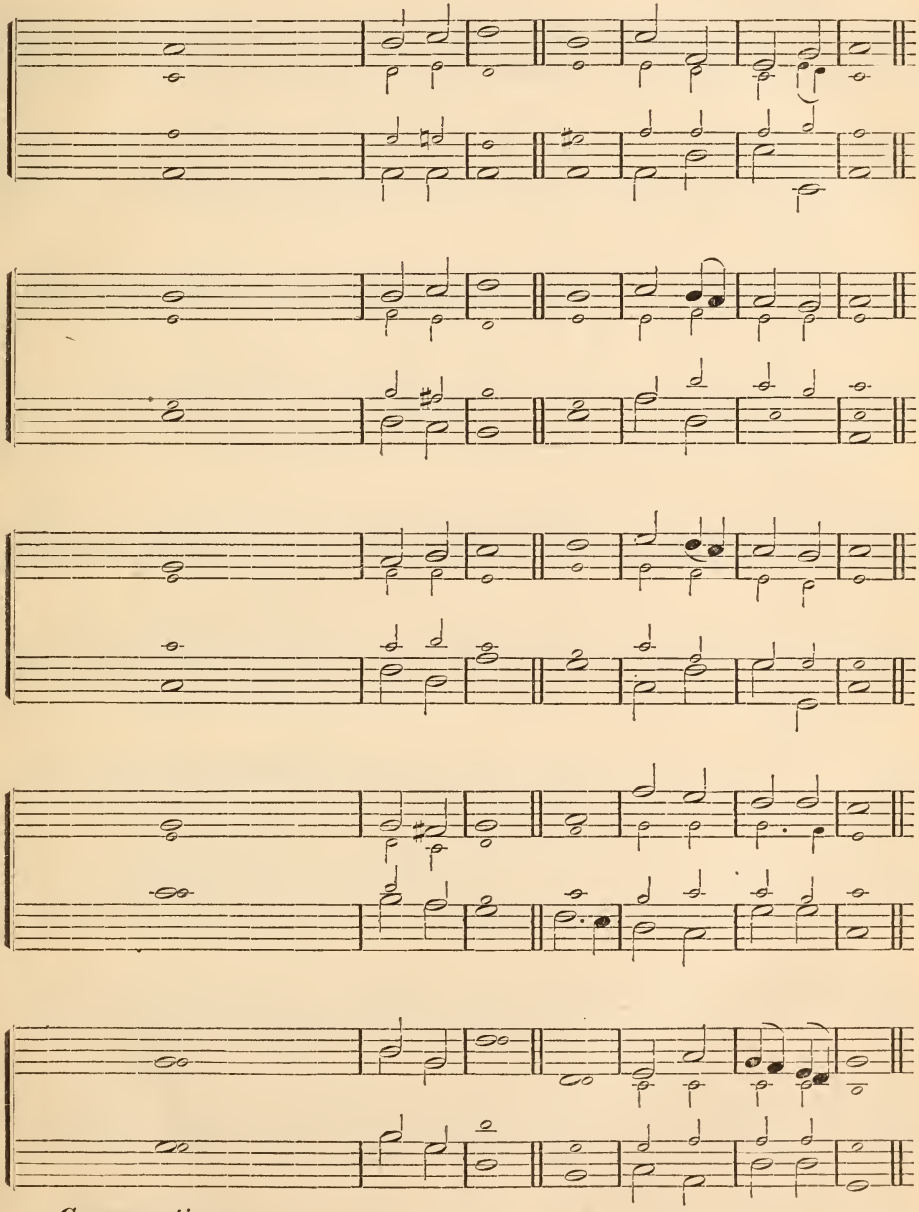


Choir.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

Gloria Patri. Concluded.

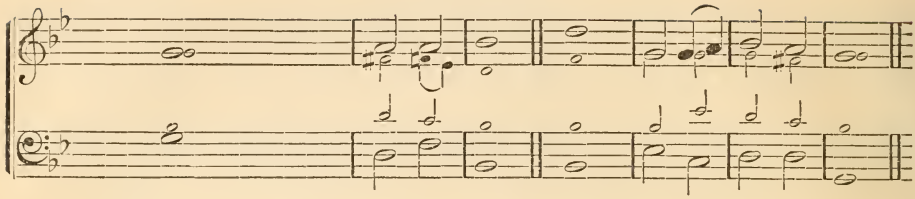


Congregation.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world | with-out | end. A-| men.

Gloria Patri.

No. 91. SINGLE CHANTS.



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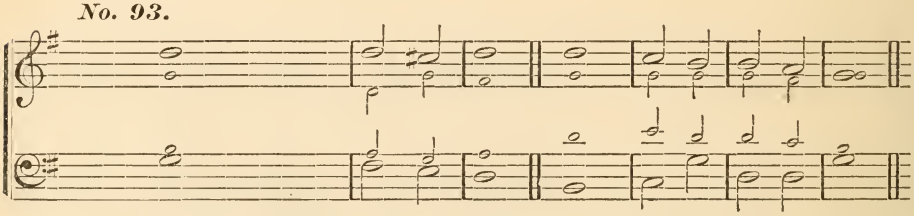
No. 93.



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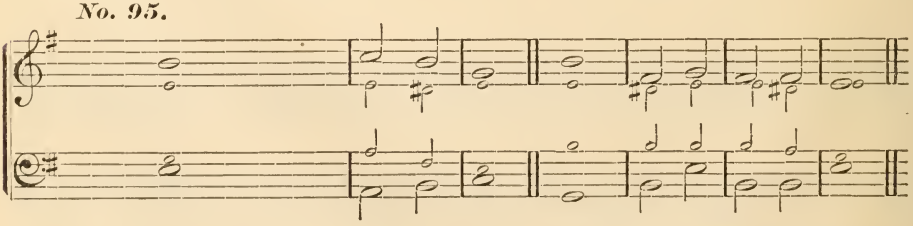
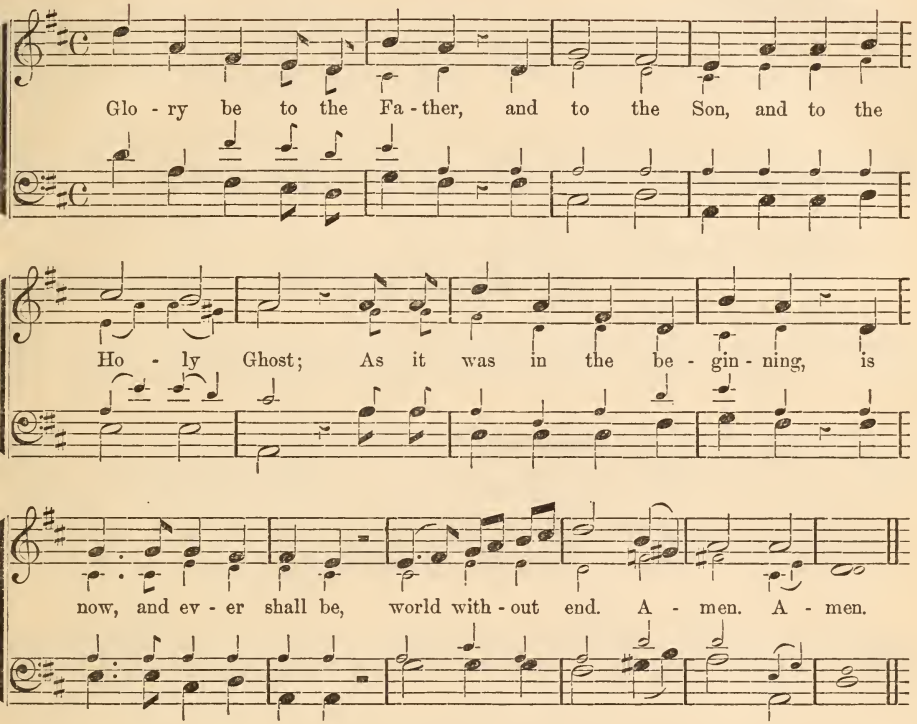
No. 95.



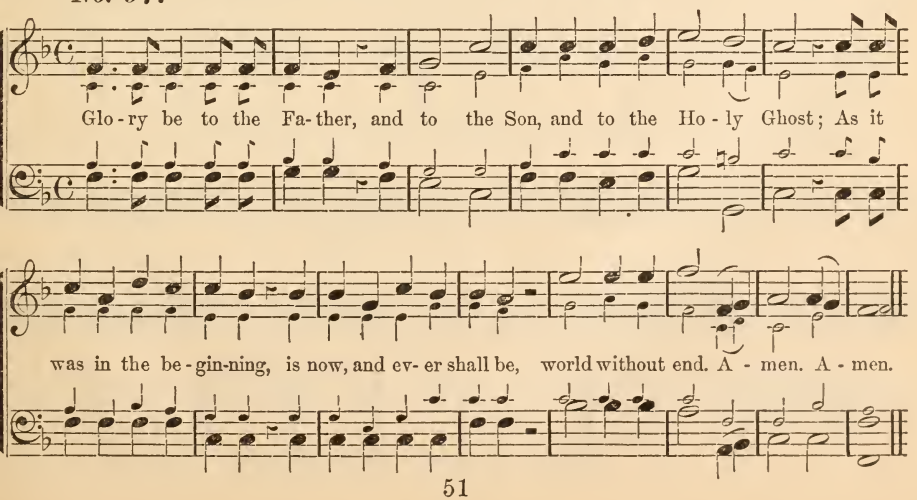
Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost·
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | *ever·shall* | *be,* || *world...* | *with-out* | *end. A-* | *men.*

Gloria Patri.

No. 96. *For the Choir.*


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men. A - men.

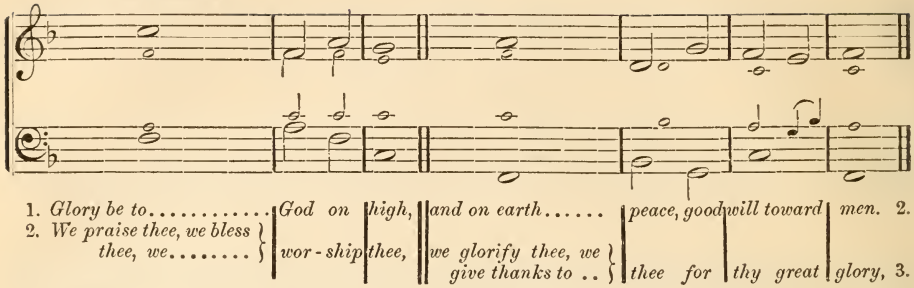
No. 97.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men. A - men.

Gloria in Excelsis.

No. 98.

Congregation.


1. Glory be to..... God on high, and on earth..... peace, good will toward men. 2.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we..... wor-ship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to .. thee for thy great glory, 3.

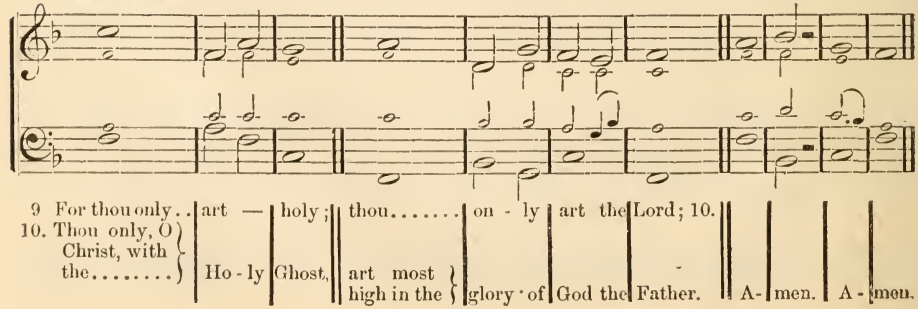
Choir.

3. O Lord God,..... heavenly King, God the..... Fa-ther Al - - mighty. 4.
4. O Lord, the only-be-gotten Son,..... Je-sus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son — of the Father, 5.

Choir and Congregation alternately.

5. That takest away the..... sins · of the world, have..... mercy up- on .... us. 6.
6. Thou that takest away the. sins · of the world, have ..... mercy up- on .... us. 7.
7. Thou that takest away the sins · of the world, re - - - ceive — our.... prayer. 8.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of..... God the Father, have ..... mercy up- on .... us. 9.

Full Chorus.


9 For thou only.. art — holy; thou..... on - ly art the Lord; 10.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the..... Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the glory · of God the Father. A- men. A - men.

No. 99. Gloria in Excelsis.

Choir.

1. Glory be to..... | God on | high, || and on earth ..... | peace, good | will towards | men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we .. | wor - ship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to. | thee for | thy great | glory.

Congregation.

3. O Lord God, ... | heav'n-ly | King, || God the | Fa - ther | Al - | mighty.

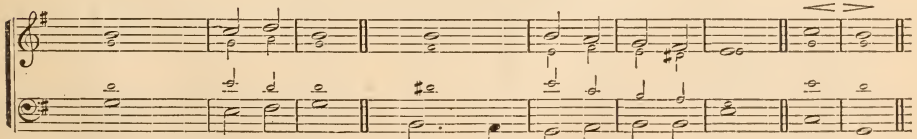
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Je - sus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

Bass Solo. *Choir.*

5. That takest away the..... | sins - of the | world, || have.... | mer - cy | up - on | us.
6. Thou that takest away the..... | sins - of the | world, || have.... | mer - cy | up - on | us.
7. Thou that takest away the..... | sins - of the | world, || re-..... | ceive — | our — | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of. | God the | Father; || have.... | mer - cy | up - on | us.

Congregation.

9. For thou..... | only - art | holy, || Thou..... | on - ly | art the | Lord.



10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho - ly | Ghost, || art most high in the..... | glory of | God the | Father. || A - | men.

Cantate Domino.

No. 100. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 101.

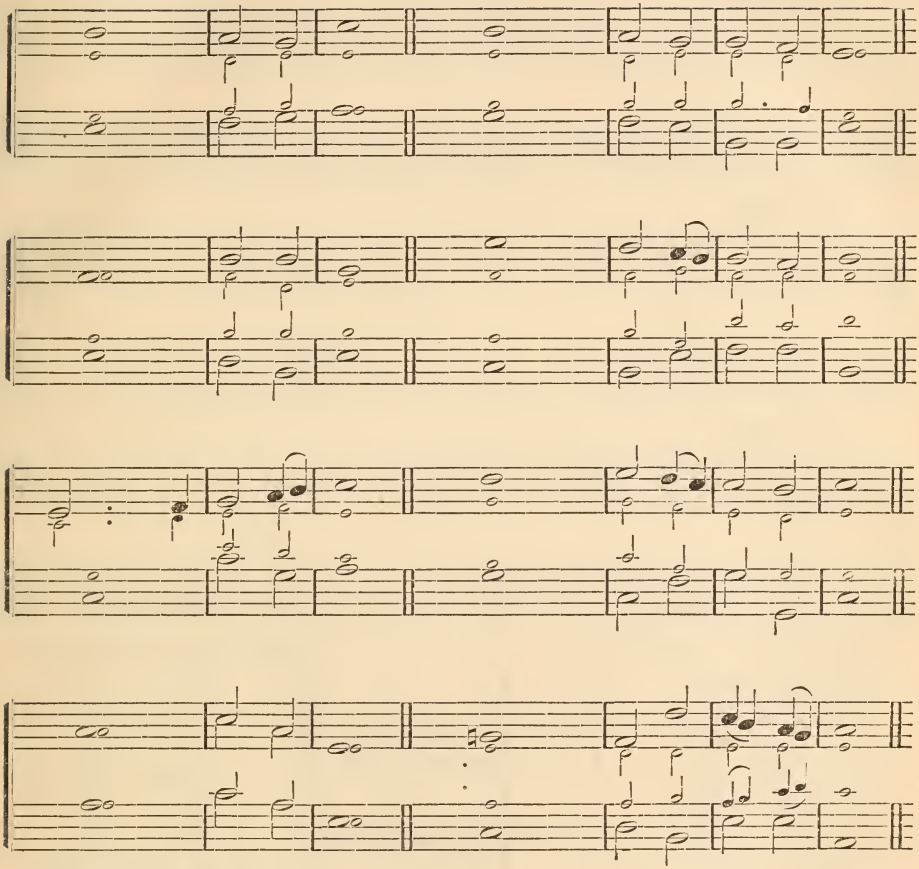
No. 102.

No. 103.

Choir.

1. O sing unto the...	Lord · a new	song;	for he hath.....	done —	mar-vellous	things. 2.
3. The Lord declared	his sal-	vation,	his righteousness hath he openly..	showed · in the	sight . of the	heathen. 4.
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord.....	all ye	lands;	sing, re-	joice, —	and give	thanks. 6.
7. With trumpets...	also · and	shawms,	O show yourselves joyful be-	fore the	Lord the	King. 8.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be-	fore the	Lord;	for he.....	cometh · to	judge the	earth. 10.
11. Glory be to the Father, and .	to the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost; 12.

Cantate. Concluded.

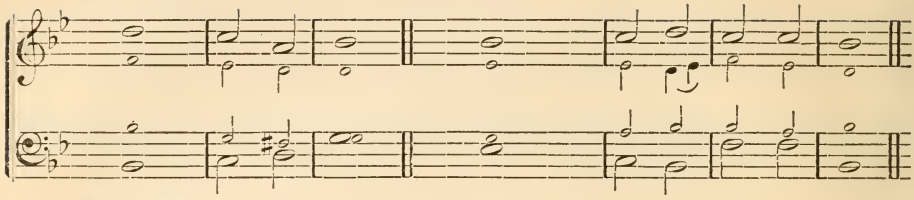


Congregation.

2. With his own right hand, and with his.....	ho - ly	arm,	hath he	gotten him	self the	victory.	3.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the.....	house of	Israel;	and all the ends of the world have seen the salva - tion		of our	God.	5.
6. Praise the Lord upon the		harp;	sing to the harp with a.....	psalm —	of thanks-	giving.	7.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that.....	there - in	is,	the round world, and	they that	dwell there-	in.	9.
10. With righteousness shall he..	judge the	world,	and the.....	peo - ple	with eqni-	ty.	11.
12 As it was in the beginning, is now, and....	ever shall	be,	world.....	with - out	end. A-	men.	

Cantate Domino.

No. 104. SINGLE CHANTS.



No. 105.

No. 106.

1. O sing unto the...	Lord · a new	song;	for he.....	hath done	mar-vellous	things.
2. *With his own right hand, and with his .....*	*ho - ly*	*arm,*	*hath he.....*	*gotten · him*	*self the*	*victory.*
3. The Lord declared	his sal-	vation,	his righteousness hath he openly shewed	in the	sight. of the	heathen.
4. *He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the.....*	*house of*	*Israel,*	*and all the ends of the world have seen the sal-....*	*va - tion*	*of our*	*God.*
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord.....	all ye	lands;	sing, re-	joice, and	give —	thanks.
6. *Praise the Lord up-*	*on the*	*harp,*	*sing to the harp with a*	*psalm of*	*thanks- —*	*giving.*
7. With trumpets...	also, · and	shawms,	O show yourselves joyful be-	fore the	Lord the	King.
8. *Let the sea make a noise, and all that.....*	*there · in*	*is,*	*the round world, and*	*they that*	*dwell there-*	*in.*
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be-	fore the	Lord;	for he	cometh · to	judge the	earth.
10. *With righteousness shall he...*	*judge the*	*world,*	*and the.....*	*peo - ple*	*with —*	*equity.*
11. Glory be to the Father, and..	to · the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
12. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Cantate Domino.

No. 107. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 108.

No. 109.

1. O sing unto the...	Lord · a new	song;	for he.....	hath done	mar-vellous	things.
2. *With his own right hand, and with his .....*	*ho - ly*	*arm,*	*hath he.....*	*gotten · him-*	*self the*	*victory.*
3. The Lord declared	his sal-	vation,	his righteousness hath he openly shewed	in the	sight . of the	heathen.
4. *He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the.....*	*house of*	*Israel,*	*and all the ends of the world have seen the sal-....*	*va - tion*	*of our*	*God.*
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord.....	all ye	lands;	sing, re-	joice, and	give —	thanks.
6. *Praise the Lord up-*	*on the*	*harp,*	*sing to the harp with a*	*psalm of*	*thanks- —*	*giving.*
7. With trumpets...	also, · and	shawms,	O show yourselves joyful be-	fore the	Lord the	King.
8. *Let the sea make a noise, and all that.....*	*there - in*	*is.*	*the round world, and*	*they that*	*dwell there-*	*in.*
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be-	fore the	Lord;	for he	cometh · to	judge the	earth.
10. *With righteousness shall he...*	*judge the*	*world,*	*and the.....*	*peo - ple*	*with —*	*equity.*
11. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
12. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Bonum est confiteri.

No. 110. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 111.

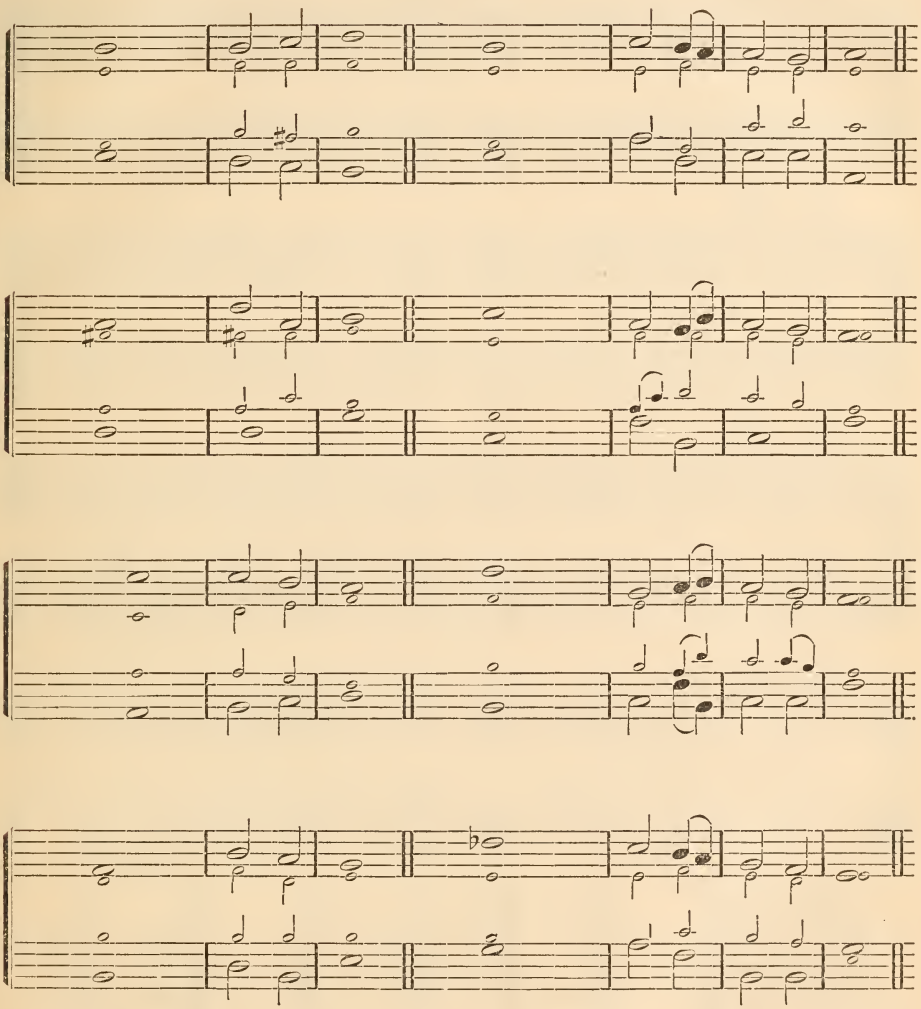
No. 112.

No. 113.

Choir.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un-	to	the	Lord,	and to sing praises unto thy.....	name, —	O	Most	Highest; 2.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-	on	the	lute;	upon a loud instrument, ...	and up-	on	the	harp. 4.
5. Glory be to the Father, and..	to	the	Son,	and	to the	Ho -	ly	Ghost; 6.

Bonum est. Concluded.



Congregation.

2. To tell of thy loving-kindness early..... in the morning, and of thy truth.... in the night — season; 3.
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad ..... through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- ..... ra - tions of thy hands. 5.
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ..... ever shall be, world ..... with - out end. A - men.

Bonum est confiteri.

No. 114. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 115.

No. 116.

No. 117.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un-	to the	Lord,	and to sing praises unto thy	name, O	Most —	Highest.
2. *To tell of thy loving-kindness early*	*in the*	*morning,*	*and of thy*	*truth in the*	*night-* —	*season.*
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-	on the	lute;	upon a loud instrument,	and up-	on the	harp.
4. *For thou, Lord, hast made me glad*	*through thy*	*works,*	*and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper-*	*a - tions*	*of thy*	*hands.*
5. Glory be to the Father, and	to · the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Bonum est confiteri.

No. 118. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 119.

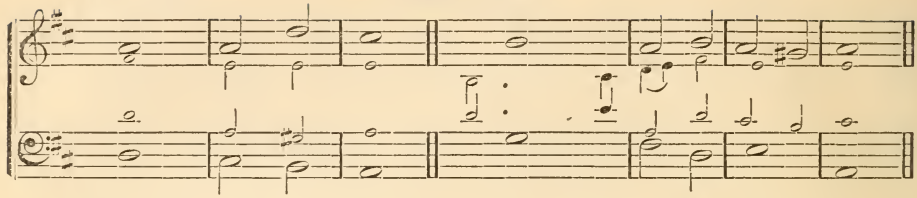
No. 120.

No. 121.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un-	to the	Lord,	and to sing praises unto thy	name, O	Most —	Highest.
2. *To tell of thy loving-kindness early*	*in the*	*morning,*	*and of thy*	*truth in the*	*night-* —	*season.*
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-	on the	lute;	upon a loud instrument,	and up-	on the	harp.
4. *For thou, Lord, hast made me glad*	*through thy*	*works,*	*and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper-*	*a - tions*	*of thy*	*hands.*
5. Glory be to the Father, and ..	to · the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Deus Misereatur.

No. 122. DOUBLE CHANTS.



No. 123.

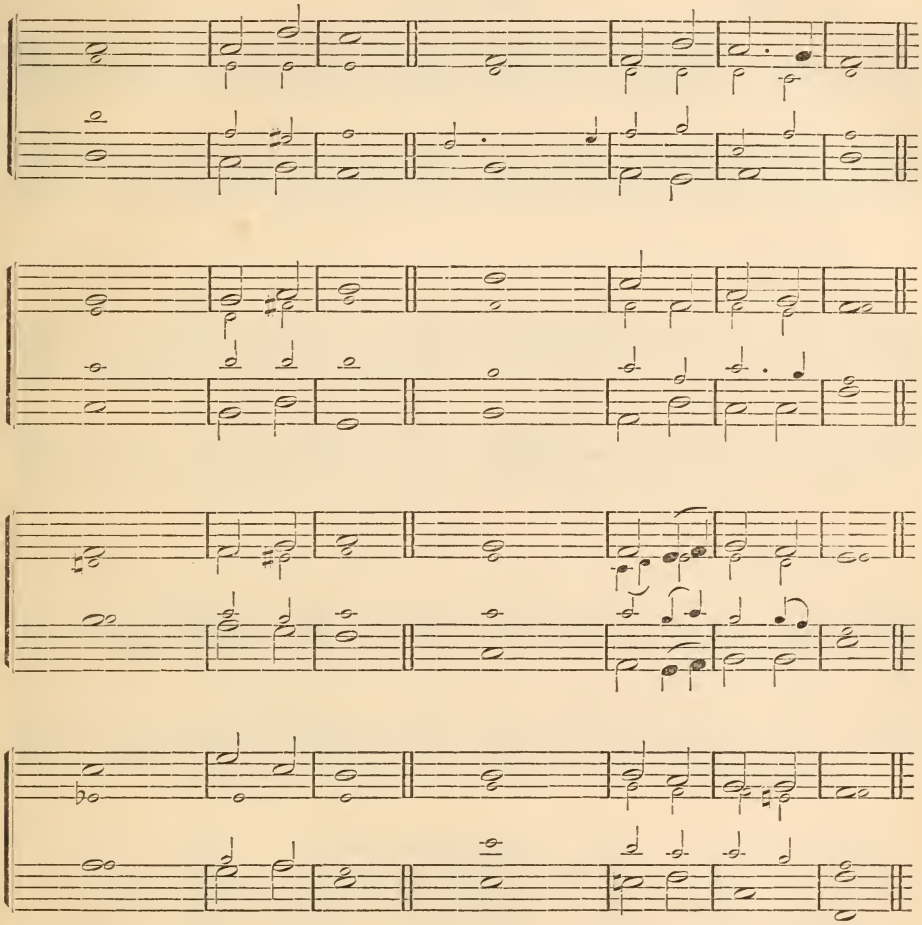
No. 124.

No. 125.

Choir.

1. God be merciful unto	us, and	bless us,	and show us the light of his countenance, and be..	merci - ful	un - to	us. 2
3. Let the people...	praise thee, O	God;	yea, let all the	peo - ple	praise —	thee. 4.
5. Let the people...	praise thee, O	God;	yea, let all the	peo - ple	praise —	thee. 6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost; 9.

Deus Misereatur. Concluded.



Congregation.

2. That thy way may be.....	known upon	earth,	thy saving.....	health a-	mong all	nations.	3
4. O let the nations re-.....	joice and be	glad;	for thou shalt judge the folk right-eously, and govern the.....	na - tions	up - on	earth.	5
6. Then shall the earth bring..	forth her	increase;	and God, even our own.....	God, shall	give · us his	blessing.	7
7. God	shall —	bless us;	and all the ends of the	world shall	fear —	him.	8
9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and....	ever · shall	be,	world.....	with - out	end. A-	men.	

Deus Misereatur.

No. 126. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 127.

No. 128.

1. God be merciful unto	us, and	bless us,	and show us the light of his countenance, and be..			
2. *That thy way may be.....*	*known upon*	*earth,*	*thy saving,.....*	merci - ful *health a-*	un - to *mong all*	us. *nations.*
3. Let the people praise.....	thee, O	God;	yea, let.....	all the	peo - ple	praise thee.
4. *O, let the nations rejoice..*	*and be*	*glad,*	*for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the.....*	*na - tions*	*up - on*	*earth.*
5. Let the people praise.....	thee, O	God;	yea, let.....	all the	peo - ple	praise thee.
6. *Then shall the earth bring...*	*forth her*	*increase,*	*and God, even our own*	*God shall*	*give us his*	*blessing.*
7. God	— shall	bless us;	and all the ends of the	world shall	fear —	him.
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to · the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
6. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever · shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Deus Misereatur.

No. 129. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 130.

No. 131.

1. God be merciful unto	us, and	bless us,	and show us the light of his countenance, and be..			
2. *That thy way may be.....*	*known upon*	*earth,*	*thy saving,.....*	merci - ful *health a-*	un - to *mong all*	us. *nations.*
3. Let the people praise.....	thee, O	God;	yea, let..... ..	all the	peo - ple	praise thee.
4. *O, let the nations rejoice..*	*and be*	*glad,*	*for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the.....*	*na - tions*	*up - on*	*earth.*
5. Let the people praise.....	thee, O	God;	yea, let.....	all the	peo - ple	praise thee.
6. *Then shall the earth bring...*	*forth her*	*increase,*	*and God, even our own*	*God shall*	*give us his*	*blessing.*
7. God	— shall	bless us;	and all the ends of the	world shall	fear —	him.
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son,	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
9. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Benedic, anima mea.

No. 132. DOUBLE CHANTS.

No. 133.

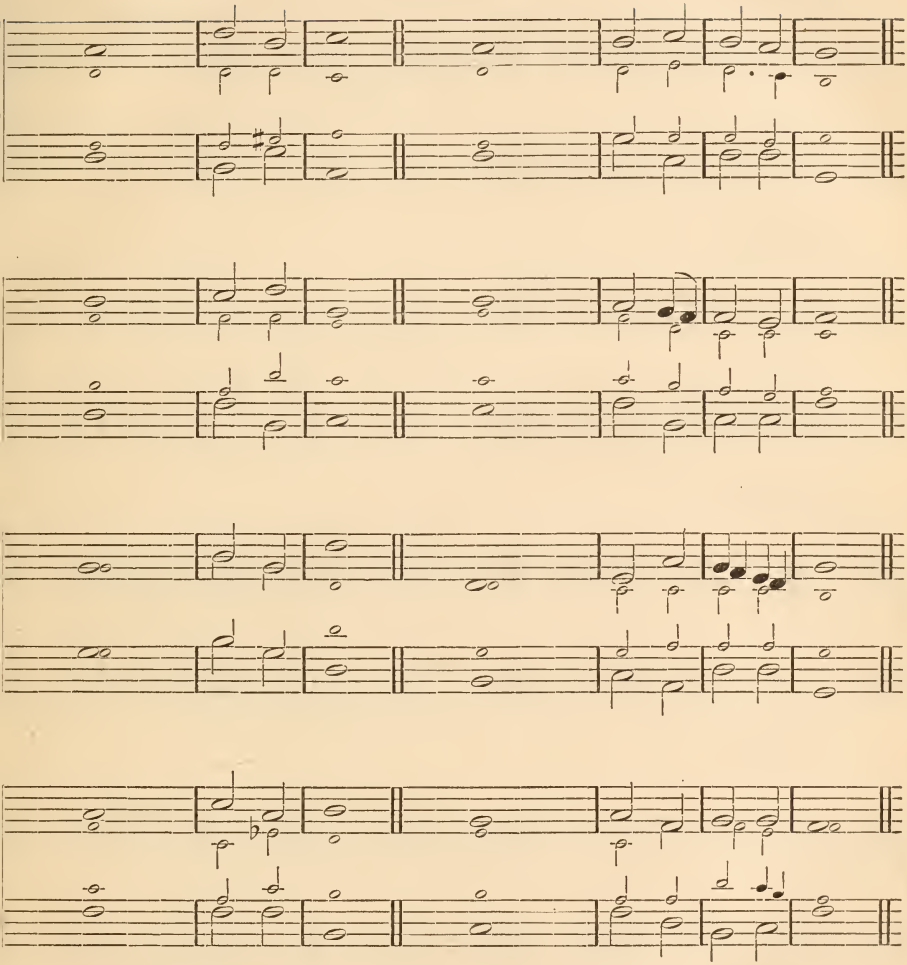
No. 134.

No. 135.

Choir.

1. Praise the Lord,..	O	my	soul;	and all that is within me.....	praise his	ho - ly	name. 2.
3. Who forgiveth....	all	thy	sin,	and healeth.....	all thine in-	fir - mi-	ties; 4.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex-.....	eel	in	strength,	ye that fulfil his commandment,			
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to	the	Son,	and and	to the	voice of his Ho - ly	word. 6. Ghost; 9.

Benedic. Concluded.



Congregation.

2. Praise the Lord,..	O my	soul,	and forget not.....	all his	ben - e-	fits;	3.
4. Who saveth thy life	from de-	struction,	and crowneth thee				
6. O praise the			with.....	merey · and	lov- ing-	kindness.	5.
Lord, all.....	ye his	hosts;	ye servants of.....	his that	do his	pleasure.	7.
7. O speak good of the Lord.all ye works of his, in all places of	his do-	minion.	Praise thou the.....	Lord, —	O my	soul.	8.
9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and....	ever · shall	be,	world.....	with - out	end. A-	men.	

Benedic, anima mea.

No. 136. DOUBLE CHANTS. *For the Choir.*

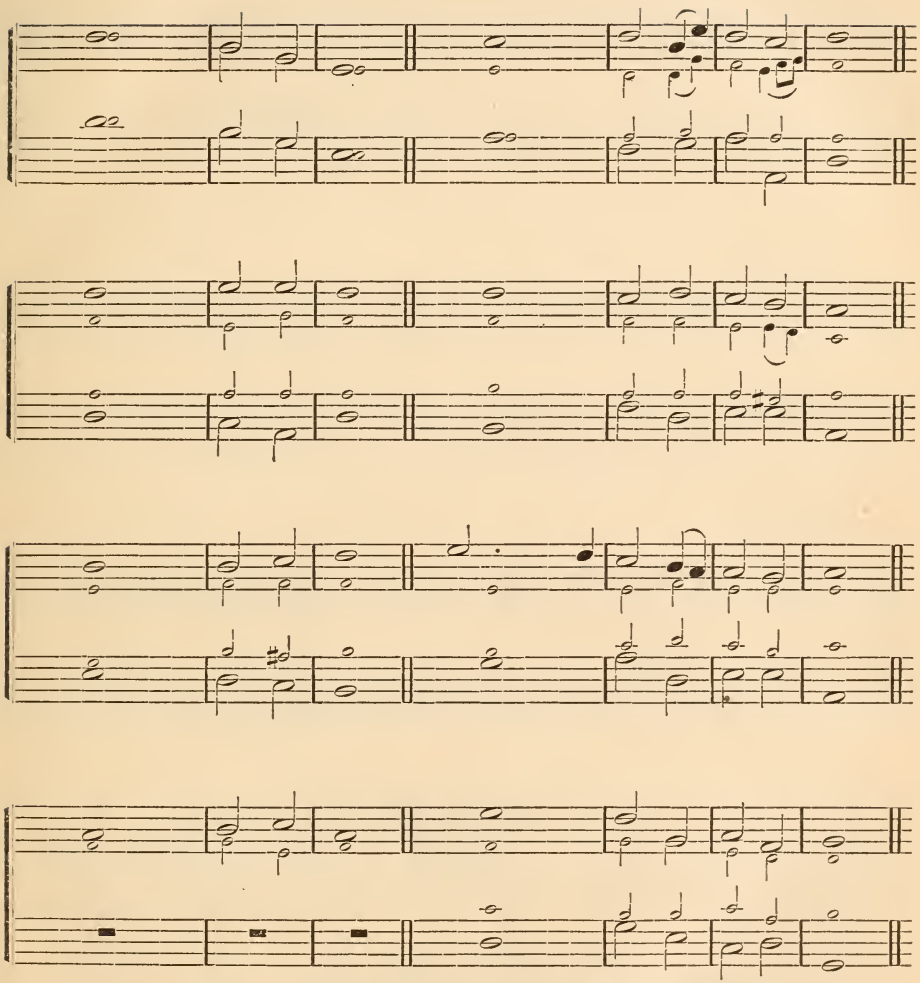
No. 137.

No. 138.

No. 139.

1. Praise the Lord,..	O my	soul;	and all that is within me.....	praise his	ho - ly	name.	2.
3. Who forgiveth....	all thy	sin,	and healeth.....	all thine in-	fir - mi-	ties;	4.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex-.....	cel in	strength,	ye that fulfil his commandment,				
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son,	and hearken unto.....	to the	voice of his	word.	6.
			and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;	9.

Benedic. Concluded.



2. Praise the Lord, . .	O my	soul,	and forget not	all his	ben - e-	fits;	3.
4. Who saveth thy life	from de-	struction,	and crowneth thee with	mercy · and	lov- ing-	kindness.	5.
6. O praise the Lord, all	ye his	hosts;	ye servants of	his that	do his	pleasure.	7.
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of	his do-	minion.	Praise thou the	Lord, —	O my	soul.	8.
9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ever · shall	be,	world	with - out	end. A-	men.	

Benedic, anima mea.

No. 140. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 141.

No. 142.

1. Praise the Lord,..	O my	soul;	and all that is within me.....	praise his	ho - ly	name.
2. *Praise the Lord,...*	*O my*	*soul,*	*and for-*	*get not*	*all his*	*benefits.*
3. Who forgiveth....	all thy	sin,	and	healeth all	thine in-	firmities;
4. *Who saveth thy..*	*life from de-*	*struction,*	*and crowneth thee with*.....	*mercy and*	*lov - ing-*	*kindness.*
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex-.....	cel in	strength.	ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un-	to the	voice of his	word.
6. *O praise the Lord, all.....*	*ye his*	*hosts,*	*ye servants of*.....	*his, that*	*do his*	*pleasure.*
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of	his do-	minion.	Praise thou the.....	Lord, —	O my	soul.
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
9. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever shall*	*be,*	*world*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

Benedic, anima mea.

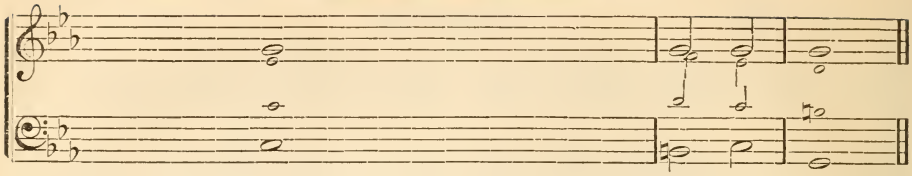
No. 143. SINGLE CHANTS.

No. 144.

No. 145.

1. Praise the Lord,..	O my	soul;	and all that is within me.....	praise his	ho - ly	name.
2. *Praise the Lord,...*	*O my*	*soul,*	*and for-.....*	*get not*	*all his*	*benefits.*
3. Who forgiveth....	all thy	sin,	and.....	healeth all	thine in-	firmities;
4. *Who saveth thy..*	*life from de-*	*struction,*	*and crowneth thee with.....*	*mercy and*	*lov - ing-*	*kindness.*
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex-.....	cel in	strength.	ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un-	to the	voice of his	word.
6. *O praise the Lord, all.....*	*ye his*	*hosts,*	*ye servants of.....*	*his, that*	*do his*	*pleasure.*
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of	his do-	minion.	Praise thou the....	Lord, —	O my	soul.
8. Glory be to the Father, and..	to the	Son;	and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
9. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and.....*	*ever shall*	*be,*	*world.....*	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

No. 146. Choir and Congregation alternately.



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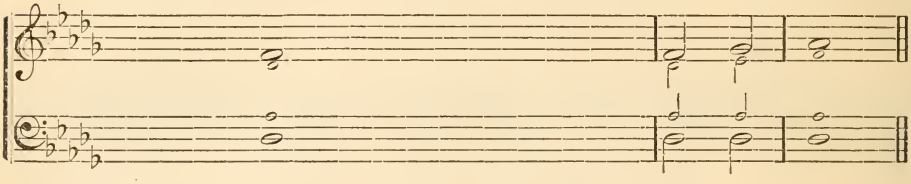

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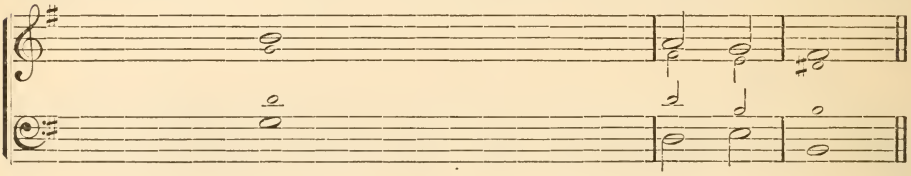
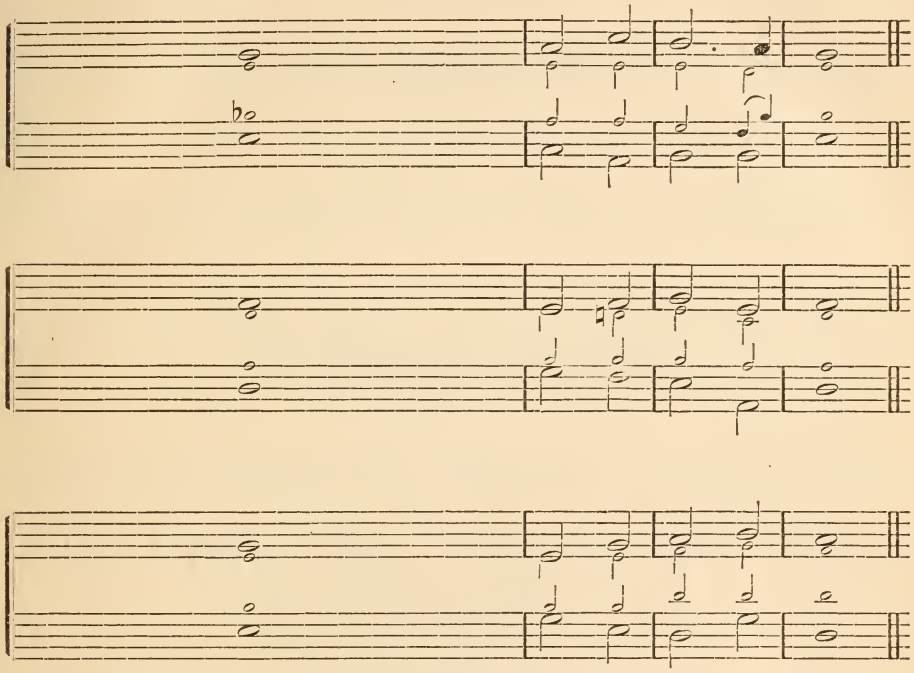


1.	Lord, let me know my end, and the number	of	my	days,
2.	*Behold thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in re-*	*spect*	*of*	*thee,*
3.	For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him-	self	in	vain;
4.	*And now, Lord*	*what is*	*my*	*hope?*
5.	Deliver me from	all	mine of-	fenees,
6.	*When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth*	*fretting*	*a*	*garment;*
7.	Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ear con-	sider	my	calling;
8.	*For I am a stranger with thee,*	*and*	*a*	*sojourner,*
9.	O spare me a little, that I may re-	cover	my	strength,
10.	*Lord, thou hast*	*been*	*our*	*refuge,*
11.	Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the	world	were	made,
12.	*Thou turnest man*	*to*	*de-*	*struction,*
13.	For a thousand years in thy sight are	but	as	yesterday,
14.	*As soon as thou scatterest them they are even*	*as*	*a*	*sleep,*
15.	In the morning it is green, and	grow	eth	up;
16.	*For we consume away in*	*thy*	*dis-*	*pleasure,*
17.	Thou hast set our mis-	deeds	be-	fore thee,
18.	*For when thou art angry, all our*	*days*	*are*	*gone,*
19.	The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but	labor	and	sorrow,
20.	*So teach us to*	*number*	*our*	*days,*
21.	Glory be to the Father, and	to	the	Son:
22.	*As it was in the beginning, is now, and*	*ever*	*shall*	*be:*



that I may be certified how.....	long I	have to	live.
and verily every man living is.....	*al - to-*	*geth - er*	*vanity.*
he heapeth up riches, and cannot.....	tell —	who shall	gather them.
Truly my hope.....	*is* —	*even · in*	*thee.*
and make me not a re-.....	buke un-	to the	foolish.
every man.....	*there - fore*	*is but*	*vanity.*
hold not thy.....	peace —	at my	tears.
as.....	*all my*	*fa - thers*	*were.*
before I go hence,.....	and be	no more	seen.
from one gene-.....	*ra - tion*	*to - an-*	*other.*
thou art God from everlasting, and.....	world with	out —	end.
again thou sayest, Come a-.....	*gain, ye*	*children · of*	*men.*
seeing that it is past,.....	as a	watch · in the	night.
and fade away.....	*sudden - ly*	*like the*	*grass.*
but in the evening it is cut	down, dried	up, and	withered.
and are afraid at thy.....	*wrath - ful*	*in - dig-*	*nation.*
and our secret sins in the.....	light of	thy —	countenance.
We bring our years to an end, as it.....	*were a*	*tale · that is*	*told.*
so soon passeth it a-.....	way, and	we are	gone.
that we may ap-	*ply our*	*hearts · unto*	*wisdom.*
and.....	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
world.....	*with - out*	*end. A-*	*men.*

SELECTIONS

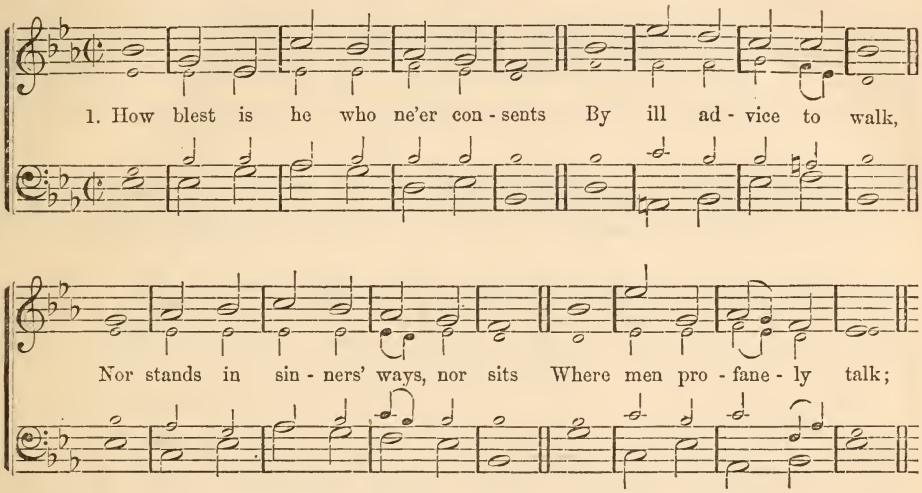
FROM

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

IN METRE.

Psalm 1. Bedford. C. M.

From the i Psalm of David.



1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

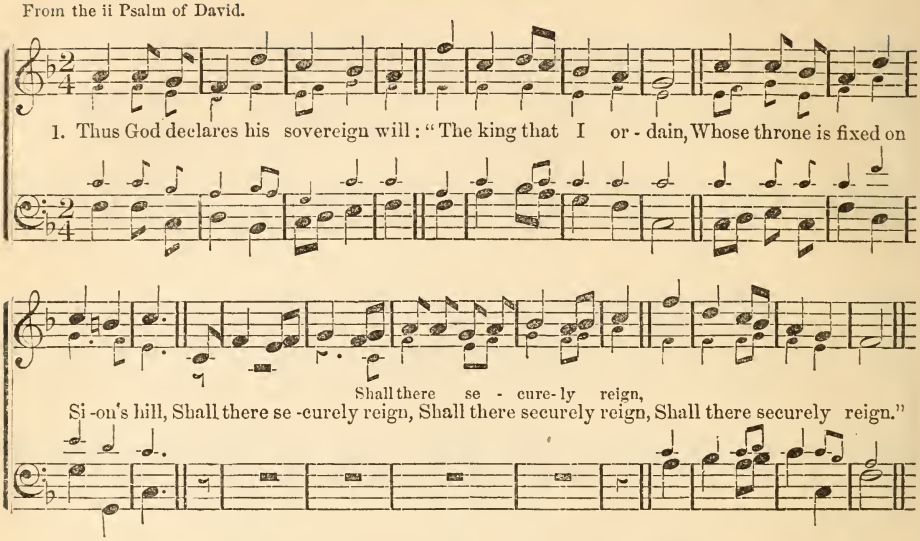
4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

Psalm 2. Meriden. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the ii Psalm of David.


1. Thus God declares his sovereign will: "The king that I or - dain, Whose throne is fixed on
Shall there se - cure-ly reign,
Si -on's hill, Shall there se -curely reign, Shall there securely reign, Shall there securely reign."

1 Thus God declares his sovereign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

2 Attend, O earth, while I declare
God's uncontrolled decree:
"Thou art my Son; this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limit of the lands
Shall be possessed by thee."

4 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

5 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay:
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.

6 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame!
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

Psalm 3. Shropshire. C. M.

From the iii Psalm of David.

1 Thou, gracious God, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

2 Since whensoe'er, in my distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

3 Guarded by him, I lay me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

Psalm 4. Gower. C. M.

From the iv Psalm of David.

1 Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee everything that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

3 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to God on high;
And let your hope, securely fixed,
On him alone rely.

4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possessed.

Psalm 5. Abridge. C. M.

From the v Psalm of David.

1 Regard my words, O gracious Lord,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 Lord, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Toward thy most holy place.

4 Let those, O Lord, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

5 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend

Psalm 6. Anthon. S. M.

From the vi. Psalm of David.

1 In mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touch'd by thy quick'ning power,
My load of guilt I feel:
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal

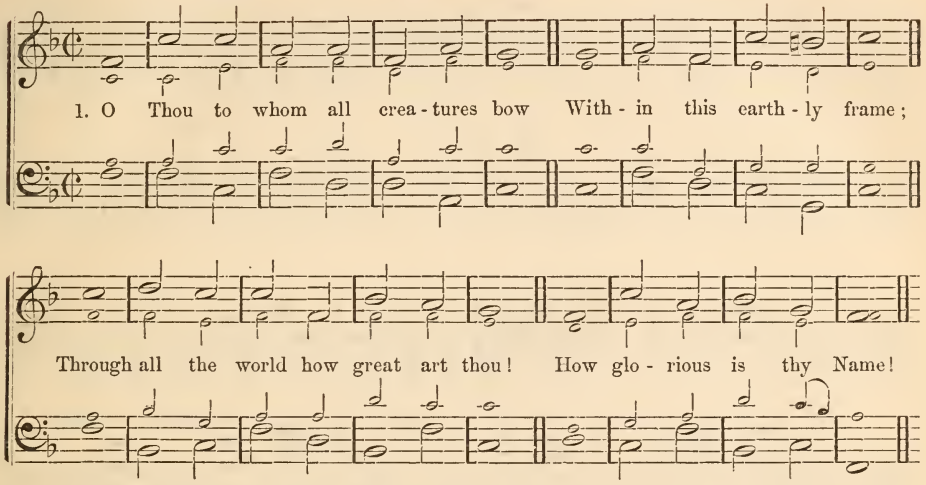
3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

Psalm 7. Mear. C. M.

From the viii Psalm of David.


1. O Thou to whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy Name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 O, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

6 They jointly own his powerful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

7 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

Psalm 8. Kent. C. M.

From the ix Psalm of David.

1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
While to thy Name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

4 All those who have his goodness proved
Will in his truth confide,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

Psalm 9.

Latimer. C. M.

From the xi Psalm of David.

1 The Lord a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

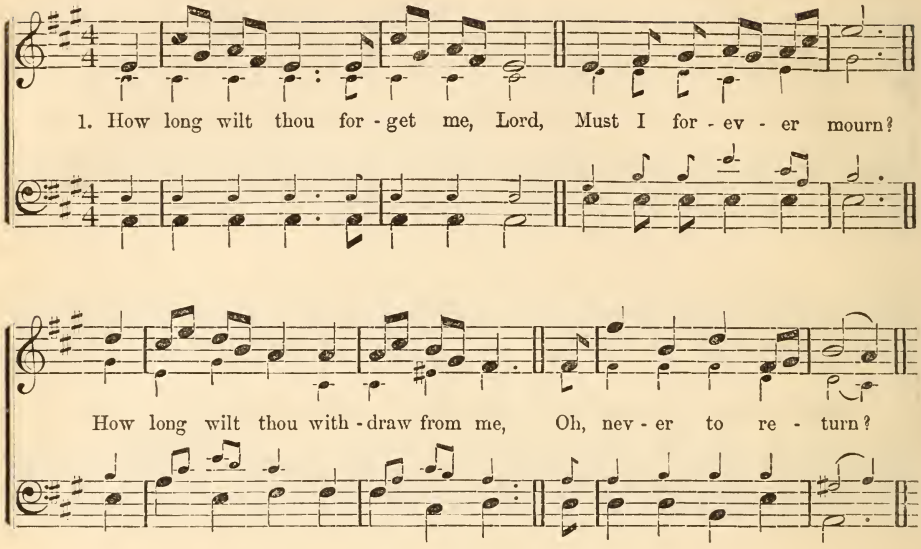
2 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

3 Snares, fire, and brimstone on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

Psalm 10. Trent. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xiii Psalm of David.



Soprano. 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return?

Choir. 2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.

Soprano. 3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

Choir. 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend;
Who to thy servant, in distress,
Such bounty didst extend.

Psalm 11. Andrews. L. M.

From the xiv Psalm of David.

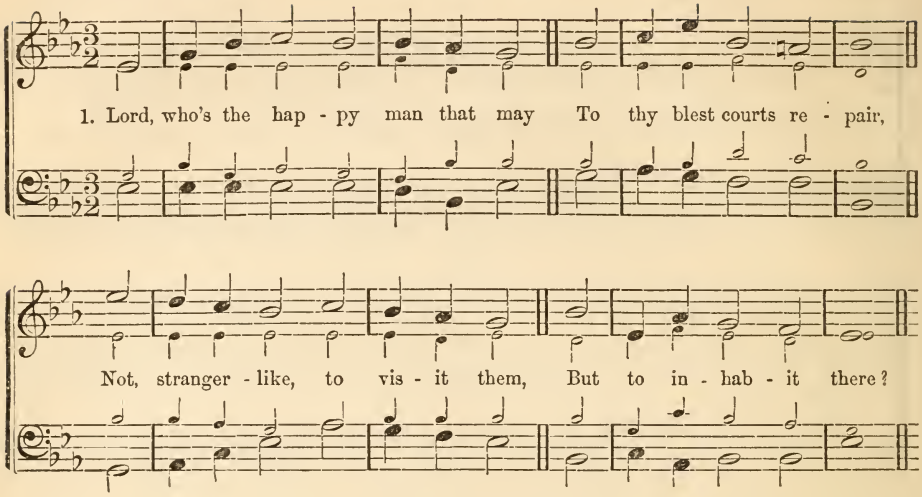
1. The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower, And all the sons of men did view,
To see if a - ny owned his power, If a - ny truth or jus - tice knew;
2. But all, he saw, were gone a - side, All were de - generate grown, and base;
None took re - lig - ion for their guide, Not one of all the sin - ful race.

3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake!
For to the righteous, God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

4 O, that from Sion he'd employ
His might, and burst th' oppressive band!
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

Psalm 12. Downs. C. M.

From the xv Psalm of David.



2 'T is he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart rejects.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

Psalm 13. Peterborough. C. M.

From the xvi Psalm of David.

1. My grate - ful soul shall bless the Lord, Whose pre - cepts give me light;
And pri - vate coun - sel still af - ford In sor - row's dis - mal night.

1 My grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

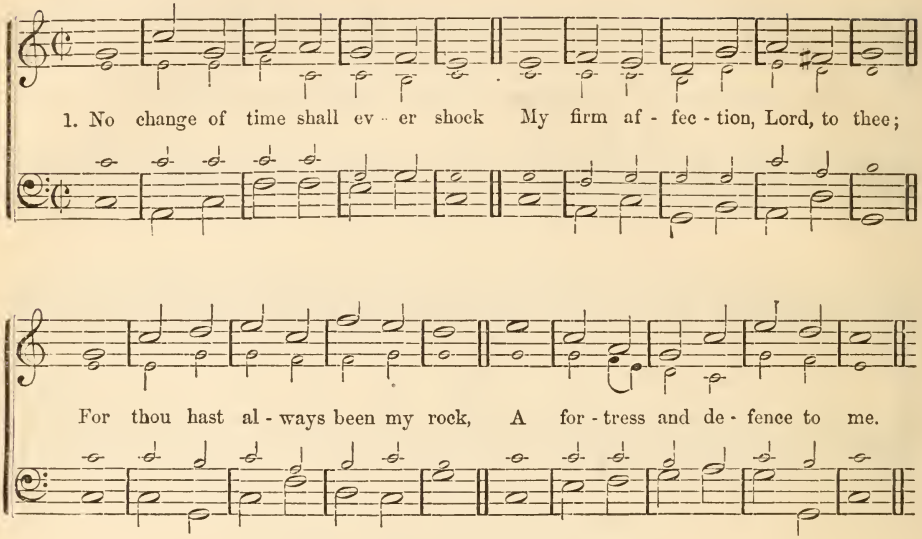
3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

4 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death,
The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

Psalm 14. Pt. 1. Crasselius. L. M.

From the xviii Psalm of David.


1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast al - ways been my rock, A for - tress and de - fence to me.

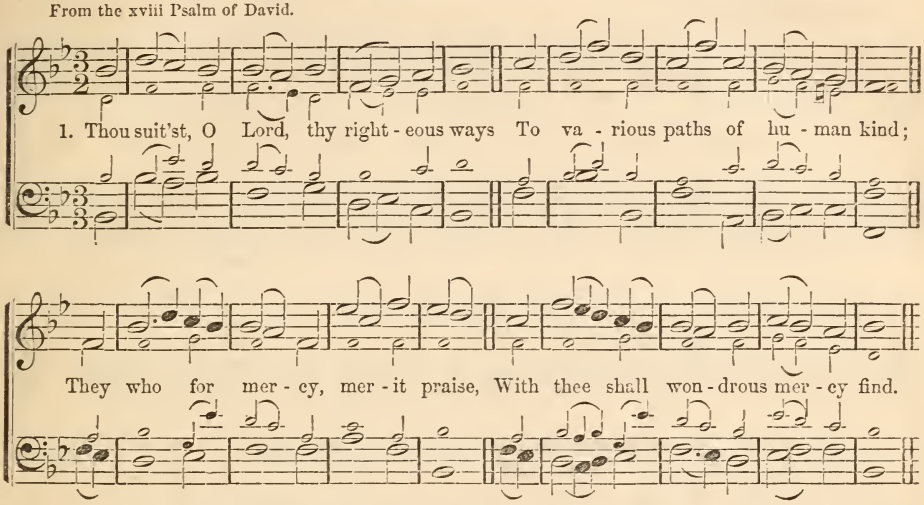
1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

Psalm 14. Pt. 2. Atlantic. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xviii Psalm of David.


1. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy right - eous ways To va - rious paths of hu - man kind;
They who for mer - cy, mer - it praise, With thee shall won - drous mer - cy find.

1 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They who for mercy, merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might;
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turned to light.

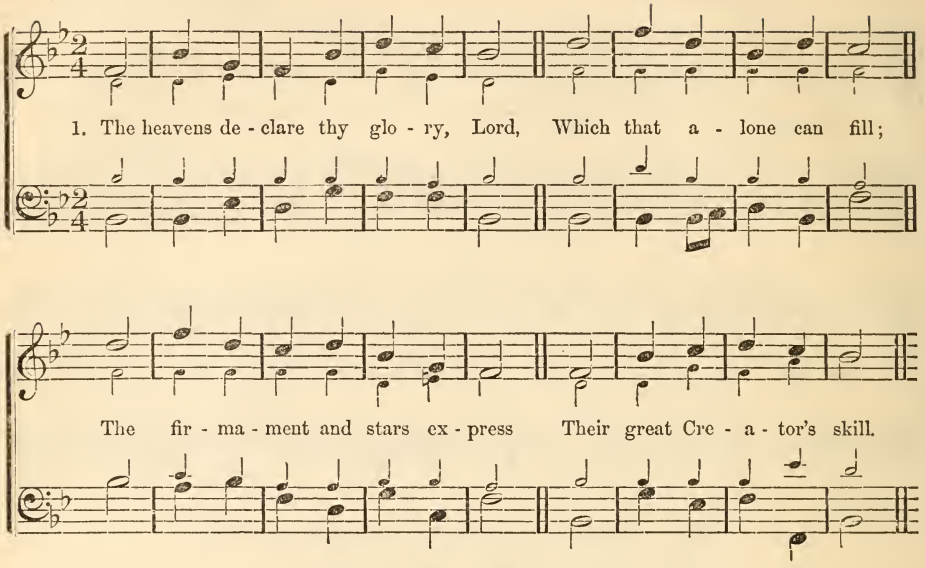
4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

5 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his Name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed!

6 My God, to celebrate thy fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to thy Name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

Psalm 15. Pt. 1. Bedell. C. M.

From the xix Psalm of David.


1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which that a - lone can fill;
The fir - ma - ment and stars ex - press Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

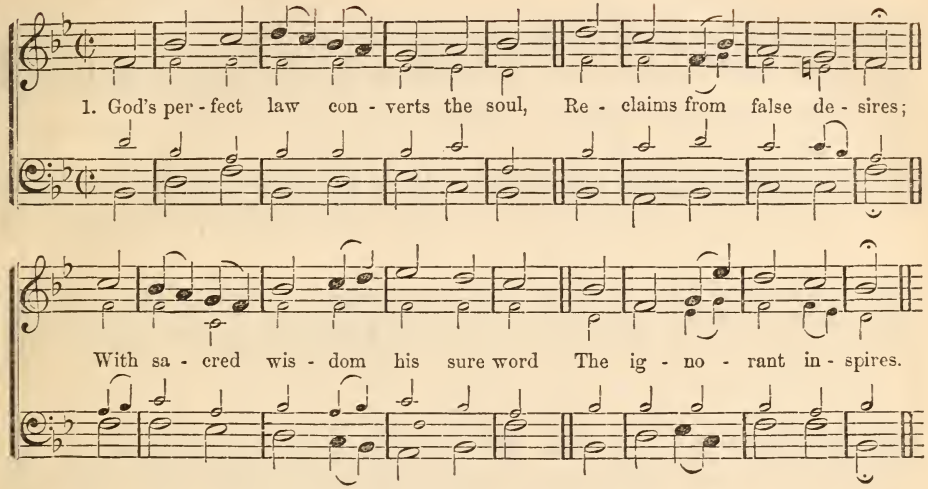
3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'T is nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

Psalm 15. Pt. 2. • Tiverton. C. M.

From the xix Psalm of David.


1. God's per - fect law con - verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;
With sa - cred wis - dom his sure word The ig - no - rant in - spires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

7 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

8 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

Psalm 16. Wharton. S. M.

From the xx. Psalm of David.

1 May Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succour from his temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless!

2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give.

3 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in God's right hand;
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise, and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord; and still
Thy servants deign to bless:
Hear King of heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

Psalm 17. Pt. 1. Parvin. C. M.

From the xxii Psalm of David.

1 My God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
Oh! why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint?

2 Lo! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.

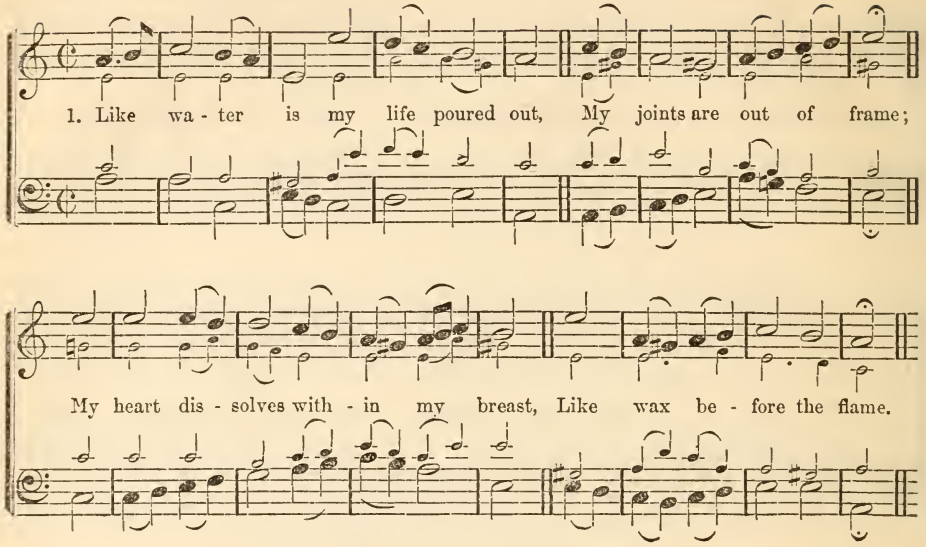
3 With laughter, all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say:

4 "In God he trusted, boasting oft,
That he was Heaven's delight;
Let God come down to save him now,
And own his favourite."

5 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which
Alone I can rely.

Psalm 17. Pt. 2. Walsal. C. M.

From the xxii Psalm of David.



1 Like water is my life poured out,
My joints are out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parched with drought;
And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.

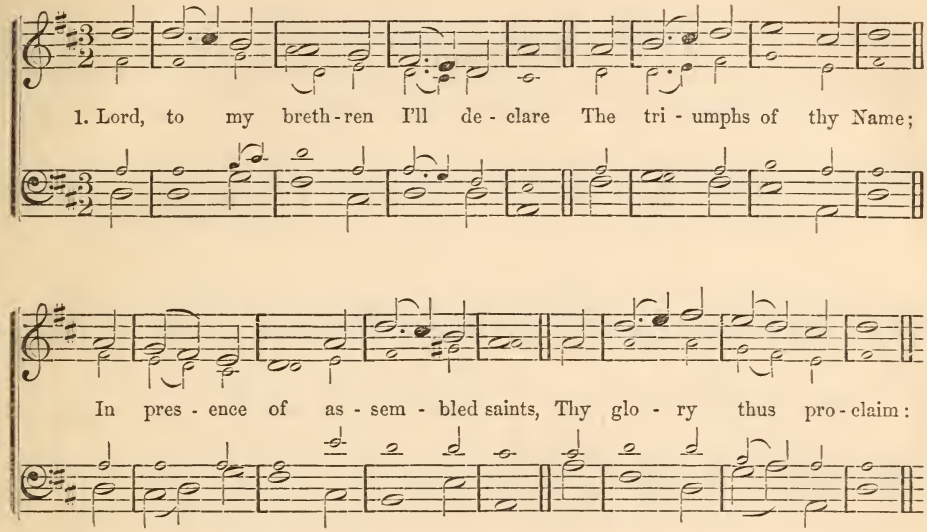
3 Like dogs, to compass me, my foes
In wicked council meet;
They pierced my inoffensive hands,
They pierced my harmless feet.

4 My body's racked, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.

5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast:
Therefore, O leave me not, my God,
But to my succour haste.

Psalm 17. Pt. 3. Colchester. C. M.

From the xxii Psalm of David.



1 Lord, to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name;
In presence of assembled saints,
Thy glory thus proclaim:

2 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
Oh, praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

3 "He ne'er disdained on low distress
To cast a gracious eye;
Nor turned from misery his face,
But hears its humble cry."

4 Thus in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

5 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay:
And scattered nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

7 'T is his supreme prerogative
O'er all mankind to reign;
'T is just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

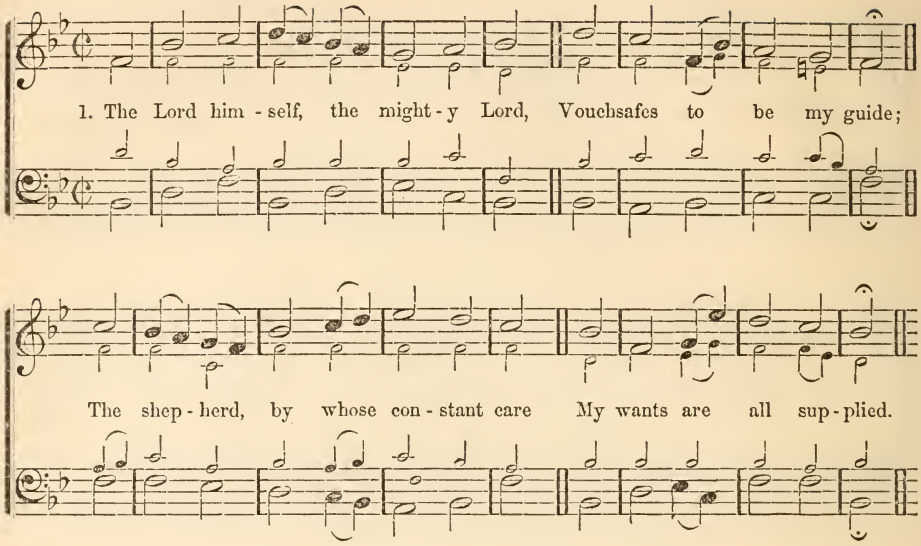
8 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous patron bless.

9 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort;
That power which first their being gave,
Alone can them support.

10 Then shall a chosen, spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their adoring sons his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

Psalm 18. Tiverton. C. M.

From the xxiii Psalm of David.


1. The Lord him - self, the might - y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shep - herd, by whose con - stant care My wants are all sup - plied.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

Psalm 19. St. Ann's. C. M.

From the xxiv Psalm of David.

1. The spa - cious earth is all the Lord's, The Lord's her ful - ness is;
The world, and they that dwell there - in, By sov - ereign right are his.

1 The spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

2 He framed and fixed it on the seas;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed;
O, who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?

4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
Thy face, O Jacob's God.

7 Erect your head, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

Psalm 20. Dennis. S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm of David.

1 To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice ;
Oh! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend ;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As willfully offend.

3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way ;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.

4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.

10 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

11 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

12 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind ;
And in the midst of all their wants
Let them thy succor find.

Psalm 21. St. Stephen's. C. M.

From the xxvi Psalm of David.

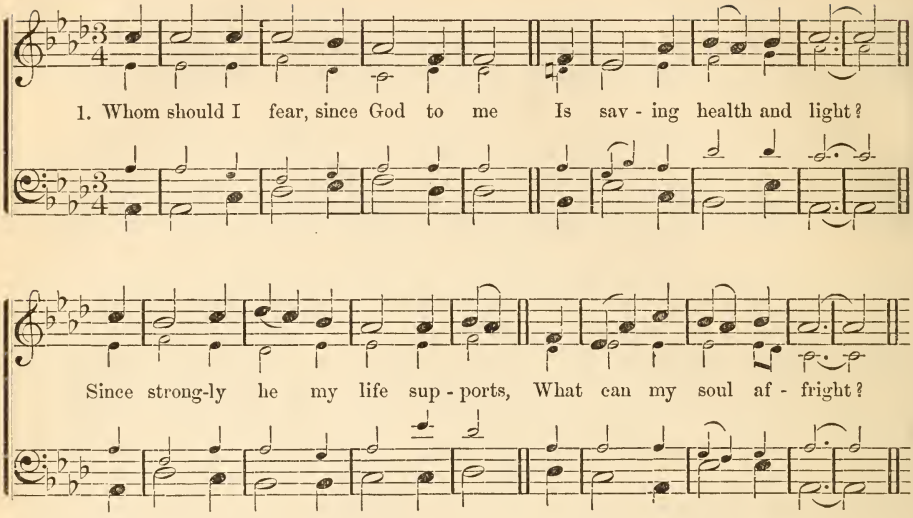
1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.

2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

Psalm 22. Helena. C. M.

From the xxvii Psalm of David.


1. Whom should I fear, since God to me Is sav - ing health and light?
Since strong-ly he my life sup - ports, What can my soul af - fright?

2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will enquire.

3 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.

4 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

5 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

6 Though all of nearest earthly ties,
Me, in my woe, forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.

7 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

8 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crowned;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compassed round.

9 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

Psalm 23. Oaksville. C. M.

From the xxviii Psalm of David.

1 Adored for ever be the Lord;
  His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
  A gracious answer found.

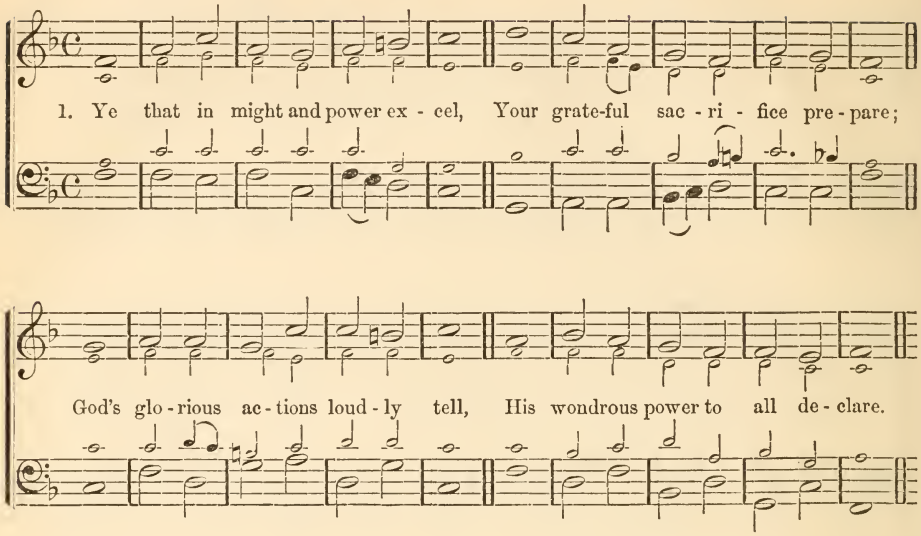
2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
  Has trusted in his Name;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
  His praises shall proclaim.

3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
  Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
  Of his anointed flock.

4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
  Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
  That they may never swerve.

Psalm 24. Warsaw. L. M.

From the xxix Psalm of David.


1. Ye that in might and power ex - cel, Your grate-ful sac - ri - fice pre - pare;
God's glo - rious ac - tions loud - ly tell, His wondrous power to all de - clare.

1 Ye that in might and power excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great Name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state adored.

3 'T is he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

4 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crowned!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears!
And strews their scattered branches round.

5 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

Psalm 25. Dedham. C. M.

From the xxx Psalm of David.

1 In my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth
My hopeless life retrieve.

2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favor no decay;
The night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.

4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And as thy favors endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

Psalm 26. Golden Hill. S. M.

From the xxxi Psalm of David.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

5 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

6 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

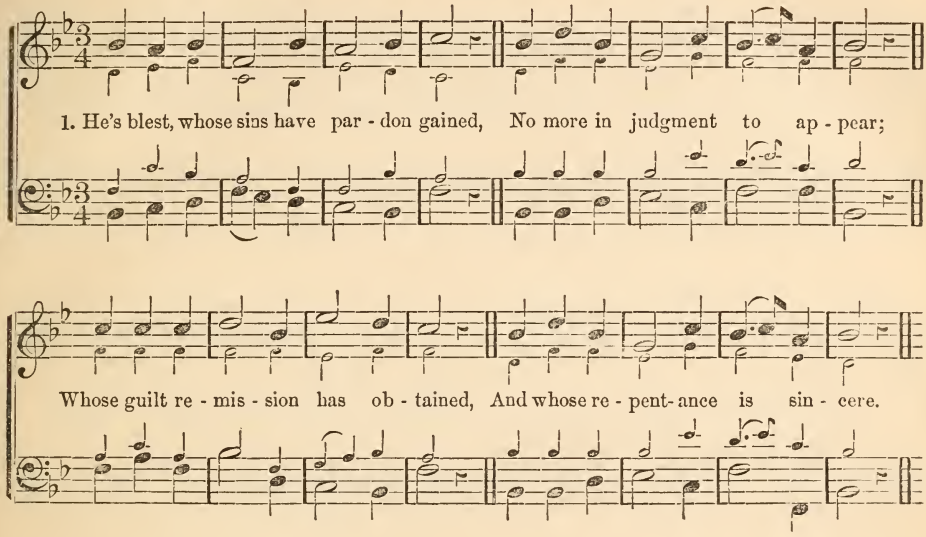
7 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

8 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

9 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

Psalm 27. Mendon. L. M.

From the xxxii Psalm of David.


1. He's blest, whose sins have par - don gained, No more in judgment to ap - pear;
Whose guilt re - mis - sion has ob - tained, And whose re - pent - ance is sin - cere.

1 He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The hardened sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have performed his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

Psalm 28. Pt. 1. Oaksville. C. M.

From the xxxiii Psalm of David.

1. Let all the just to God, with joy, Their cheer - ful voi - ces raise;
For well the right - eous it be - comes To sing glad songs of praise.

1 Let all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand:
For, when he spake the word, 't was made,
'T was fixed at his command.

Psalm 28. Pt. 2. Peterborough. C. M.

From the xxiii Psalm of David.

1 WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

3 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

Psalm 29. Pt. 1. Norris. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xxxiv Psalm of David.

1. Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In troub - le and in joy,
The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name:
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

Psalm 29. Pt. 2. Litchfield. C. M.

From the xxxiv Psalm of David.

2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 't is begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes:
And, when distressed, his gracious ear,
Is open to their cries;

5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off and from the earth
Blot out their evil name.

6 Deliverance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

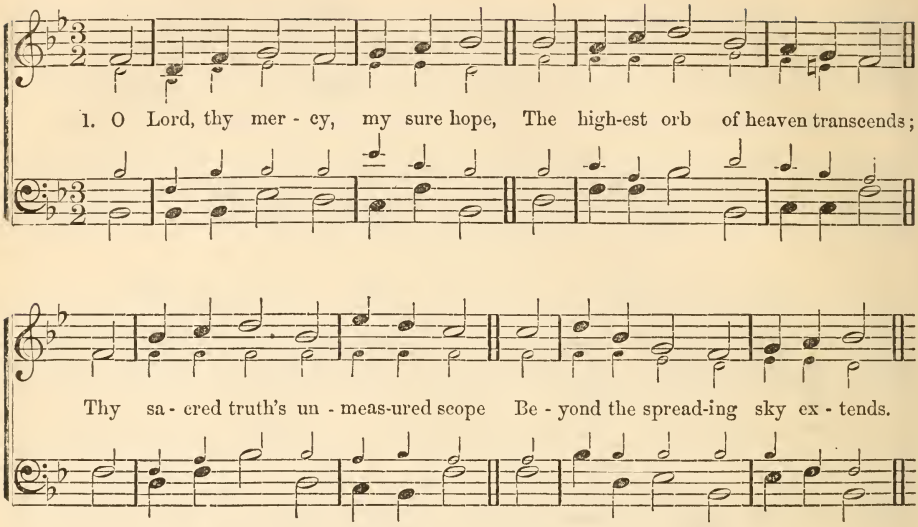
7 Great troubles may afflict the just,
Yet God will save them still;
The righteous he will keep from harm,
And guard from every ill.

8 The wicked, from their wickedness,
Their ruin shall derive;
While righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

9 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessing shall descend.

Psalm 30. Hebron. L. M.

From the xxxvi Psalm of Davíd.


1. O Lord, thy mer - cy, my sure hope, The high-est orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sa - cred truth's un - meas-ured scope Be - yond the spread-ing sky ex - tends.

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

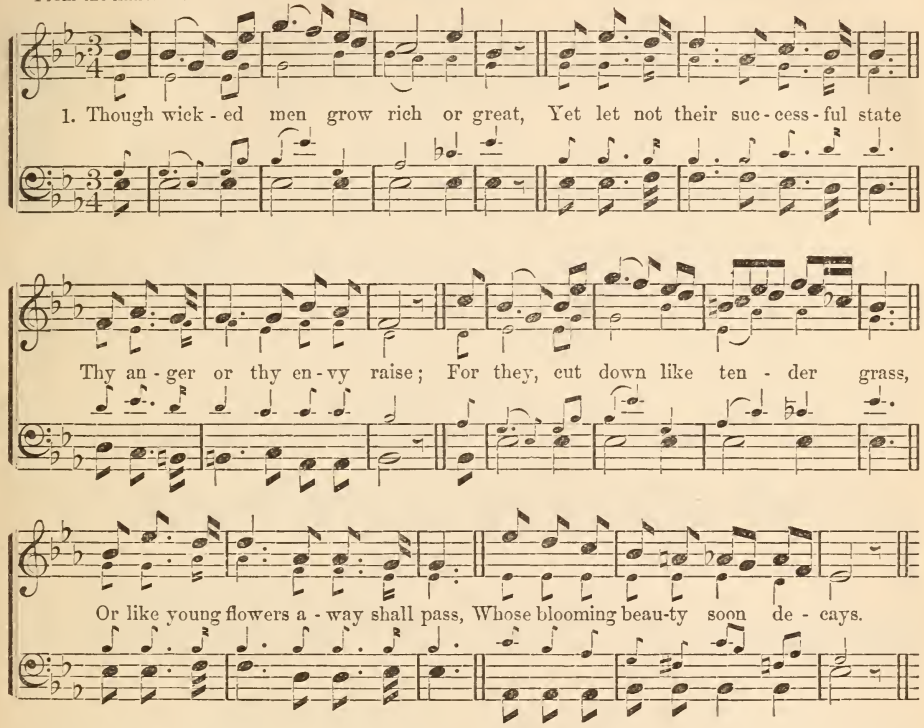
3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

Psalm 31. Pt. 1. Dyer. II. 2. *For the Choir.*

From the xxxvii Psalm of David.


1. Though wick - ed men grow rich or great, Yet let not their suc - cess - ful state
Thy an - ger or thy en - vy raise; For they, cut down like ten - der grass,
Or like young flowers a - way shall pass, Whose blooming beau-ty soon de - cays.

2 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3 In all thy ways, trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design:
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

4 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor envy the success of crime;
For God will sinful man destroy;
While they his presence shall enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.

Psalm 31. Pt. 2. Martin's Lane. II. 2. *For the Choir.*

From the xxxvii Psalm of David.

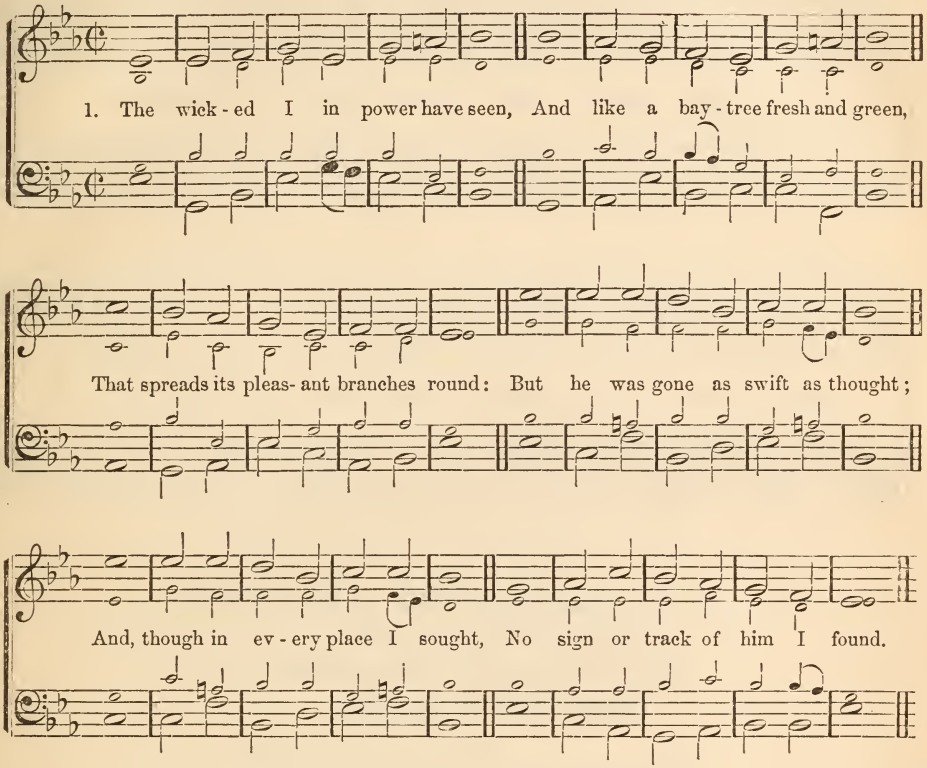
1. The good man's way is God's de - light: He or - ders
all the steps a - right, Of him that moves by his com - mand;
Though he some - times may be dis - tressed, Yet shall he ne'er be
quite op - pressed, For God up - holds him with his hand.

2 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

8 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

Psalm 31. Pt. 3. Ravenscroft. II. 2.

From the xxxvii Psalm of David.


1. The wick - ed I in power have seen, And like a bay - tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleas- ant branches round: But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in ev - ery place I sought, No sign or track of him I found.

2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

3 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord,
Their strength in time of need is he:
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

Psalm 32. Windsor. C. M.

From the xxxviii Psalm of David.

1 THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

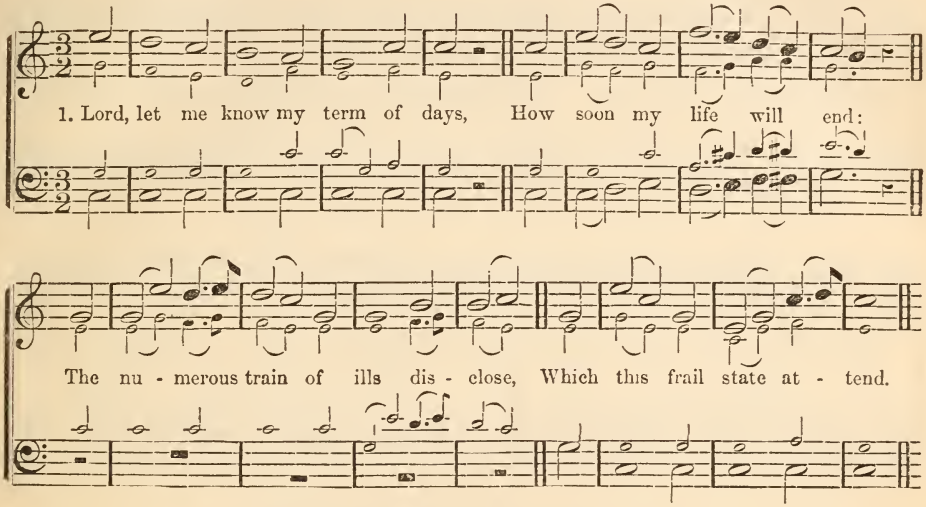
2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes,
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burdened soul
Have reached thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

Psalm 33. Bemerton. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xxxix Psalm of David.


1. Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end:
The nu - merous train of ills dis - close, Which this frail state at - tend.

1 LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years:
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppressed;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possessed.

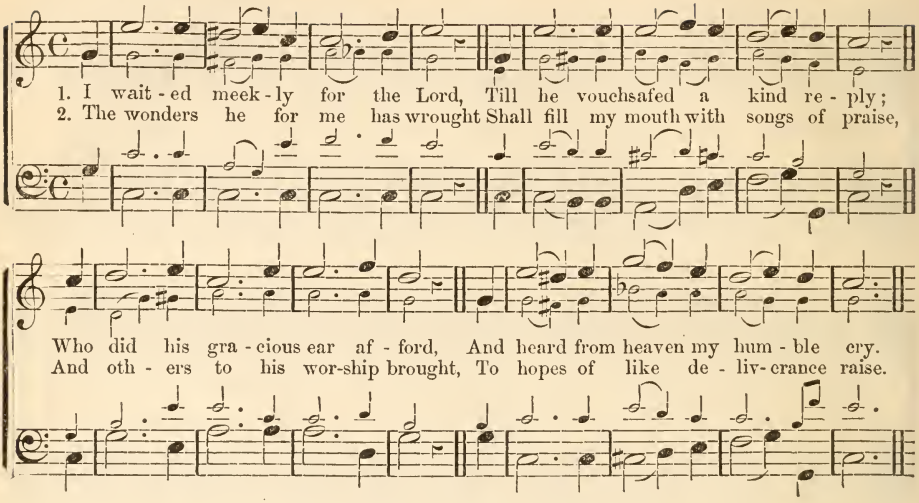
4 Why then should I on worthless toys,
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

Psalm 34. Kenyon. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xl Psalm of David.


1. I wait - ed meek - ly for the Lord, Till he vouchsafed a kind re - ply;
2. The wonders he for me has wrought Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
Who did his gra - cious ear af - ford, And heard from heaven my hum - ble cry.
And oth - ers to his wor-ship brought, To hopes of like de - liv- crance raise.

3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

4 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

5 I've learnt that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

6 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
'T is my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

7 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge;

8 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace:
But preached thy love, for all designed,
That all might that and truth embrace.

9 Then all those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

Psalm 35. Westham. C. M.

From the xli Psalm of David.

1. Hap - py the man whose ten - der care Re - lieves the poor dis - tressed!
When troub - les com - pass him a - round, The Lord shall give him rest.

1 Happy the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crowned,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

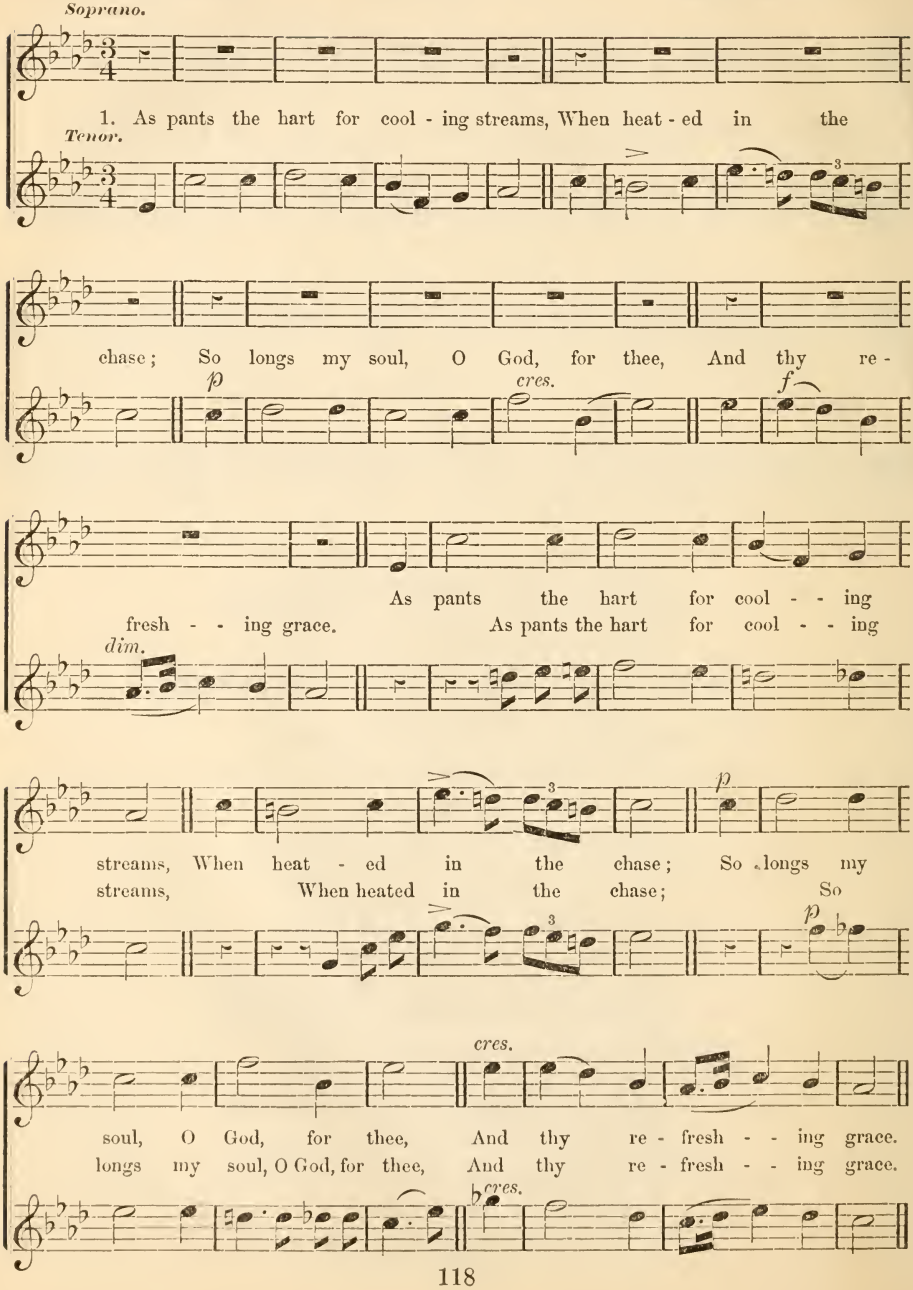
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer addressed:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgressed."

5 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

6 Let, therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be blessed;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens expressed.

Psalm 36. Zuriel. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xlii Psalm of David.


Soprano.
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the
Tenor.
chase; So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re -
p
cres.
f
As pants the hart for cool - - ing
fresh - - ing grace. As pants the hart for cool - - ing
dim.
streams, When heat - ed in the chase; So longs my
streams, When heated in the chase; So
p
cres.
soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - - ing grace.
longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - - ing grace.
cres.

Quartette.
2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth
p
mf
pine; O, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes -
p
poco rit.
ty..... di - vine? Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine? Thou Ma - jes - ty di -
cres.
f
rall. e dim.
vine? Thou Ma - jes - ty..... di - vine?
Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine? Thou Ma - - jes - ty di - vine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

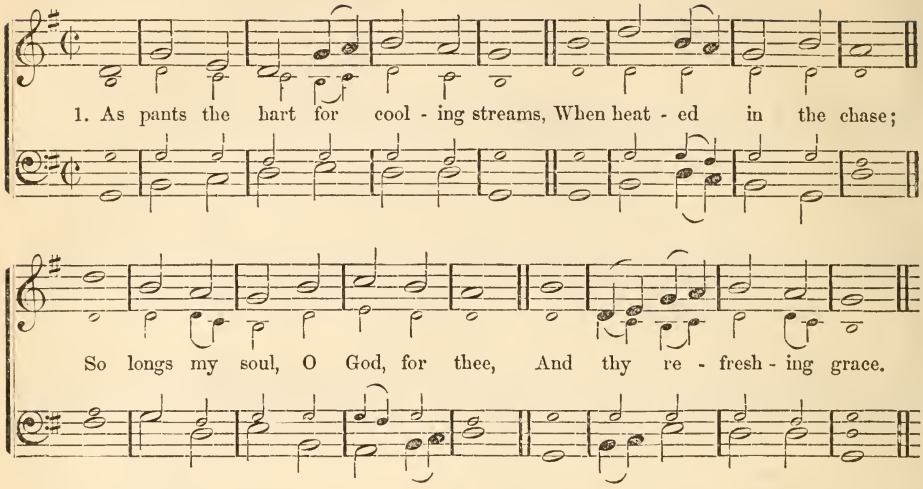
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Psalm 36. Avon. C. M.

From the xlii Psalm of David.



1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

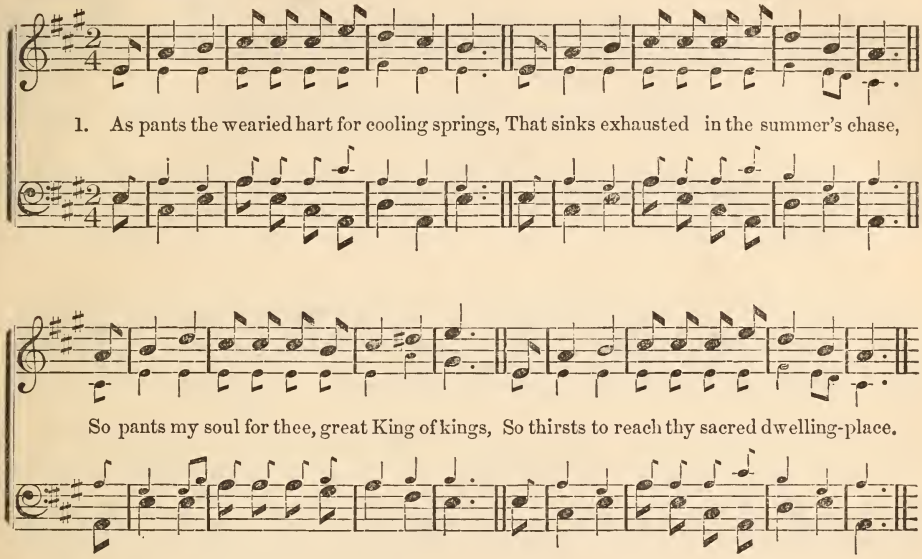
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Psalm 37. Savannah. II. 5.

From the xlii Psalm of David.


1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

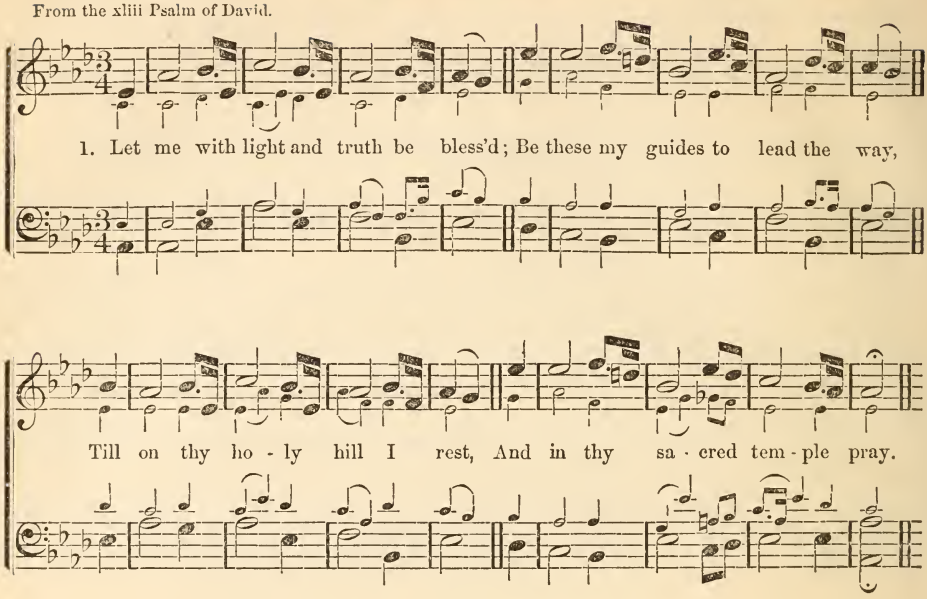
2 Why throb, my heart, why sink, my saddening soul,
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And, midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

Psalm 38. Falkner. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xliii Psalm of David.


1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in thy sa - cred tem - ple pray.

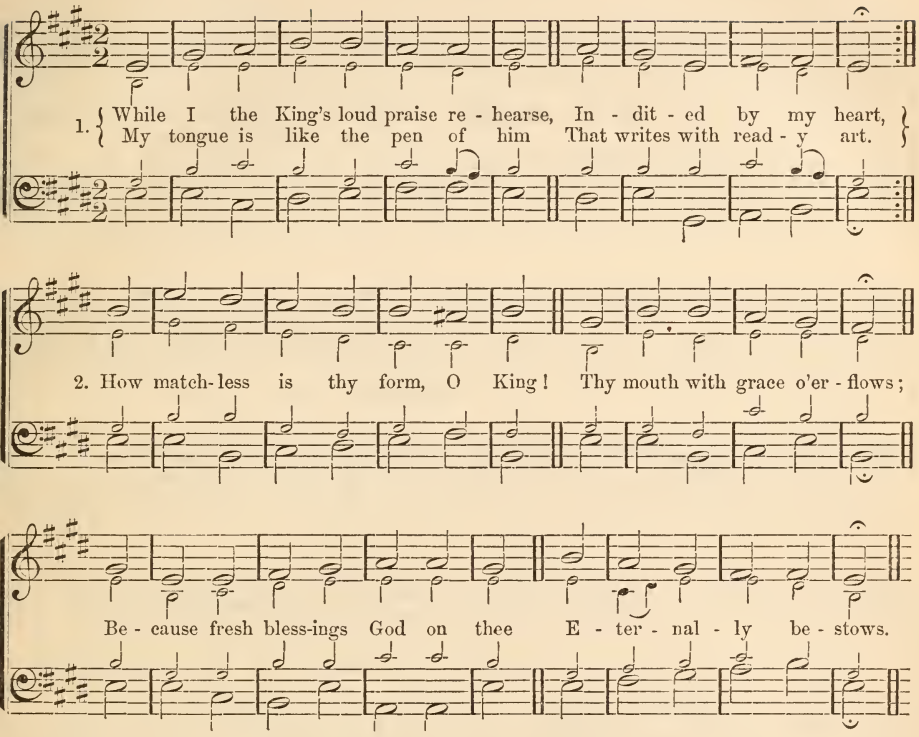
1 Let me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

Psalm 39. St. Simon's. C. M.

From the xlv Psalm of David.


1. While I the King's loud praise re - hearse, In - dit - ed by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him That writes with read - y art.
2. How match-less is thy form, O King! Thy mouth with grace o'er - flows;
Be - cause fresh bless-ings God on thee E - ter - nal - ly be - stows.

3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince;
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The piercing arrow flies.

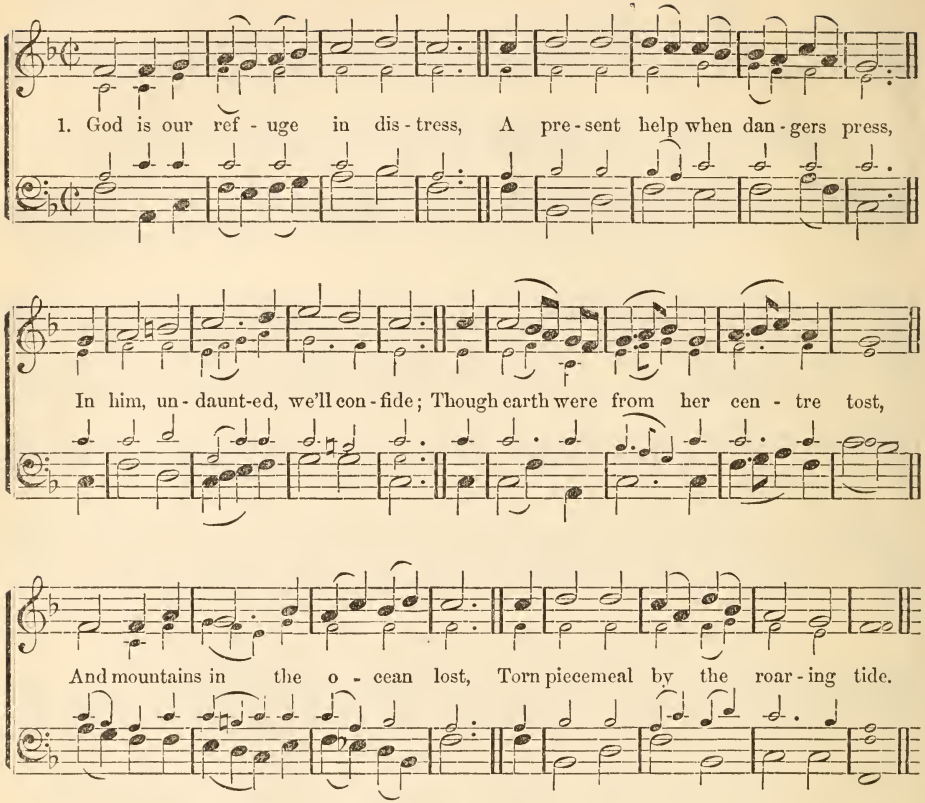
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fixed
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove:

8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

Psalm 40. Newcourt. II. 2.

From the xlvi Psalm of David.

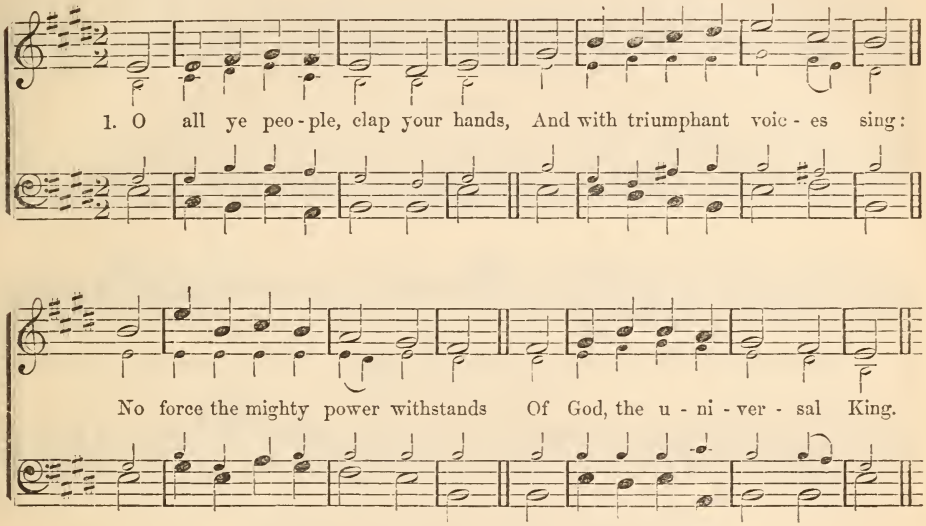

1. God is our ref - uge in dis - tress, A pre - sent help when dan - gers press,
In him, un - daunt-ed, we'll con - fide; Though earth were from her cen - tre tost,
And mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high;
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock the assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess;
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

Psalm 41. Uxbridge. L. M.

From the xlvii Psalm of David.


1. O all ye peo-ple, clap your hands, And with triumphant voic-es sing:
No force the mighty power withstands Of God, the u-ni-ver-sal King.

1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing:
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

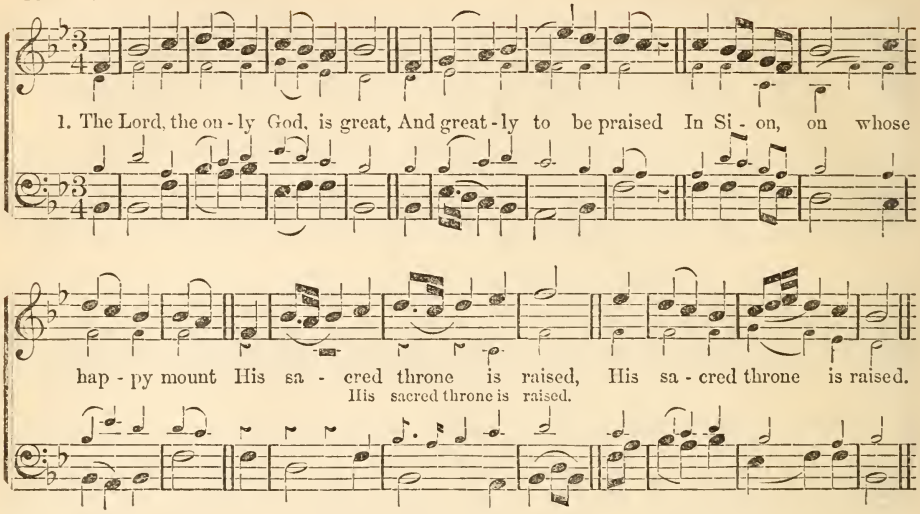
2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Psalm 42. Leicester. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xlviii Psalm of David.


1. The Lord, the on - ly God, is great, And great - ly to be praised In Si - on, on whose
hap - py mount His sa - cred throne is raised, His sa - cred throne is raised.
His sacred throne is raised.

1 The Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

2 In Sion we have seen performed
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

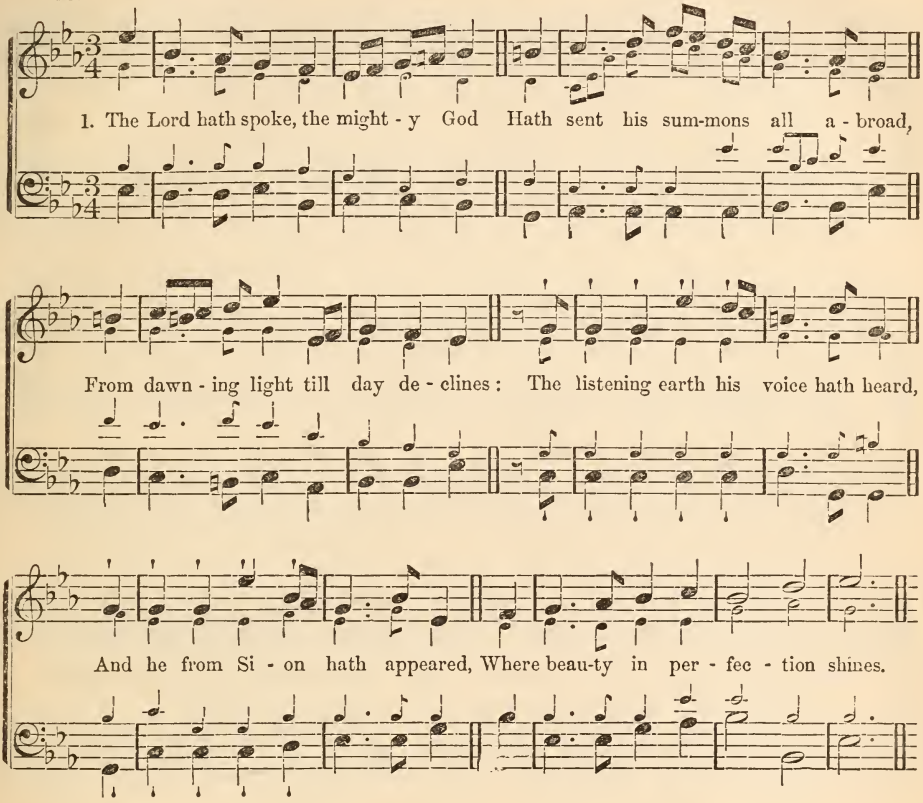
4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well;
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide.

Psalm 43. Pt. 1. Brevint. II. 2. *For the Choir.*

From the 1 Psalm of David.

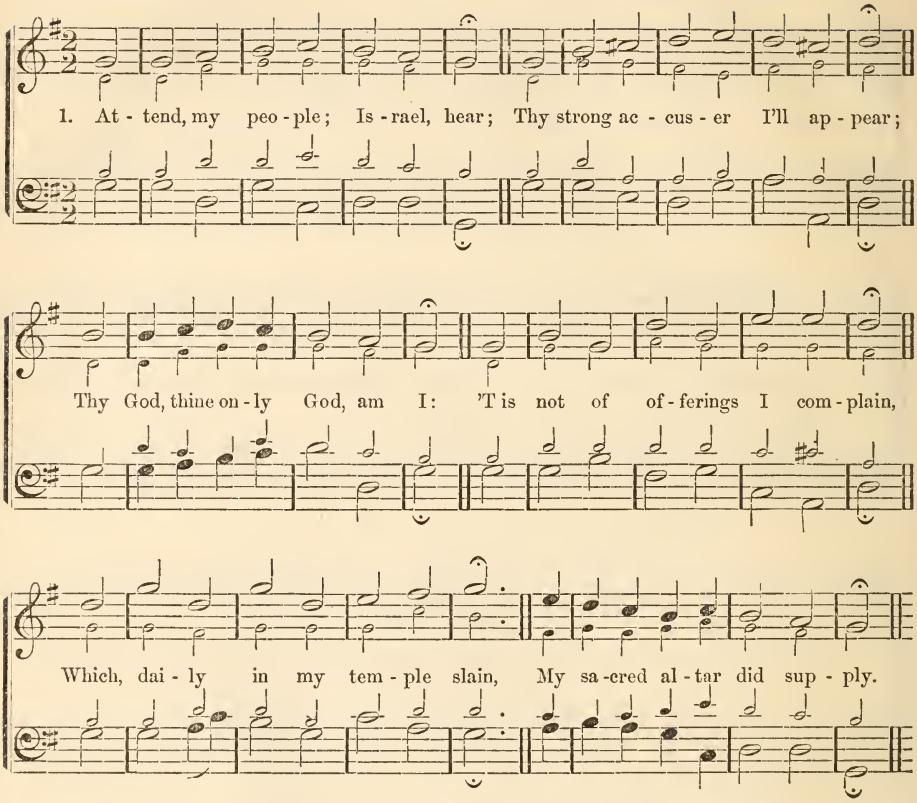

1. The Lord hath spoke, the might - y God Hath sent his sum-mons all a - broad,
From dawn - ing light till day de - clines: The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Si - on hath appeared, Where beau-ty in per - fec - tion shines.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage,
His just tribunal to attend.

3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care:
The heavens his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.

Psalm 43. Pt. 2. St. Mary's Chapel. II. 2.

From the 1 Psalm of David.


1. At - tend, my peo - ple; Is - rael, hear; Thy strong ac - cus - er I'll ap - pear;
Thy God, thine on - ly God, am I: 'T is not of of - ferings I com - plain,
Which, dai - ly in my tem - ple slain, My sa - cred al - tar did sup - ply.

2 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good:
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.

3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men!
My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
And none will dare your cause to own:
Who praises me due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

Psalm 44. Grace Church. S. M. *For the Choir.*

From the li Psalm of David.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgment right.

4 In guilt each part was formed
Of all this sinful frame:
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

5 Yet, Lord, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require;
And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.

6 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be;
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

7 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

8 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

9 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

10 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me, O Lord, regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

11 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

12 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

13 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

14 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assured;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured,

15 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thine altar lay.

Psalm 45. Armenia. C. M.

From the lv Psalm of David.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray,
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 My heart is pain'd: the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breast,
Horrors o'erwhelm my head.

3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
To Him who hears above:
"O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!

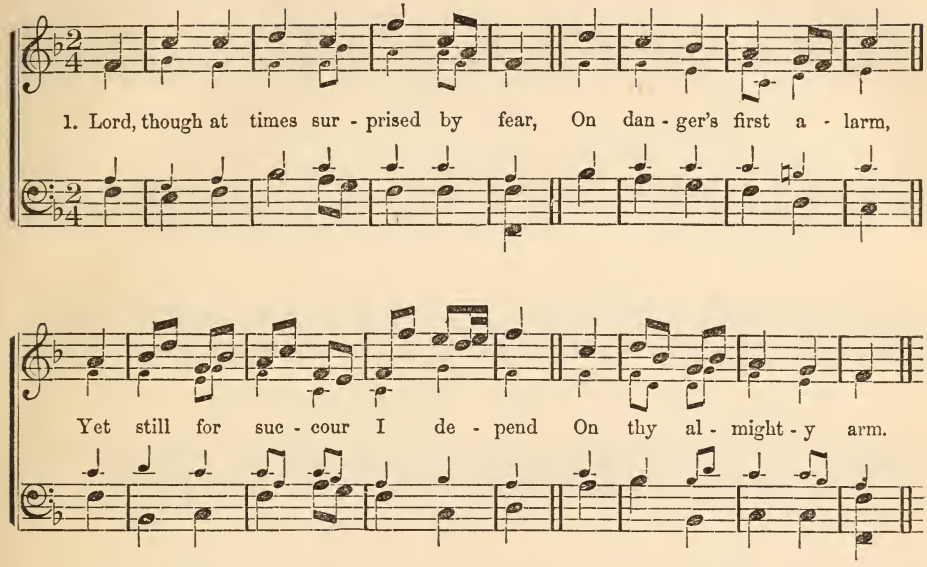
4 "Swift I'd escape, and flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's distracting care,
And rest my weary mind:

5 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
Bidding the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell."

6 Thus will I call on GOD, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

Psalm 46. Winter. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lvi Psalm of David.



1 Lord, though at times surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

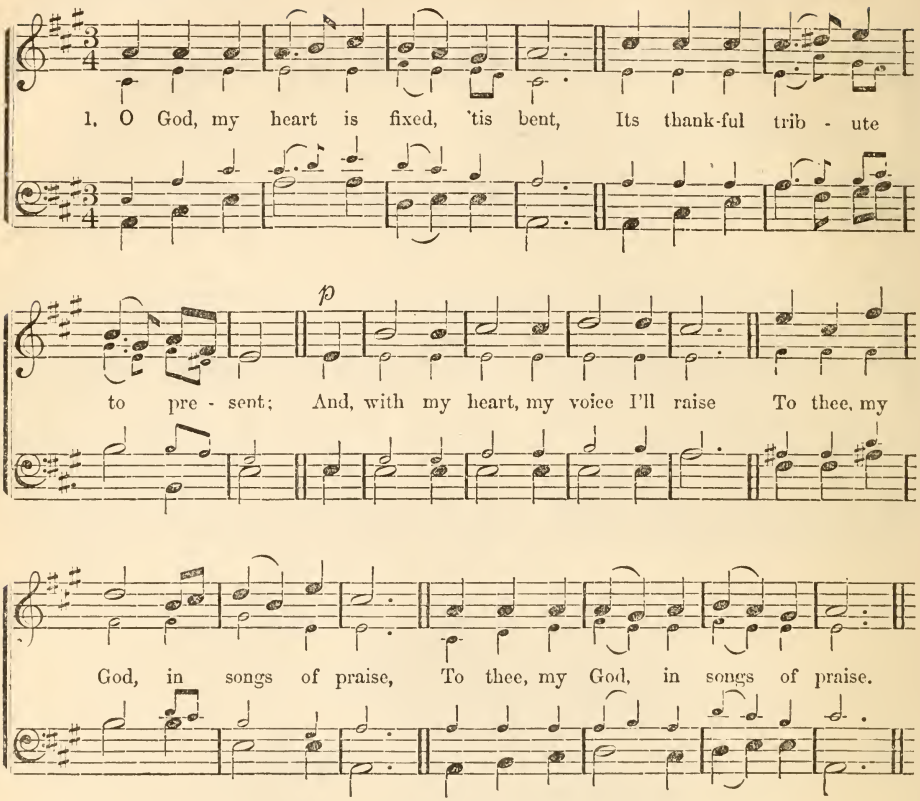
3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

4 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure:

5 That thus protected by thy power,
I may this light enjoy;
And in the service of my God
My lengthened days employ.

Psalm 47. Venua. L. M.

From the lvii Psalm of David.


1. O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent, Its thank-ful trib - ute
p
to pre - sent; And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise To thee, my
God, in songs of praise, To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

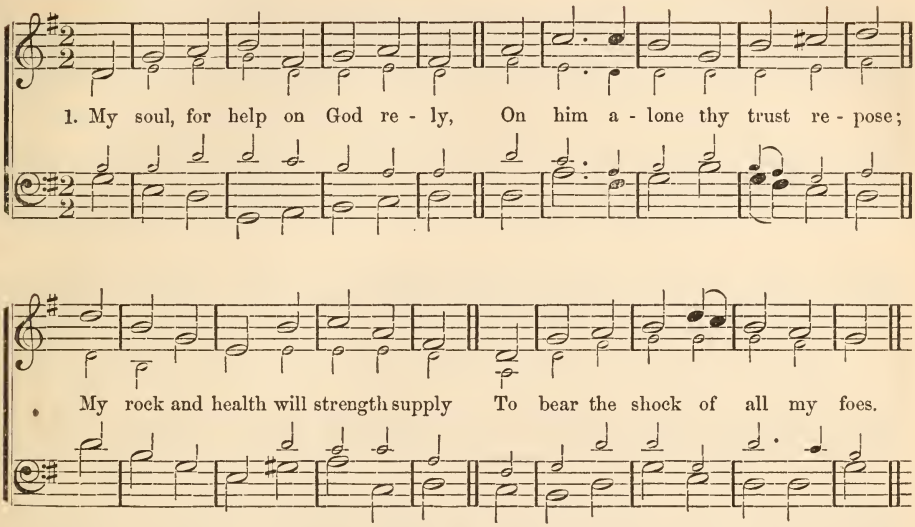
2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
'Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Psalm 48. Tyng. L. M.

From the lxii Psalm of David.


1. My soul, for help on God re - ly, On him a - lone thy trust re - pose;
My rock and health will strength supply To bear the shock of all my foes.

1 My soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

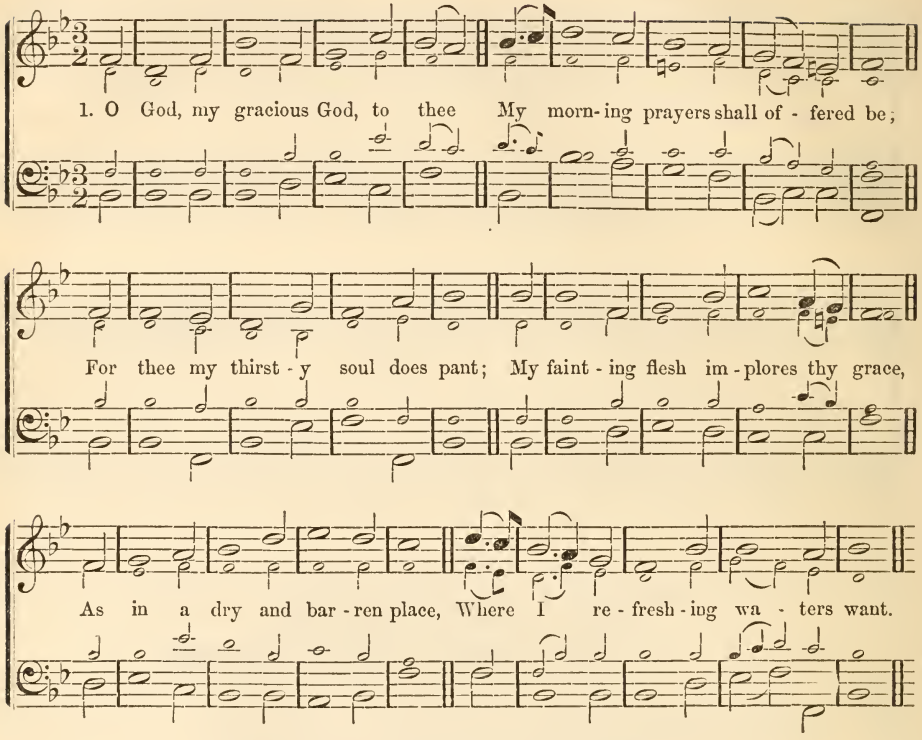
3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

4 The Lord has oft his will expressed,
And I this truth have fully known.
To be of boundless power possessed,
Belongs of right to God alone.

5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

Psalm 49. St. Helen's. II. 2.

From the lxiii Psalm of David.


1. O God, my gracious God, to thee My morn-ing prayers shall of - fered be;
For thee my thirst - y soul does pant; My faint - ing flesh im - plores thy grace,
As in a dry and bar - ren place, Where I re - fresh - ing wa - ters want.

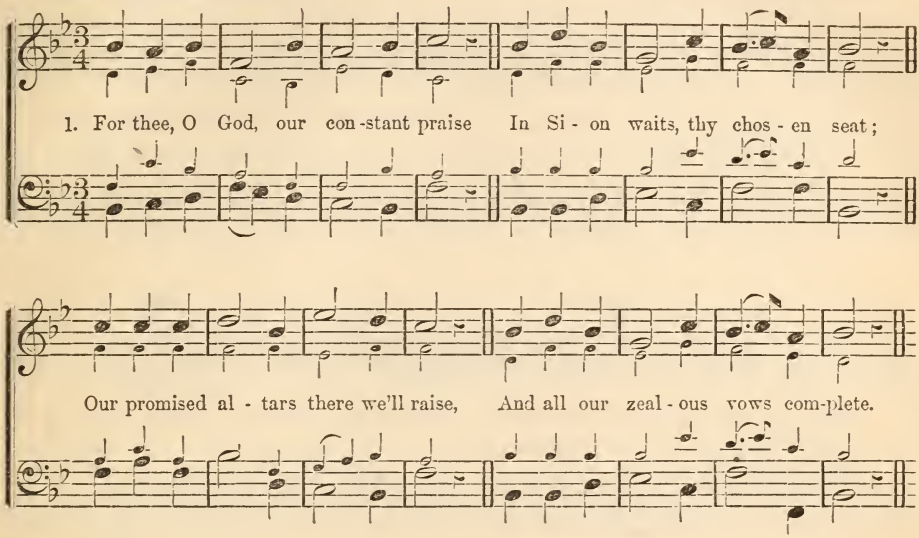
2 Oh, to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when awake, in dead of night;
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

Psalm 50. Pt. 1. Mendon. L. M.

From the lxv Psalm of David.


1. For thee, O God, our con-stant praise In Si - on waits, thy chos - en seat;
Our promised al - tars there we'll raise, And all our zeal - ous vows com-plete.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

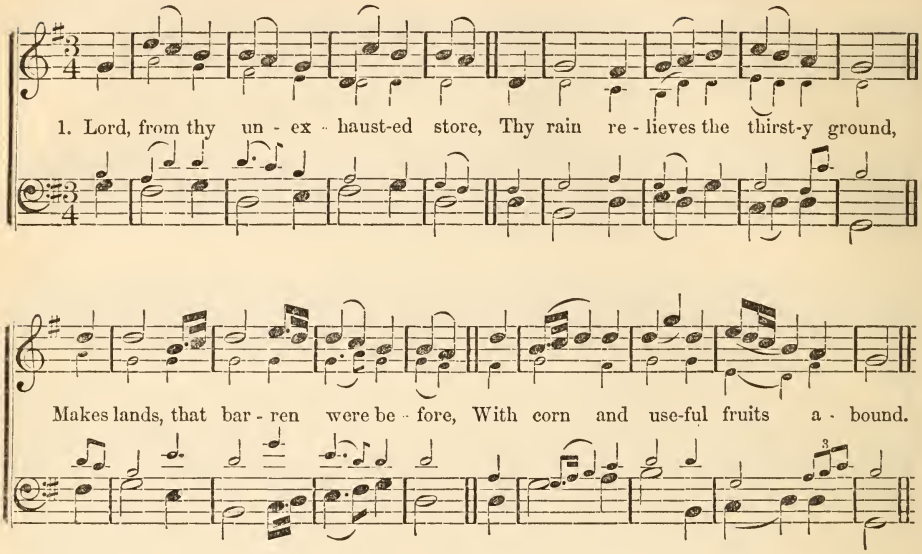
2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'T is there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

Psalm 50. Pt. 2. Effingham. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxv Psalm of David.


1. Lord, from thy un - ex - haust-ed store, Thy rain re - lieves the thirst-y ground,
Makes lands, that bar - ren were be - fore, With corn and use-ful fruits a - bound.

1 Lord, from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrowed valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.

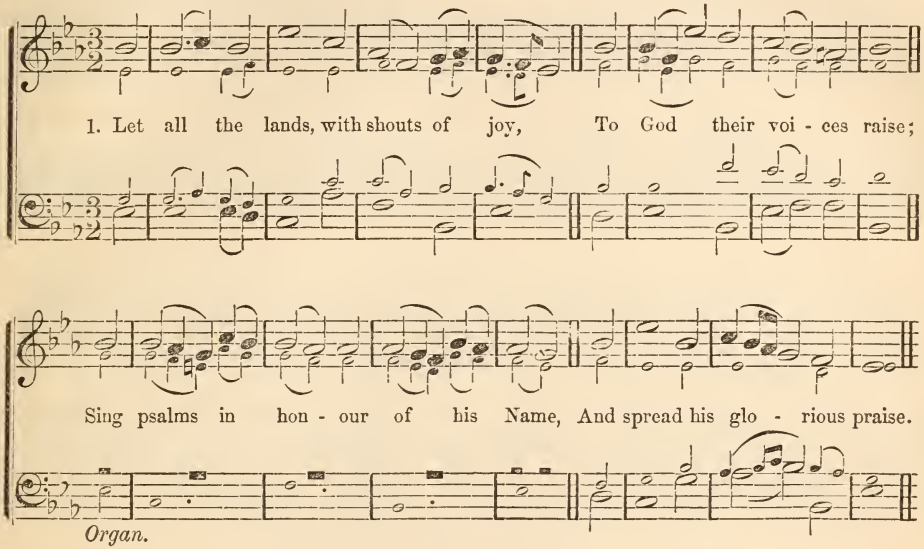
3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

4 They drop on barren deserts, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

Psalm 51. Pt. 1. Kendall. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxvi Psalm of David.


1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise;
Sing psalms in hon - our of his Name, And spread his glo - rious praise.
Organ.

1 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

3 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.

4 O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you 'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

5 O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

Psalm 51. Pt. 2. St. Stephen's. C. M.

From the lxvi Psalm of David.

1 My offerings to God's house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.

2 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care;
While I what God for me has done,
With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his Name;
But, if my heart to sin incline,
My prayer will God disclaim.

4 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

Psalm 52. Lawrence. S. M.

From the lxvii Psalm of David.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

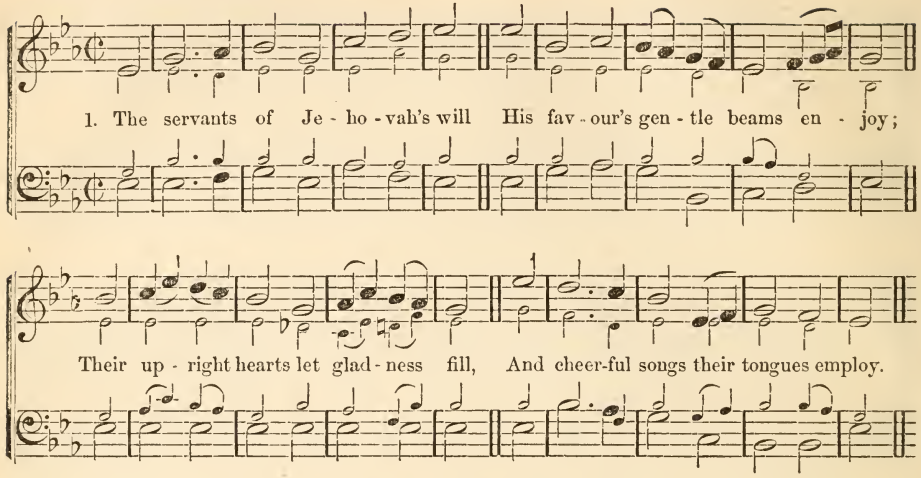
4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

Psalm 53. Samson. L. M.

From the lxviii Psalm of David.


1. The servants of Je - ho - vah's will His fav - our's gen - tle beams en - joy;
Their up - right hearts let glad - ness fill, And cheer-ful songs their tongues employ.

1 The servants of Jehovah's will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honoured Sinai's hill.

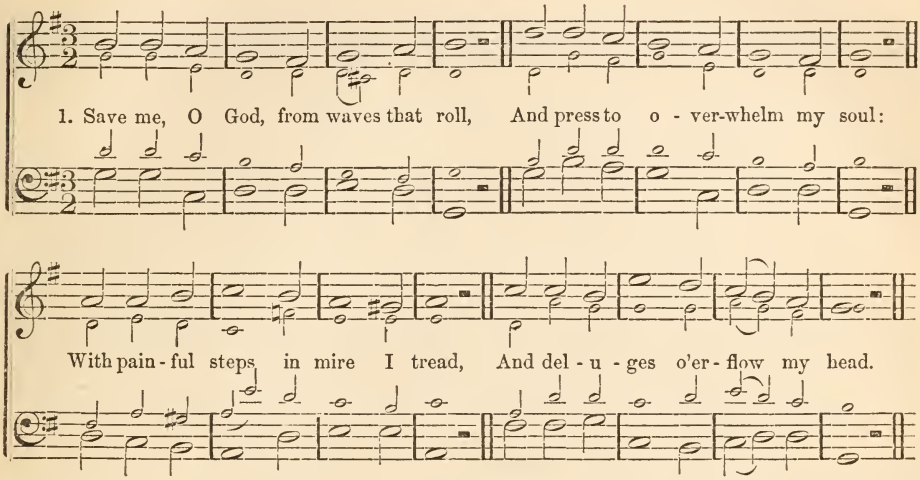
4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

5 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

6 For benefits each day bestowed,
Be daily his great Name adored,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

Psalm 54. Pt. 1. Homans. L. M.

From the lxix Psalm of David.


1. Save me, O God, from waves that roll, And press to o - ver-whelm my soul:
With pain - ful steps in mire I tread, And del - u - ges o'er - flow my head.

2 O Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving power.

3 From threatening dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve:
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

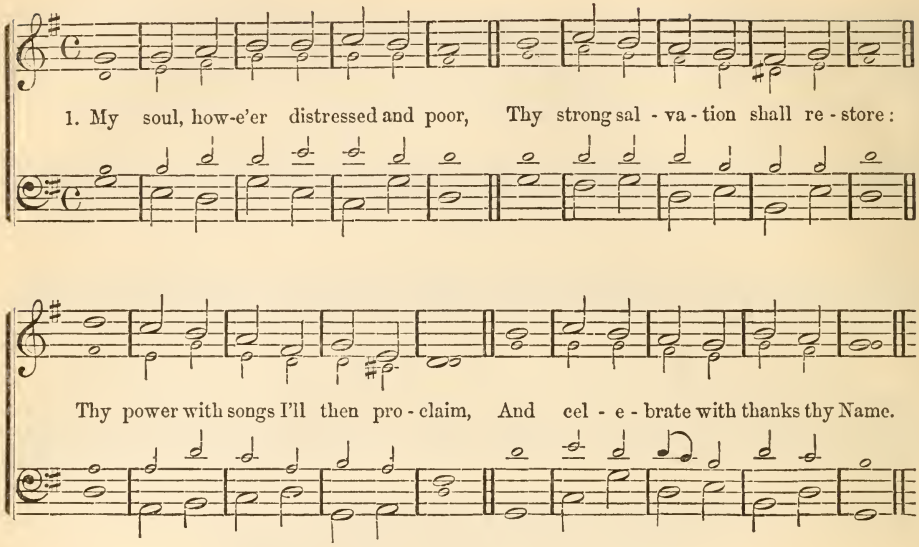
5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I looked for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But looked, alas! for both in vain.

6 With hunger pined, for food I call,
Instead of food they gave me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

7 For new afflictions they procured
For him, who had thy stripes endured;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

Psalm 54. Pt. 2. Magdeburg. L. M.

From the lxix Psalm of David.


1. My soul, how-e'er distressed and poor, Thy strong sal - va - tion shall re - store:
Thy power with songs I'll then pro - claim, And cel - e - brate with thanks thy Name.

1 My soul, howe'er distressed and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore:
Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

2 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
And frees the captive from restraint:
Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

Psalm 55. Avon. C. M.

From the lxxi Psalm of David.

2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort;
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summed with utmost care.

5 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

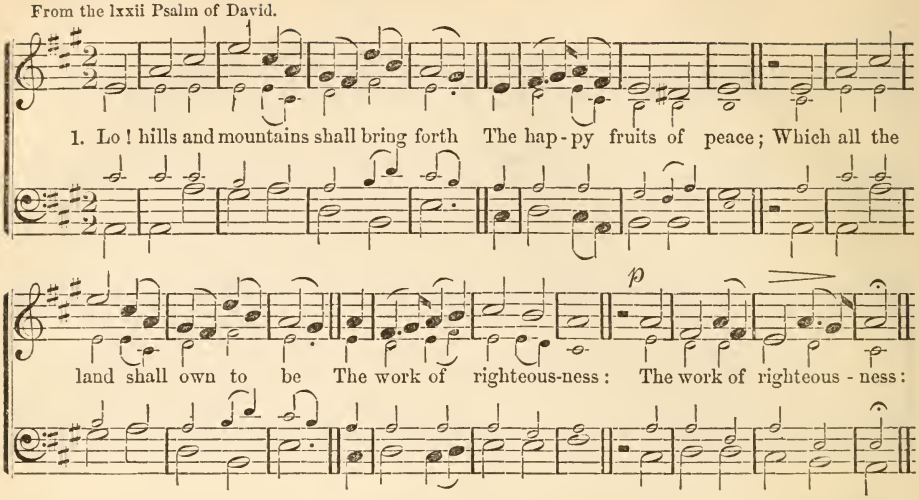
6 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth,
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

7 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

8 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeemed,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

Psalm 56. Chester. C. M.

From the lxxii Psalm of David.


1. Lo ! hills and mountains shall bring forth The hap - py fruits of peace ; Which all the
p
land shall own to be The work of righteous-ness : The work of righteous - ness :

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway ;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain that cheers
The meadow's second birth ;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle
Refresh the thirsty earth. [drops

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around :
The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontrolled dominion shall
From sea to sea extend ;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads ;
His vanquished foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay ;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry ;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days :
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blessed,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confessed.

14 Then blessed be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in his works,
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory filled,
For ever bless his Name ;
While to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

Psalm 57. Willington. L M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxxiii Psalm of David.

1. Thy pres-ence, Lord, hath me sup - plied, Thou my right hand sup - port dost give;
Thou first shalt with thy coun - sel guide, And then to glo - ry me re - ceive.

1 Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heaven but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with thee that I desire.

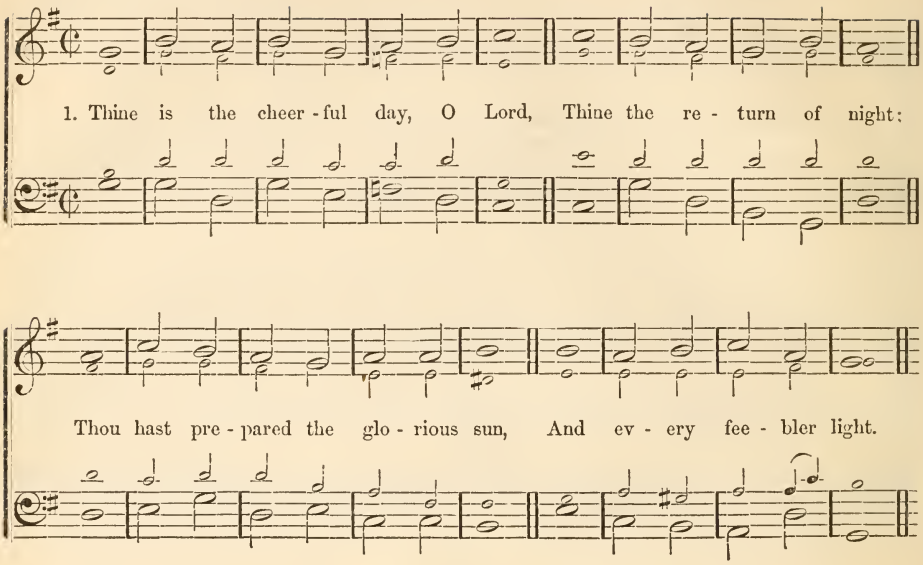
3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

4 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

5 But as for me, 't is good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

Psalm 58. Canterbury. C. M.

From the lxxiv Psalm of David.

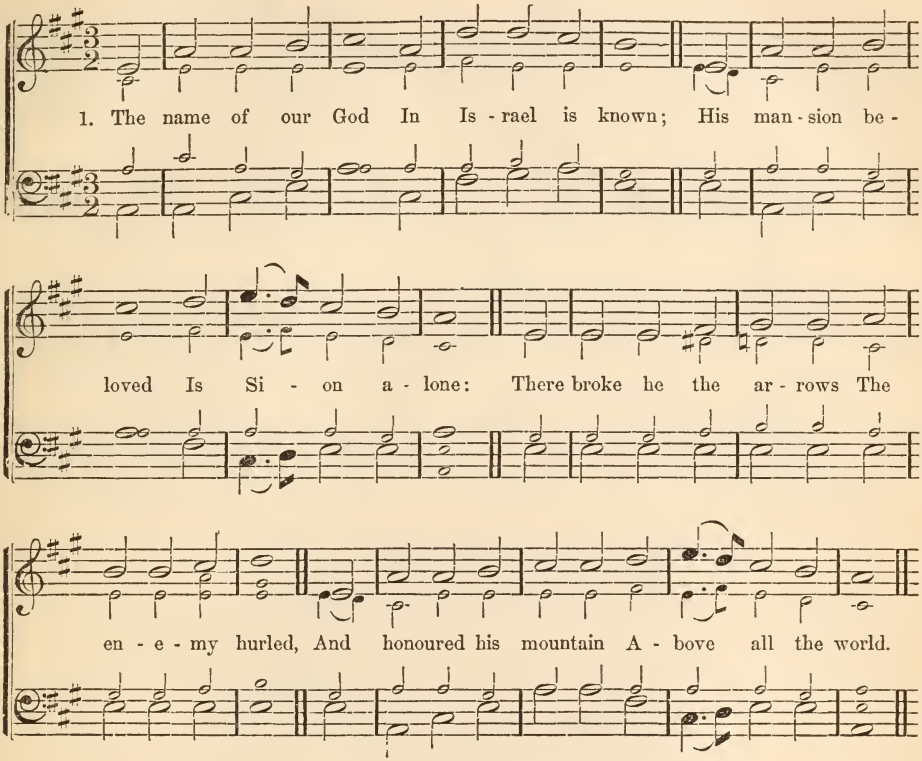


1 THINE is the cheerful day, O Lord,
Thine the return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feebler light.

2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

Psalm 59. Lyons. IV. 1.

From the lxxvi Psalm of David.

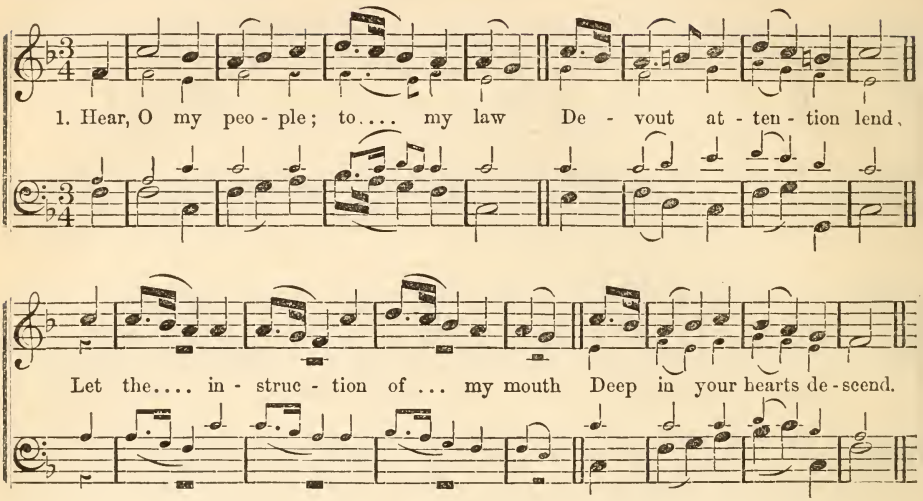

1. The name of our God In Is - rael is known; His man - sion be -
loved Is Si - on a - lone: There broke he the ar - rows The
en - e - my hurled, And honoured his mountain A - bove all the world.

2 The pride of thy foes
Is turned to thy praise;
Their fierceness o'er-ruled
Thy providence sways;
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

2 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear;
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress:
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess.

Psalm 60. St. John's. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxxviii Psalm of David.



1 Hear, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known;
The truths which our forefathers' care
To us has handed down.

3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

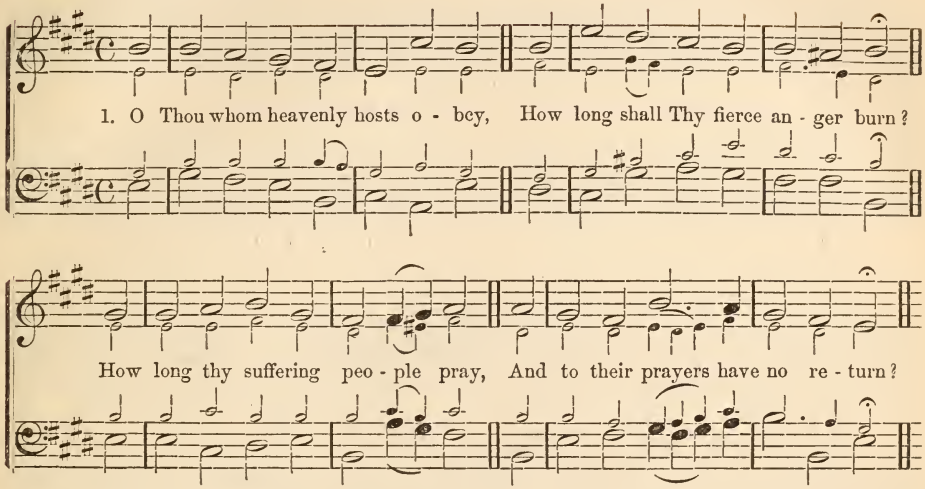
4 For Jacob he his law ordained,
His league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race conveyed;

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget
But keep his just commands.

Psalm 61. Nazareth. L. M.

From the lxxx Psalm of David.


1. O Thou whom heavenly hosts o - bey, How long shall Thy fierce an - ger burn?
How long thy suffering peo - ple pray, And to their prayers have no re - turn?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land;
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

3 Before it thou prepared'st the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

4 The hills were covered with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reached to proud Euphrates' stream.

5 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

6 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

Psalm 62. St. George's. C. M.

From the lxxxi Psalm of David.

1 To God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

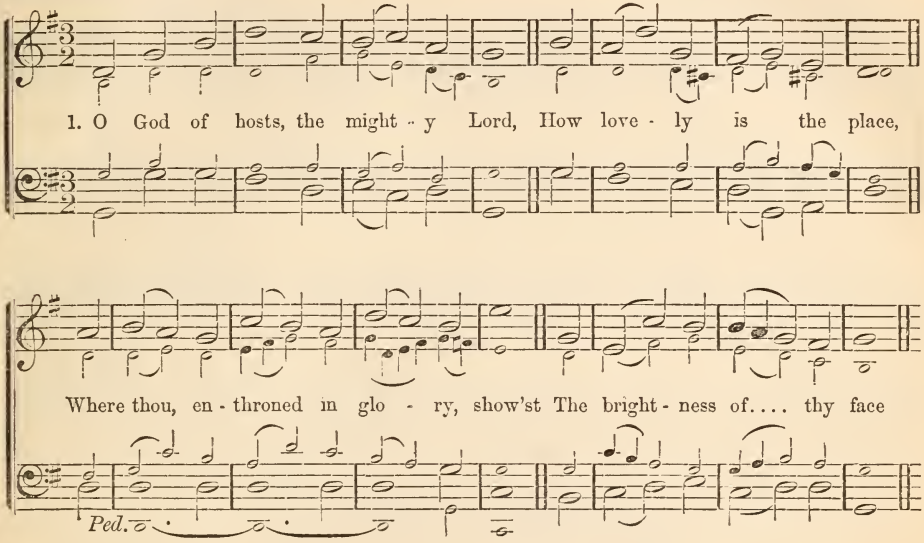
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the festival
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious care observed,
By Israel's chosen seed.

Psalm 63. Chesterfield. C. M.

From the lxxxiv Psalm of David.


1. O God of hosts, the might - y Lord, How love - ly is the place,
Where thou, en - throned in glo - ry, show'st The bright - ness of.... thy face
Ped.

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blessed are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass through parched and thirsty vales,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are filled with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

8 Within thy courts one single day
'T is better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.

9 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

10 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

11 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blessed is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on thee.

Psalm 64. Messiah. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxxxv Psalm of David.

2 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

3 Thy gracious favor, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

4 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

5 To all that fear God's holy Name
His sure salvation's near;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.

6 For mercy now with truth is joined;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent, long,
With friendly arms embrace.

7 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.

8 Before him righteousness shall march
And his just paths prepare;
While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

Psalm 65. Bemerton. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the lxxxvi Psalm of David.

1 To my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distressed and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

4 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

5 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

6 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To me as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

7 Therefore their great Creator, thee
The nations shall adore!
Their long misguided prayers and praise
To thy blest name restore.

8 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

9 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In reverence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.

10 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

11 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my power to tell;
For thou hast oft redeemed my soul
From lowest deeps of hell.

12 And thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring.

Psalm 66. Eaton. II. 3. *For the Choir.*

From the lxxxvii Psalm of David.

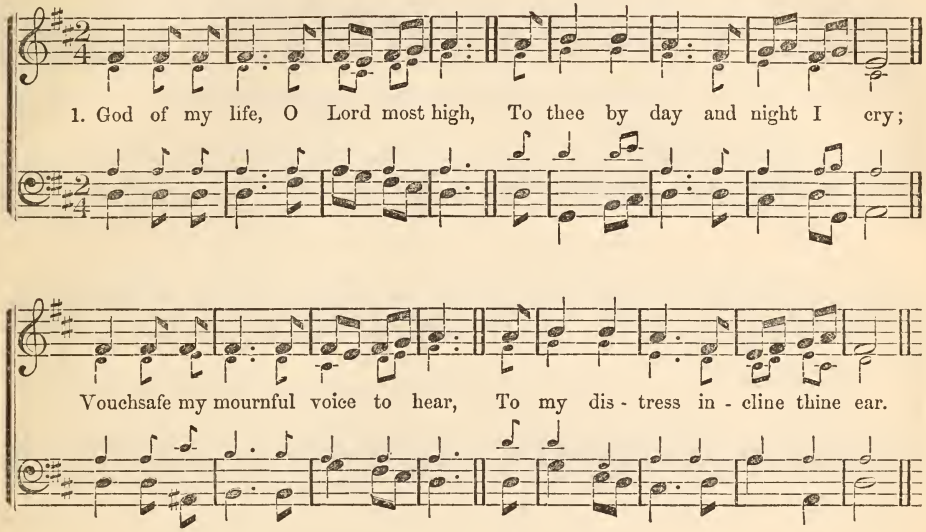
1. God's tem-ple crowns the ho - ly mount, The Lord there con - descends to dwell
His Si - on's gates, in his ac - count, Our Is - rael's fair - est tents ex - cel:
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing, O cit - y of th'Al-mighty King!

2 Of honoured Sion we aver,
  Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
  And shall enrol her holy seed;
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favoured mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers filled,
  Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skilled,
  In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise;
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring!

Psalm 67. Malvern. L. M.

From the lxxxviii Psalm of David.


1. God of my life, O Lord most high, To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear, To my dis - tress in - cline thine ear.

1 God of my life, O Lord most high,
To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.

3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?

4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

5 Companions dear, and friends beloved,
Far from my sight thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry!

Psalm 68. Winchelsea. L. M.

From the lxxxix Psalm of David.

1. Thy mer - cies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on them shall ev - er dwell;
To a - ges yet un - born, my tongue Thy nev - er - fail - ing truth shall tell.

1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirmed, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by the prophet's voice:
"With David I a league have made;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant conveyed:

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our almighty Lord compare?

7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renowned?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possessed of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

12 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crowned.

13 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoyed,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employed,
Above their foes be raised on high.

14 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

Psalm 69. Pt. 1. Windsor. C. M.

From the xc Psalm of David.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made :
And when thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
'T is instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past :
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams :
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams ;

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'T is all cut down, and withered quite,
Before the evening close.

7 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismayed ;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

8 Beneath thine anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend ;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.

9 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive :
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive—

10 Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turned and pain :
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

Psalm 69. Pt. 2. Norwood. C. M.

From the xc Psalm of David.

1 But who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

2 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

3 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent:
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

Psalm 70. Pt. 1. Old 112th.. II. 2.

From the xci Psalm of David.

1. He that has God his guar-dian made, Shall un - der the Al - migh-ty's shade
Se - cure and un - dis - turb'd a - bide: Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my for-tress and my stay, My God, in whom I will con - fide.

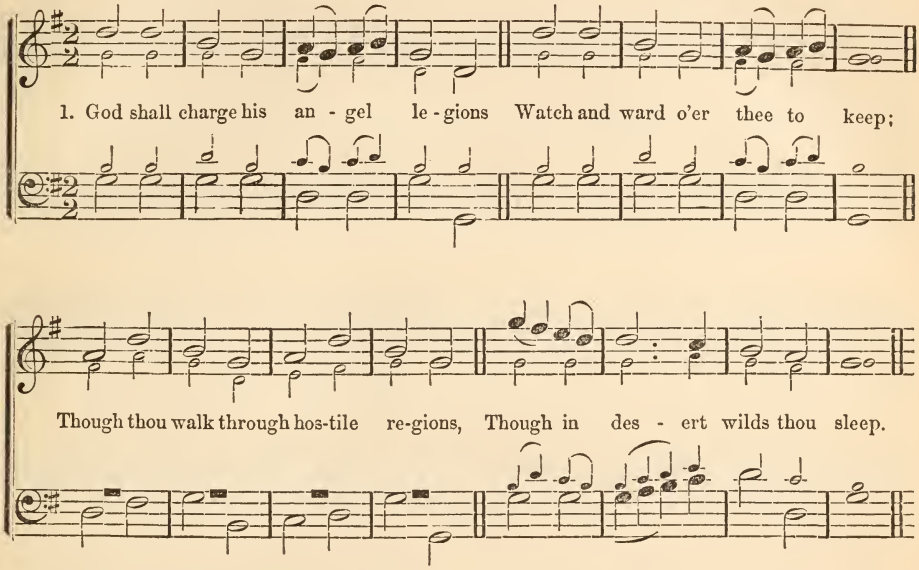
2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the burning noon-tide slay.

4 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

Psalm 70. Pt. 2. Saxony. III. 3.

From the xci Psalm of David.


1. God shall charge his an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hos-tile re-gions, Though in des - ert wilds thou sleep.

1 God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

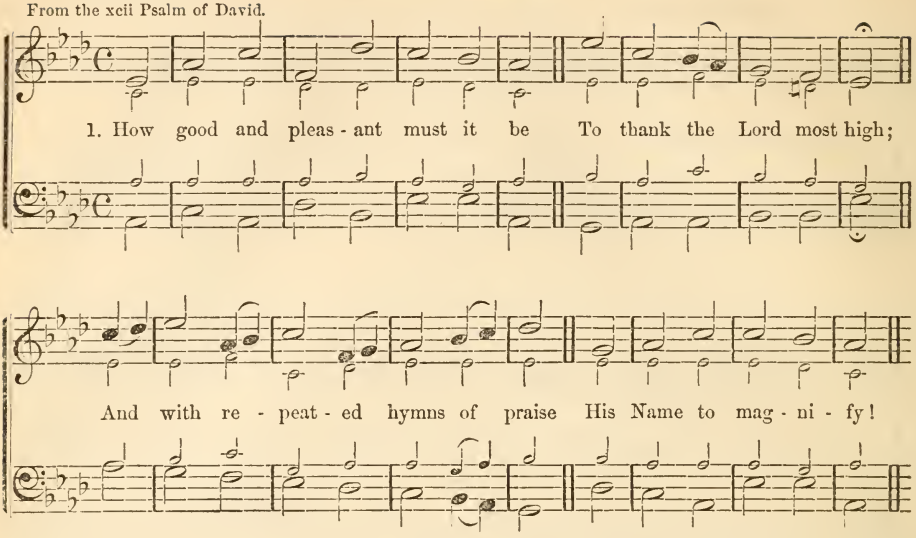
2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Psalm 71. Bristol. C. M.

From the xcii Psalm of David.



1 How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate:
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-stringed instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries joined;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use designed.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No careless sinner sees.

6 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short lived splendor must
For ever pass away.

7 But thou, my God, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes.

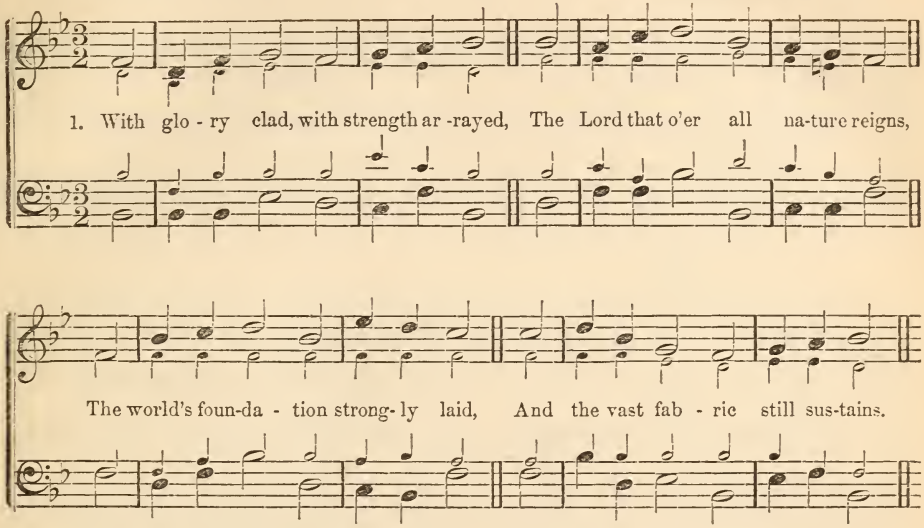
8 But righteous men, like rising palms,
Shall grow and flourish still;
Thy flock shall spread, like cedars choice,
On Lebanon's high hill.

9 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

10 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

Psalm 72. Hebron. L. M.

From the xciii Psalm of David.


1. With glo - ry clad, with strength ar -rayed, The Lord that o'er all na-ture reigns,
The world's foun-da - tion strong- ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus-tains.

1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Psalm 73. Pt. 1. Cooling. C. M.

From the xciv Psalm of David.

1 Say ye, the Lord shall not regard,
Shall not your sins discern?
Take heed, ye foolish and unwise;
When will ye wisdom learn?

2 Can he be deaf who formed the ear,
Or blind, who framed the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?

3 He fathoms all the hearts of men,
To him their thoughts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

Psalm 73. Pt. 2. Clarendon. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xciv Psalm of David.

1 Bless'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
While God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

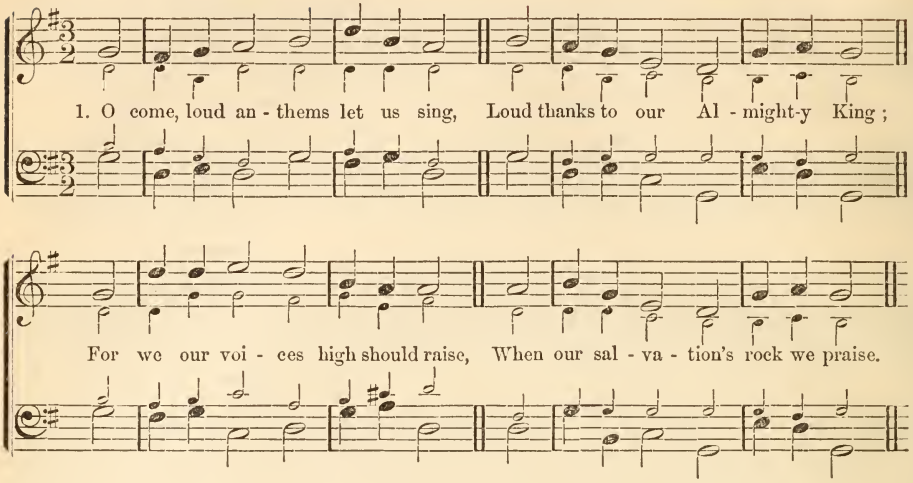
4 The world shall yet confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

5 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipped; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

6 My soul's defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

Psalm 74. Rockingham. L. M.

From the xcv Psalm of David.


1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - might-y King ;
For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs.
The praise that to His name belongs :

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is, with unrivalled glory great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'T was made by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we :
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

Psalm 74. Moriah. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xcv Psalm of David.

1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al -
might - y King; For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal -
Ped.
va - tion's rock.... we praise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
A king superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command,
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

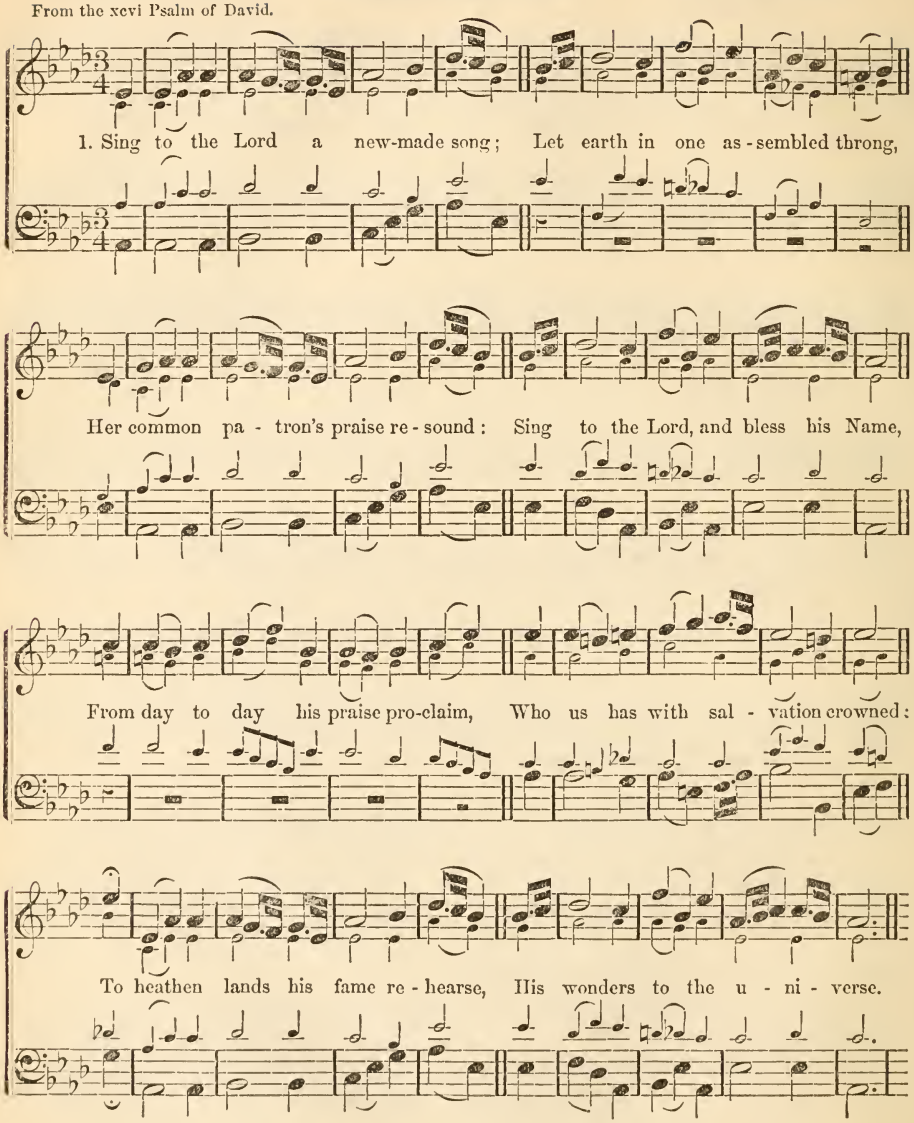
5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land,

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we:
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

Psalm 75. Sparrow. II. 8. *For the Choir.*

From the xcvi Psalm of David.


1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song; Let earth in one as - sembled throng,
Her common pa - tron's praise re - sound: Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise pro-claim, Who us has with sal - vation crowned:
To heathen lands his fame re - hearse, His wonders to the u - ni - verse.

1 Sing to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound: -
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,

From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crowned:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honour crowned,
Glory and strength his throne surround.

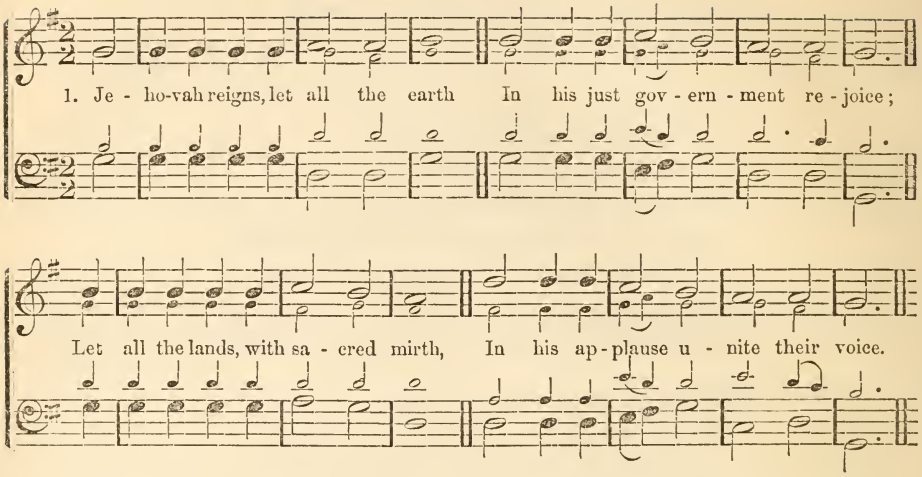
3 Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored:
Ascribe due honour to his Name,
Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

4 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banished justice will restore:
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

5 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake:
Behold! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself its throne to take:
He's come, to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

Psalm 76. Sterling. L. M.

From the xcvii Psalm of David.


1. Je - ho-vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov - ern - ment re - joice;
Let all the lands, with sa - cred mirth, In his ap - plause u - nite their voice.

1 Jehovah reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

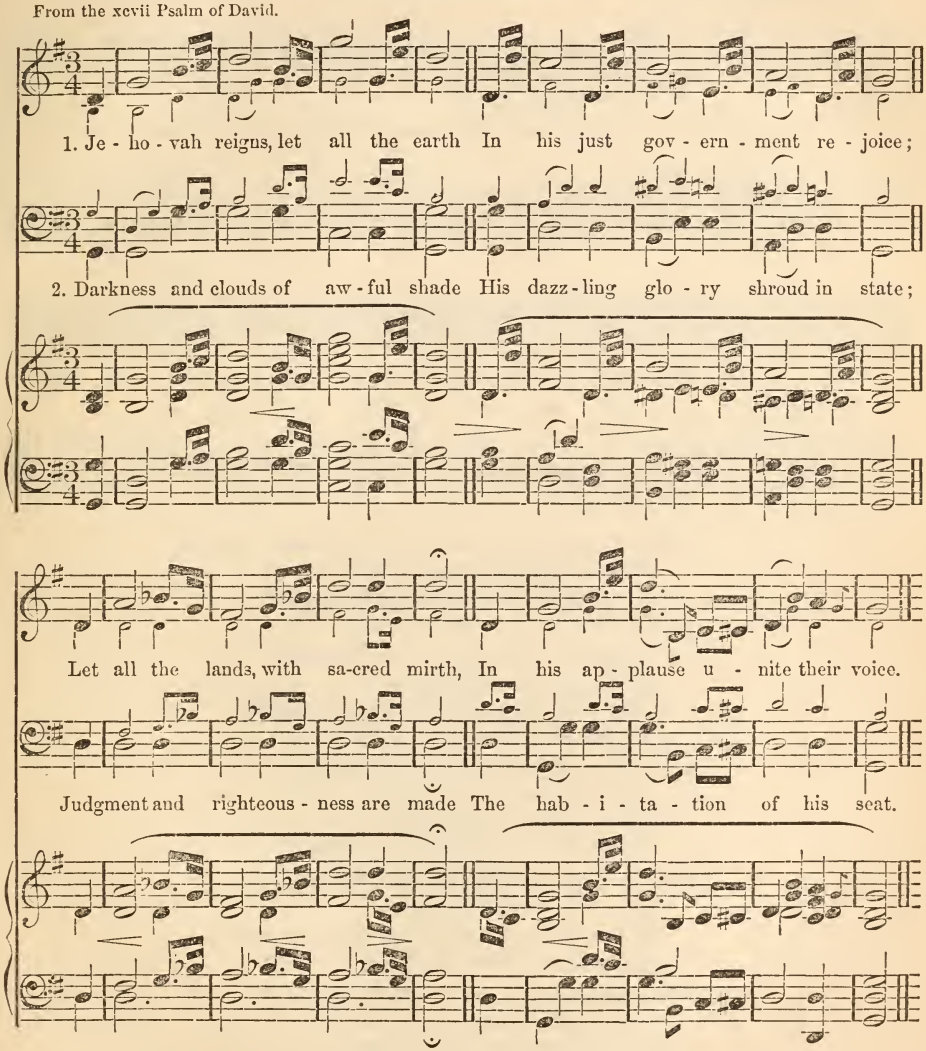
4 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

Psalm 76. Eastburn. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xcvii Psalm of David.


1. Je - ho - vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov - ern - ment re - joice;
2. Darkness and clouds of aw - ful shade His dazz - ling glo - ry shroud in state;
Let all the lands, with sa-cred mirth, In his ap - plause u - nite their voice.
Judgment and righteous - ness are made The hab - i - ta - tion of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

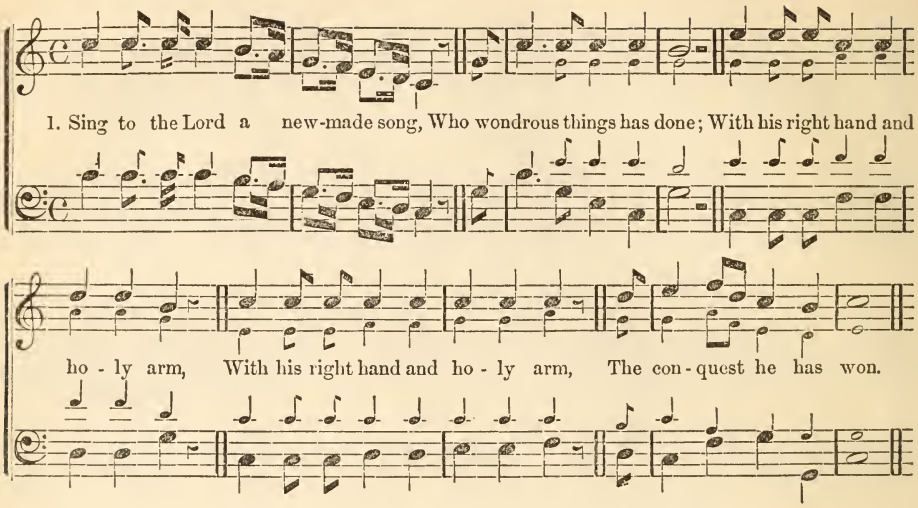
4 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what 's ill, and truth esteem;
He 'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord,
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

Psalm 77. Pembroke. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the xcviii Psalm of David.


1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous things has done; With his right hand and
ho - ly arm, With his right hand and ho - ly arm, The con - quest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.

6 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain ;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

7 Let flood and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay ;
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey :

8 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

Psalm 78. Kent. C. M.

From the xcix Psalm of David.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns; let there - fore all The guilt - y na - tions quake:
On cher - ubs' wings he sits en - throned; Let earth's foun - da - tions shake.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he sits enthroned;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers;
And thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.

3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.

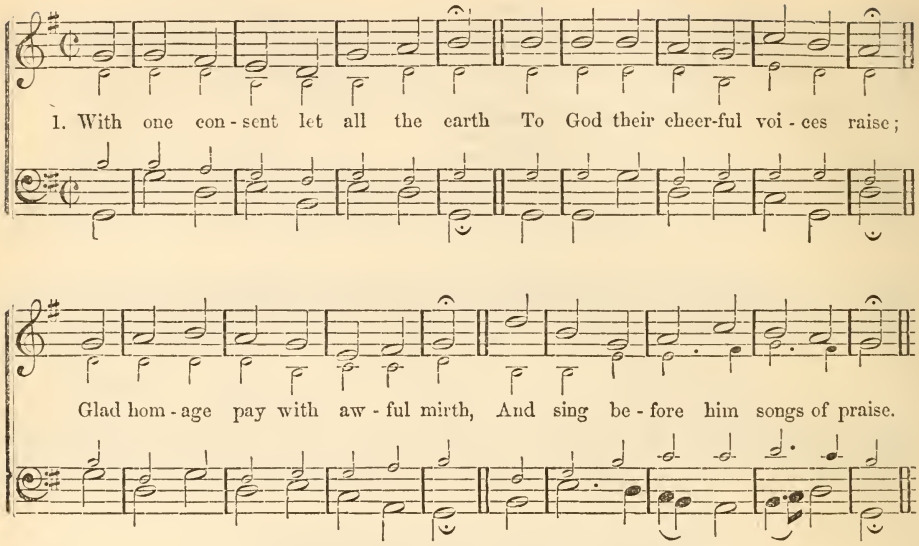
4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.

6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

Psalm 79. Old Hundred. L. M.

From the c Psalm of David.


1. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheer-ful voi - ces raise;
Glad hom - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

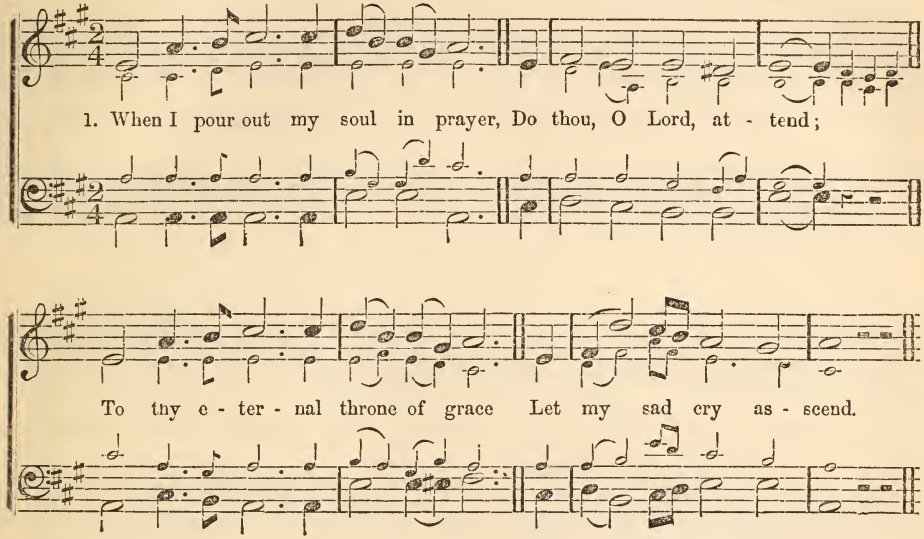
2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Psalm 80. Pt. 1. Stowell. C. M.

From the cii Psalm of David.



1 When I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

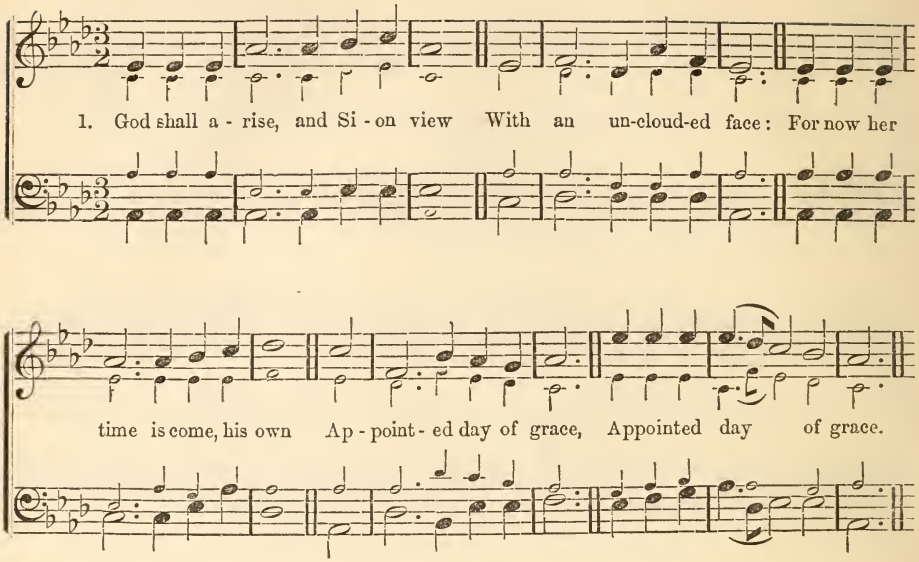
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.

4 But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

Psalm 80. Pt. 2. Auburn. C. M.

From the cii Psalm of David.


1. God shall a - rise, and Si - on view With an un-cloud-ed face: For now her
time is come, his own Ap - point - ed day of grace, Appointed day of grace.

1 God shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.

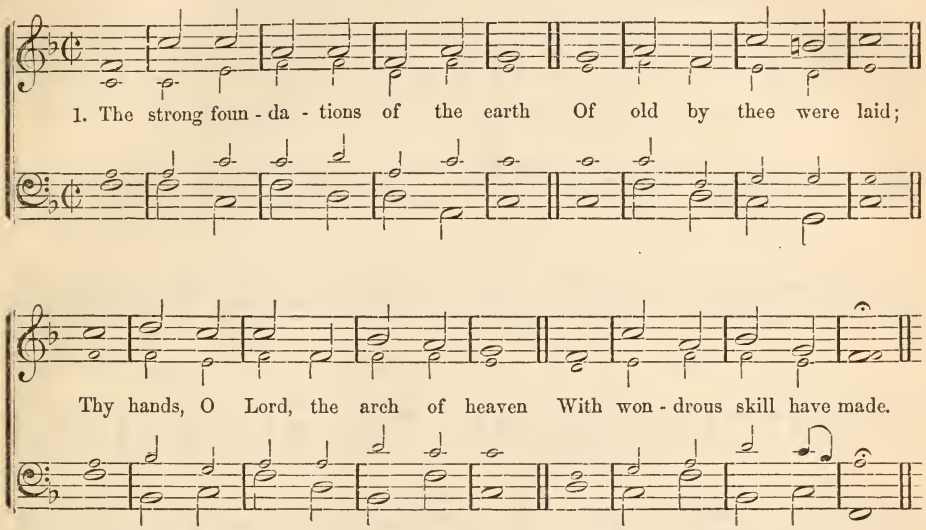
2 The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.

3 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams displayed;
The Lord from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth surveyed.

4 That they, in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing,
Loud praises to his Name.

Psalm 80. Pt. 3. Mear. C. M.

From the cii Psalm of David.


1. The strong foun - da - tions of the earth Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heaven With won - drous skill have made.

1 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.

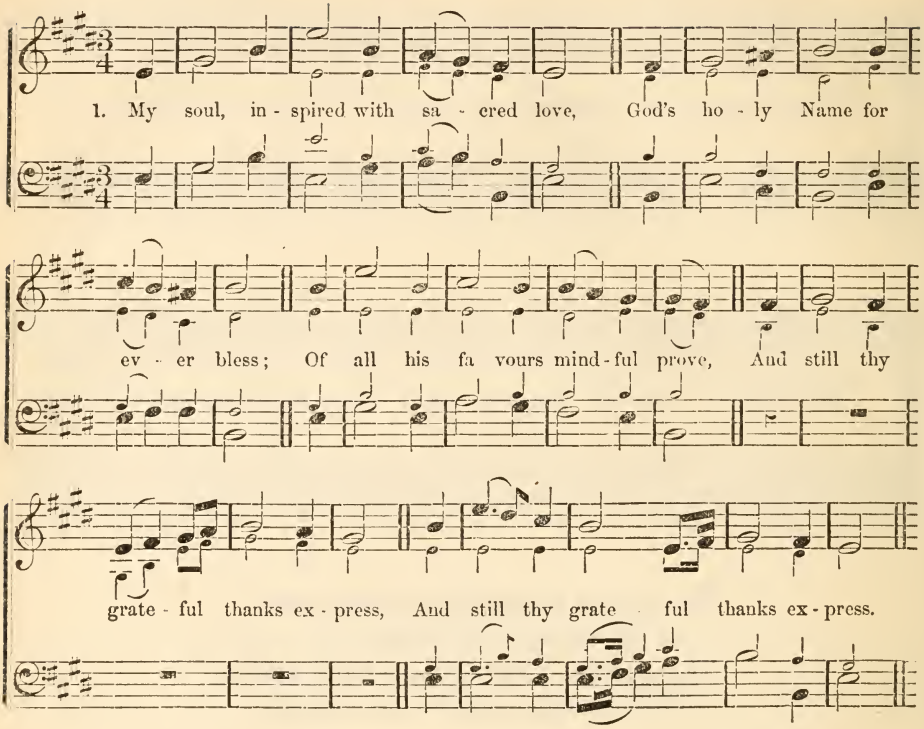
2 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

3 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shall lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fixed,
Shall in thy presence live.

Psalm 81. Rothwell. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the ciii Psalm of David.


1. My soul, in - spired with sa - cred love, God's ho - ly Name for
ev - er bless; Of all his fa vours mind - ful prove, And still thy
grate - ful thanks ex - press, And still thy grate ful thanks ex - press.

1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'T is he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crowned.

3 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour eagle-like restores;
He to the sufferer promptly flies,
Who, wronged, his righteous help implores.

4 The Lord abounds with tender love
And unexampled acts of grace;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 God will not always harshly chide,
  But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
  More by his love than our desert.

6 As high as heaven its arch extends
  Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
  The small respects that we can pay.

7 As far as 't is from east to west,
  So far hath he our sins removed;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
  Has such as fear him always loved.

8 For God, who all our frame surveys,
  Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
  Like grass or flowers must fade away.

9 While they are nipped with sudden blasts,
  Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
  To those that fear him, and their race.

10 This shall attend on such as still
  Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
  But to it just obedience pay.

11 The Lord, the universal King,
  In heaven has fixed his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
  In whose great strength his power is shown.

12 Ye that his just commands obey,
  And hear and do his sacred will,
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
  Who still what he ordains fulfil.

13 Let every creature jointly bless
  The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
  And in this concert bear thy part.

Psalm 82. Handel. S. M.

From the ciii Psalm of David.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

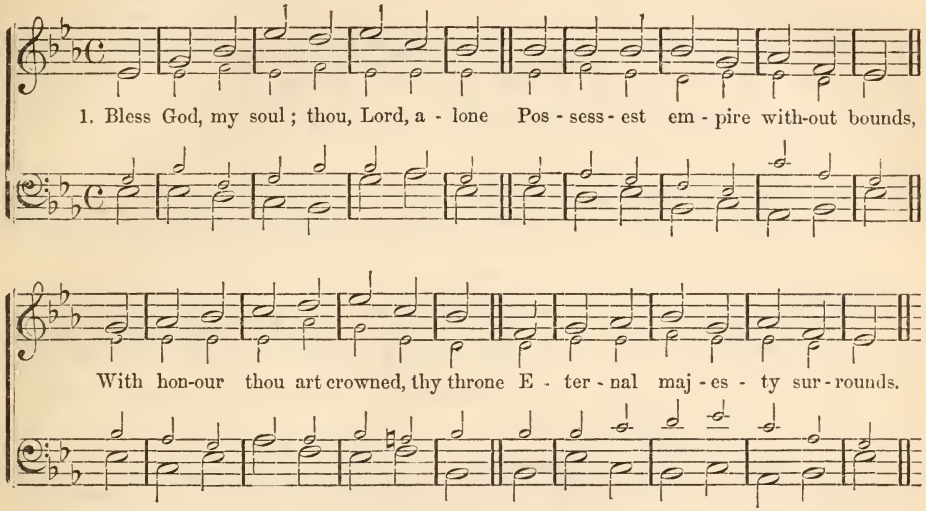
3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

Psalm 83. Part 1. Wells. L. M.

From the civ. Psalm of David.


1. Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, a - lone Pos - sess - est em - pire with-out bounds,
With hon-our thou art crowned, thy throne E - ter - nal maj - es - ty sur - rounds.

1 Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crowned, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtain stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

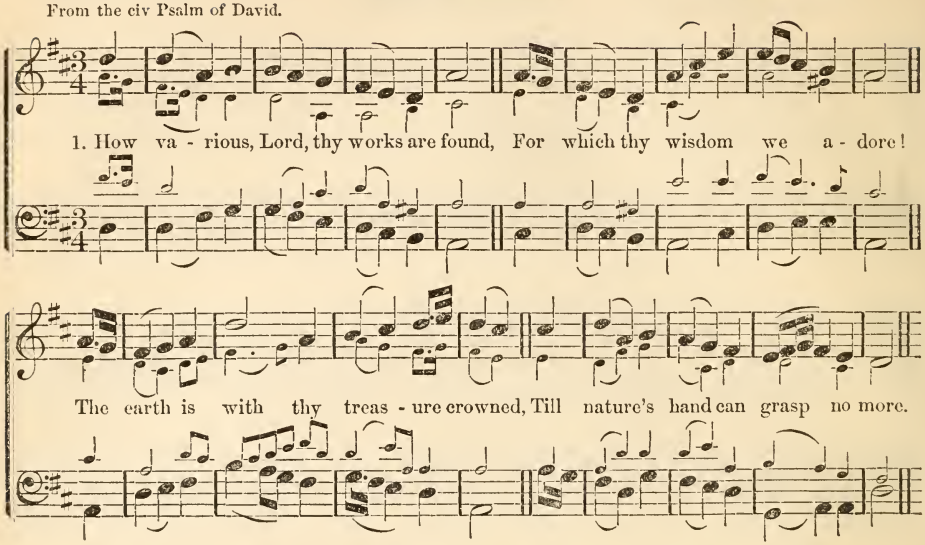
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-winged steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assigned,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.

5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

Psalm 83. Pt. 2. Goddard. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the civ Psalm of David.


1. How va - rious, Lord, thy works are found, For which thy wisdom we a - dore!
The earth is with thy treas - ure crowned, Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

1 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crowned,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

4 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Decay, and to their dust return.

5 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
Inspiring vital energies;
Nature's restored; replenished earth,
Joyous, her new creation sees.

6 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fixed thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

Psalm 84. Brighton. II. 3.

From the civ Psalm of David.

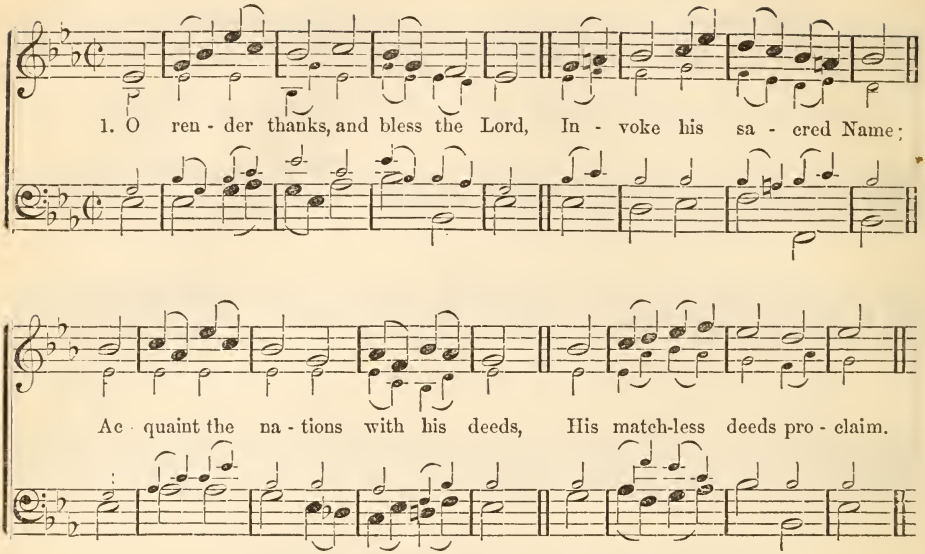
1. How man - i - fold thy works, O Lord, In wis - dom, power, and good - ness wrought!
The earth is with thy rich - es stored, And o - cean with thy won - ders fraught:
Un - fathomed caves be - neath the deep For thee their hid - den treas-ures keep.

2 By thee alone the living live,—
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give,—
Take thou away their breath, they die;
But send again thy Spirit forth,
And life renews the gladdened earth.

3 Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,—
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
But God for ever is the same;
Glory to his eternal Name!

Psalm 85. Warwick. C. M.

From the cv Psalm of David.


1. O ren - der thanks, and bless the Lord, In - voke his sa - cred Name;
Ac - quaint the na - tions with his deeds, His match-less deeds pro - claim.

1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

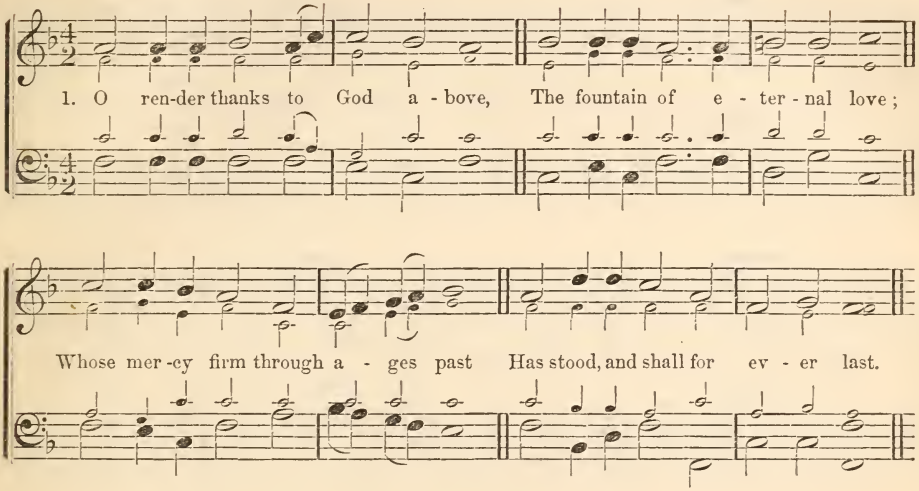
3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assigned.

Psalm 86. **Federal Street. L. M.**

From the cvi Psalm of David.


1. O ren-der thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love;
Whose mer-cy firm through a - ges past Has stood, and shall for ev - er last.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

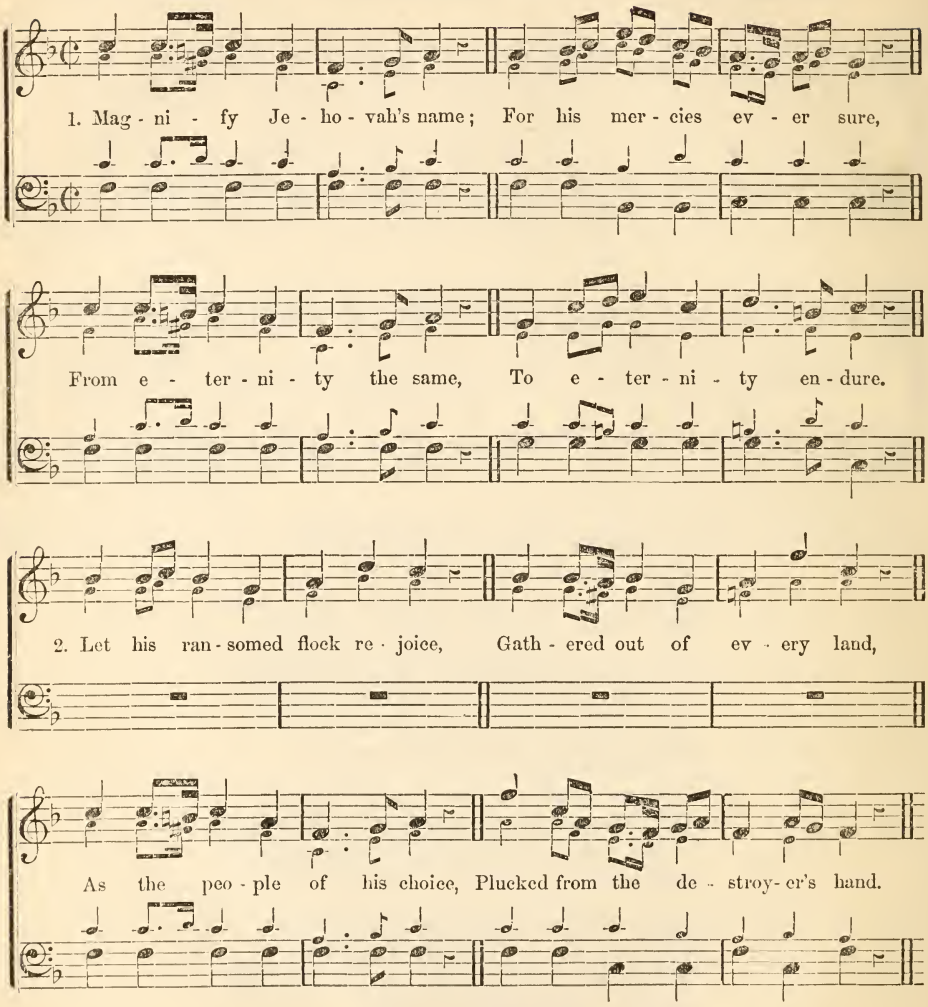
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

6 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord!

Psalm 87. Pt. 1. Donizetti. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

From the cvii Psalm of David.


1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name; For his mer - cies ev - er sure,
From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.
2. Let his ran - somed flock re - joice, Gath - ered out of ev - ery land,
As the peo - ple of his choice, Plucked from the de - stroy - er's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home :—

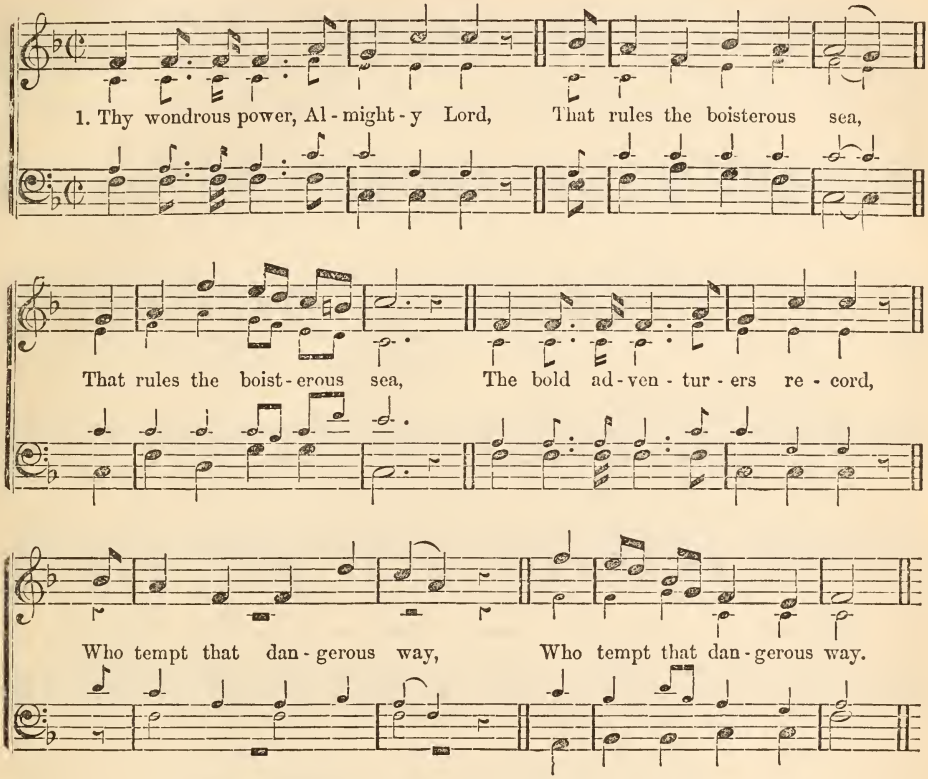
To the Lord their God they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear :

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow ;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

Psalm 87. Pt. 2. Morrison. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cvii Psalm of David.


1. Thy wondrous power, Al - might - y Lord, That rules the boisterous sea,
That rules the boist - erous sea, The bold ad - ven - tur - ers re - cord,
Who tempt that dan - gerous way, Who tempt that dan - gerous way.

1 Thy wondrous power, Almighty Lord,
That rules the boisterous sea,
The bold adventurers record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
While they astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Dismayed they climb the watery hills,
Dismayed they plunge again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

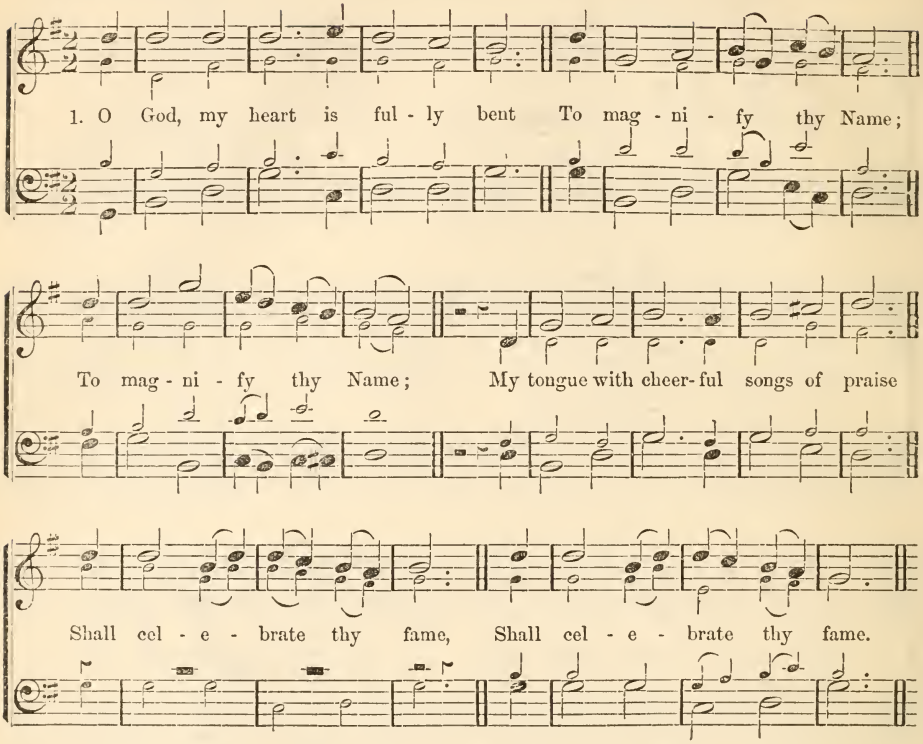
4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
He calms the fierce tempestuous skies
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
They see the storm allayed;
The wished-for haven now appears;
There, let their vows be paid!

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those who see his wondrous ways
His wondrous love record!

Psalm 88. **Bethlehem. C. M.** *For the Choir.*

From the cviii Psalm of David.


1. O God, my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni - fy thy Name;
To mag - ni - fy thy Name; My tongue with cheer-ful songs of praise
Shall cel - e - brate thy fame, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell ;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

Psalm 89. Griswold. II. 2. *For the Choir.*

From the cx Psalm of David.

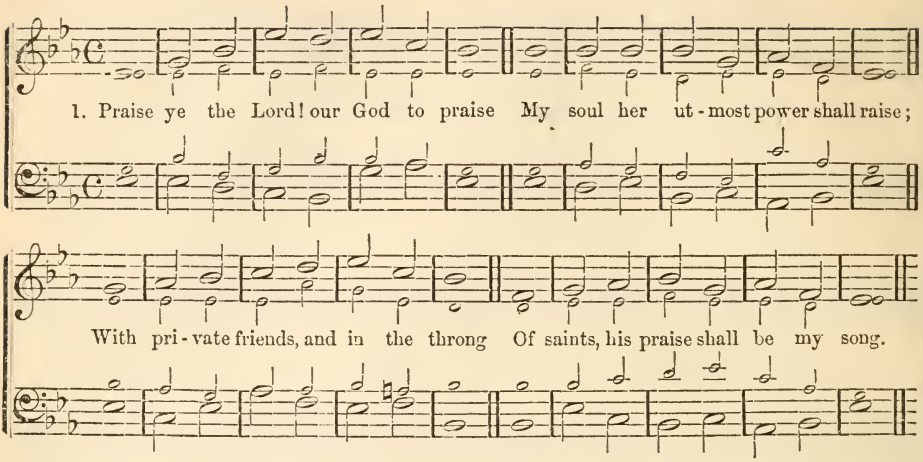
1. The Lord un - to my Lord thus spake: "Till I thy foes thy
foot - stool make, Sit thou in state at my right hand. Su
preme in Si - on thou shalt be, And all thy proud op -
po - sers see Sub - ject - ed to thy just com - mand.

2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, (redeemed from error's night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory!

Psalm 90. Wells. L. M.

From the cxi Psalm of David.


1. Praise ye the Lord! our God to praise My soul her ut-most power shall raise;
With pri-vate friends, and in the throng Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works, for greatness though renowned,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he hath us enjoined
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers signed.

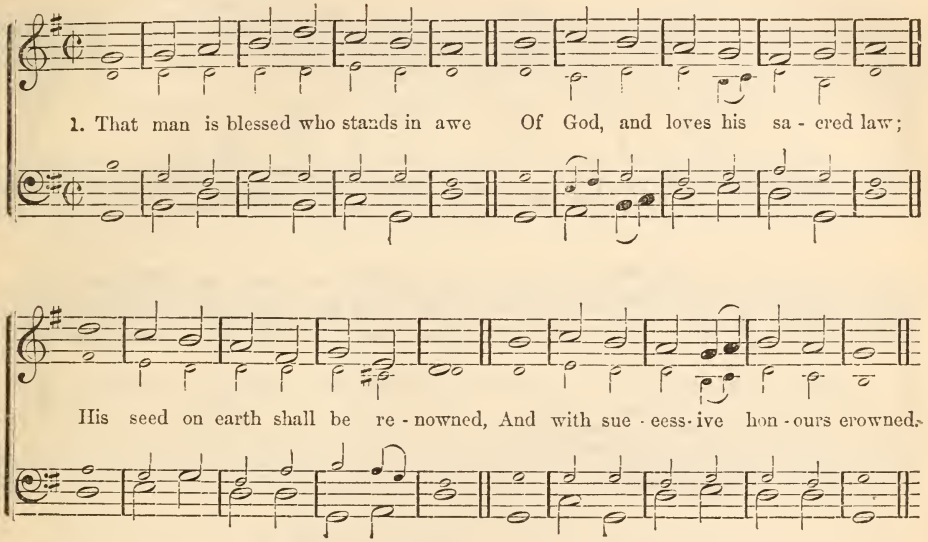
6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustained,
And for eternal rules ordained.

7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then established his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his Name.

8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

Psalm 91. Magdeburg. L. M.

From the cxii Psalm of David.


1. That man is blessed who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sa - cred law;
His seed on earth shall be re - nowned, And with sue - cess - ive hon - ours crowned.

1 That man is blessed who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honours crowned.

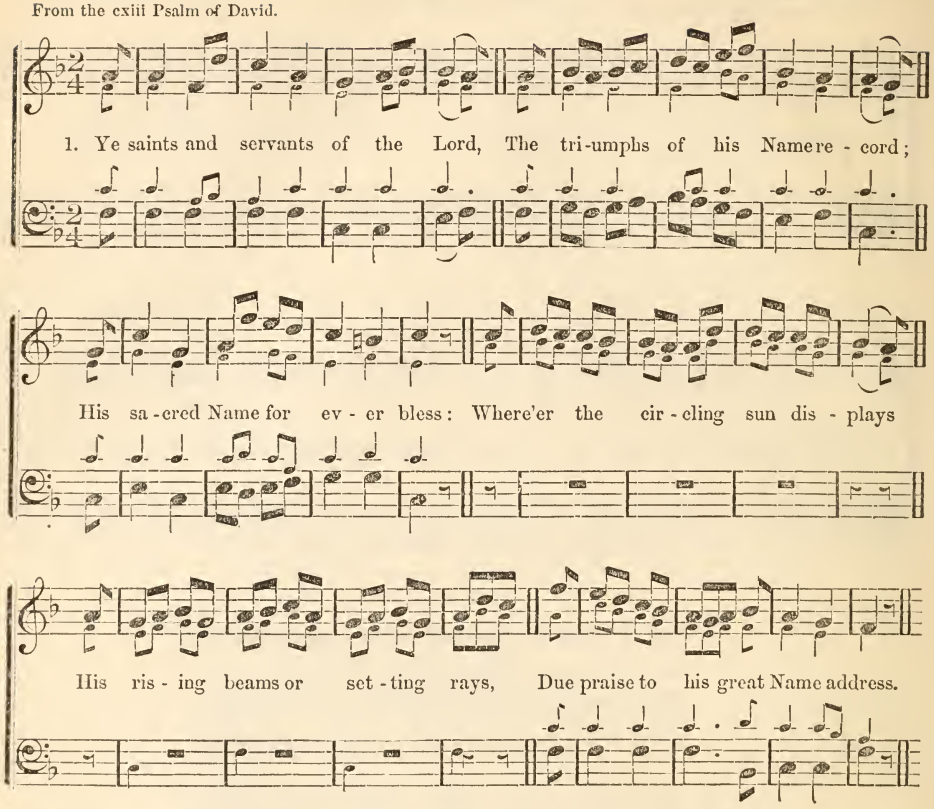
2 The soul that's filled with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distressed inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

3 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Psalm 92. Monmouth. II. 2. *For the Choir.*

From the cxiii Psalm of David.


1. Ye saints and servants of the Lord, The tri-umphs of his Name re - cord;
His sa - cred Name for ev - er bless: Where'er the cir - cling sun dis - plays
His ris - ing beams or set - ting rays, Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 't is beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

Psalm 93. Rochester. C. M.

From the cxv Psalm of David.

2 Why should the heathen cry, "Where's now
The God whom ye adore?"
Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontrolled thy power.

3 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

4 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

5 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great Name confess.

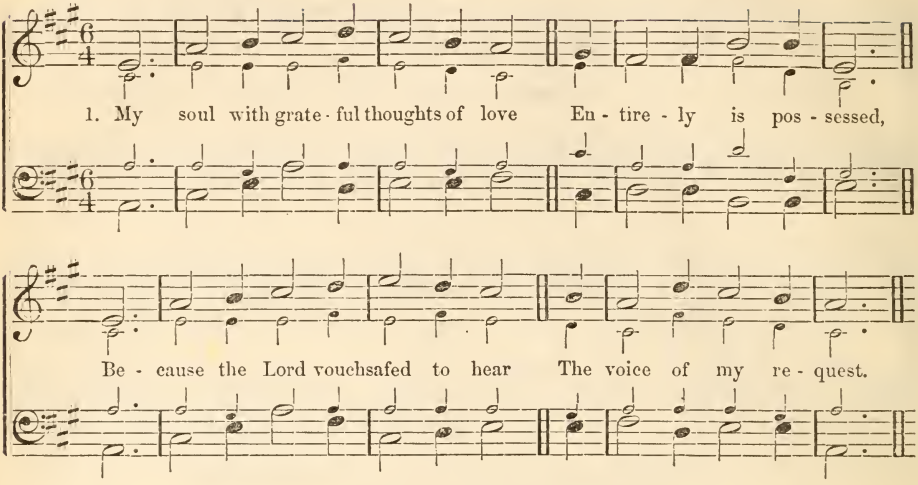
6 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
Thrice happy you, who favourites are
Of this almighty King!

7 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat designed;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

8 They who in death and silence sleep,
To him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

Psalm 94. Bayton. C. M.

From the cxvi Psalm of David.


1. My soul with grate - ful thoughts of love En - tire - ly is pos - sessed,
Be - cause the Lord vouchsafed to hear The voice of my re - quest.

2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair ;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.

3 With deadly sorrows compassed round,
With pains of hell oppressed ;
When troubles seized my aching heart,
And anguish racked my breast,—

4 On God's almighty Name I called,
And thus to him I prayed ;
"Lord, I beseech thee save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismayed."

5 How just and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

6 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest ;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love expressed.

7 When death alarmed me, he removed
My dangers and my fears ;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

8 Therefore my life's remaining years
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his Name,
And in his service spend.

9 In God I trusted, and of him
Did boast in greatest fear ;
Though in my trouble I exclaimed,
All men are insincere.

10 O what return to God shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

11 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despised
By wicked men) in God's account
Is always highly prized.

12 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise;
And while I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

13 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

Psalm 95. Clifford. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxvii Psalm of David.

1. With cheerful notes let all the earth To heaven their
voi - ces raise;..... Let all,.... in - spired with god - - ly
Ped.
mirth, Let all,.... in-spired with... god - ly mirth, Sing
sol - emn hymns of praise, Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

1 With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

Psalm 96. St. George's. C. M.

From the cxviii Psalm of David.

1. O praise the Lord, for he is good, His mer - cies ne'er de - cay;
2. Their sense of his e - ter - nal love Let Aa - ron's house ex - press;
That his kind fa - vours ev - er last, Let thank - ful Is - rael say.
And that it nev - er fails, let all That fear the Lord con - fess.

3 Far better 't is to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.

4 The Lord has been my help; the praise
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his Almighty arm.

6 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

7 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

8 When God had sorely me chastised
'Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.

9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
My great Deliverer there.

10 Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe.
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

11 That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

12 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

13 Him that approaches in God's name
Let all the assembly bless;
"We that belong to God's own house
Have wished you good success."

14 God is the Lord, through whom we
Both light and comfort find; all,
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.

15 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

16 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

Psalm 97. Pt. 1. Aleph. St. John's. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

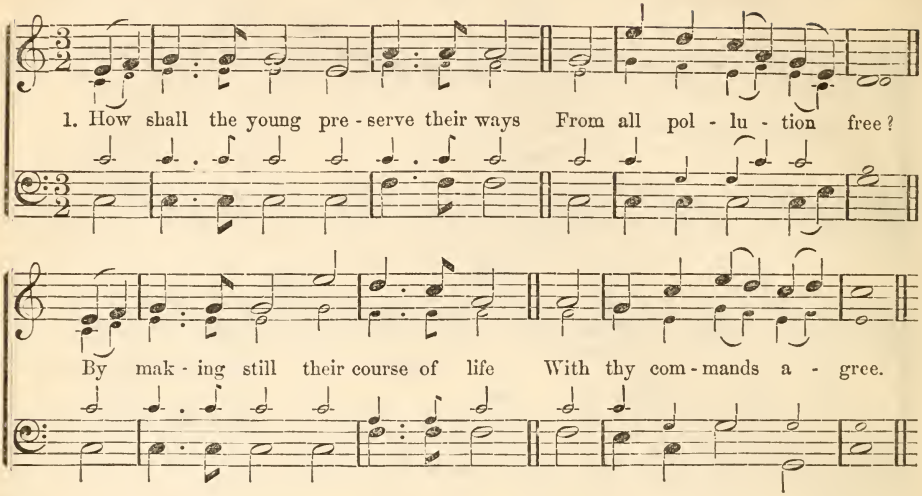
6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
Entire observance pay:
O then, forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

Psalm 97. Pt. 2. Beth. Heber. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.


1. How shall the young pre - serve their ways From all pol - lu - tion free?
By mak - ing still their course of life With thy com - mands a - gree.

2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!

3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

5 My lips, unlocked by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

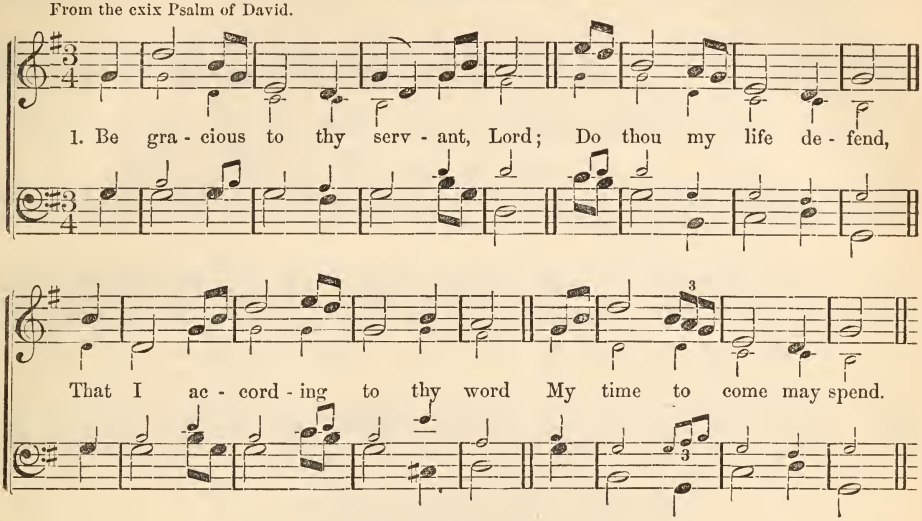
6 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crowned.

7 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st,
Entire respect shall find.

8 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

Psalm 97. Pt. 3. Gimel. Burns. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.



1 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

3 My fainting soul is almost pined
With earnest longing spent,
While always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

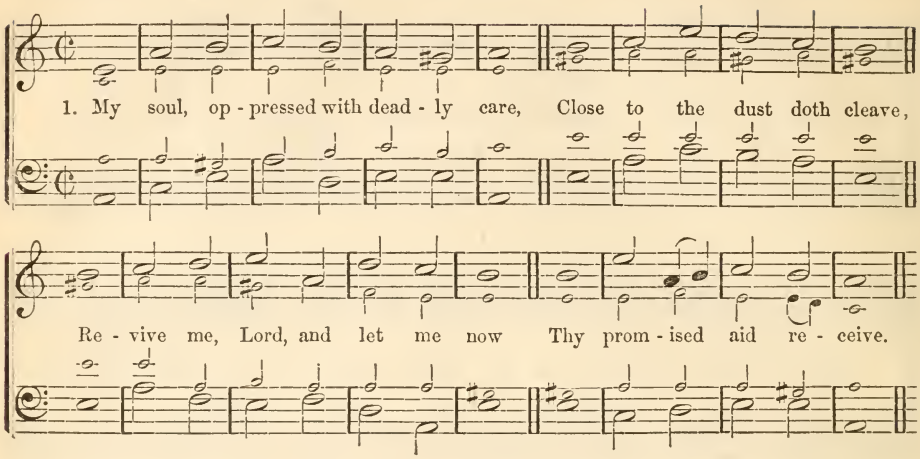
4 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.

6 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

Psalm 97. Pt. 4. Daleth. Grafton. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.



2 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclinedst thine ear;
O teach me, then, my future life
By thy just laws to steer.

3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

4 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Pressed down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

5 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.

6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

7 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free!

8 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run;
And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

Psalm 97. Pt. 5. He. Howard. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

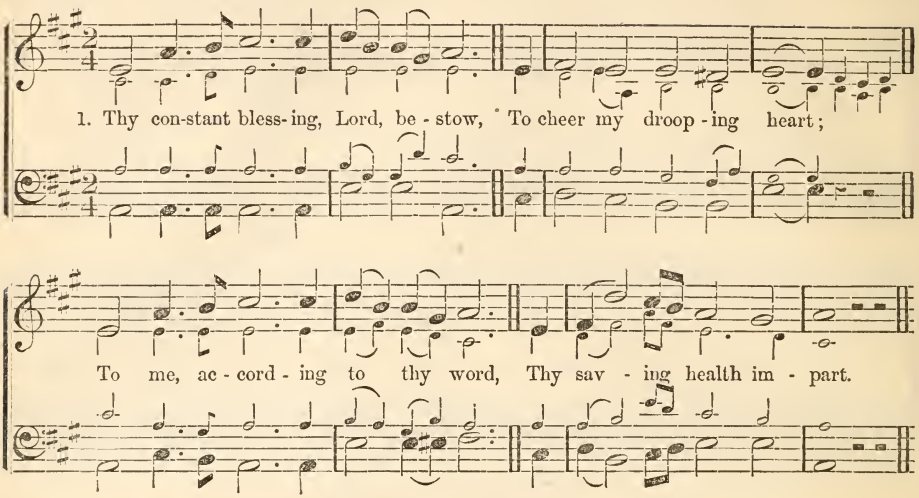
6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

7 The censure and reproach I fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promised succour grant!

Psalm 97. Pt. 6. Vau. Stowell. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.



2 So shall I, whoso'er upbraids,
This ready answer make:
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

3 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy judgments, Lord, have proved.

4 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
And constantly my time to come
In their observance spend.

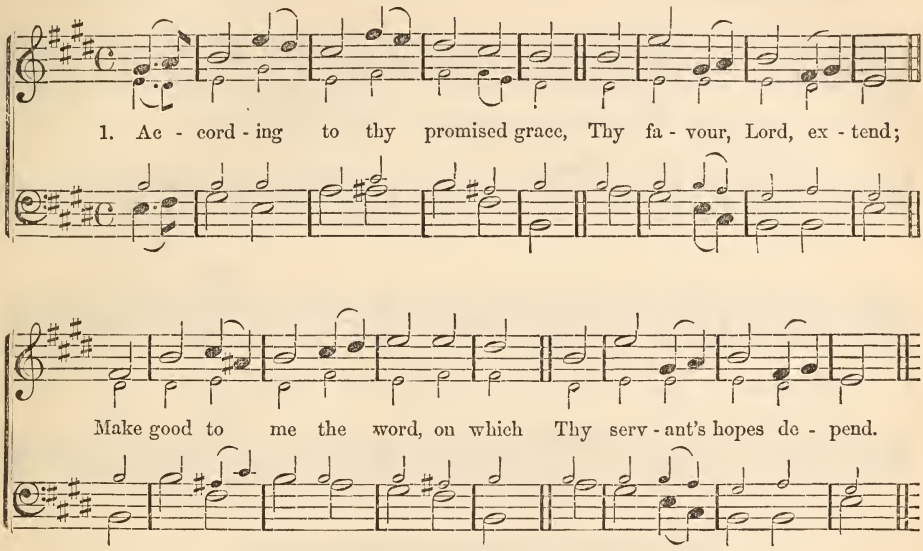
5 My soul shall gladly walk at large,
From all oppression free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

6 My longing heart and ravished soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.

7 Then will I to thy holy laws
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

Psalm 97. Pt. 7. Zain. Repose. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.



1 According to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word, on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemmed me round,
Revived my fainting soul

3 Thy judgments, then, of ancient date
I quickly called to mind,
Till, ravished with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

4 Thy Name, that cheered my heart by day,
Has filled my thoughts by night:
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

5 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustained,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtained

Psalm 97. Pt. 8. Cheth. Clarendon. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 O Lord my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3 With deep reflection, and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaimed to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

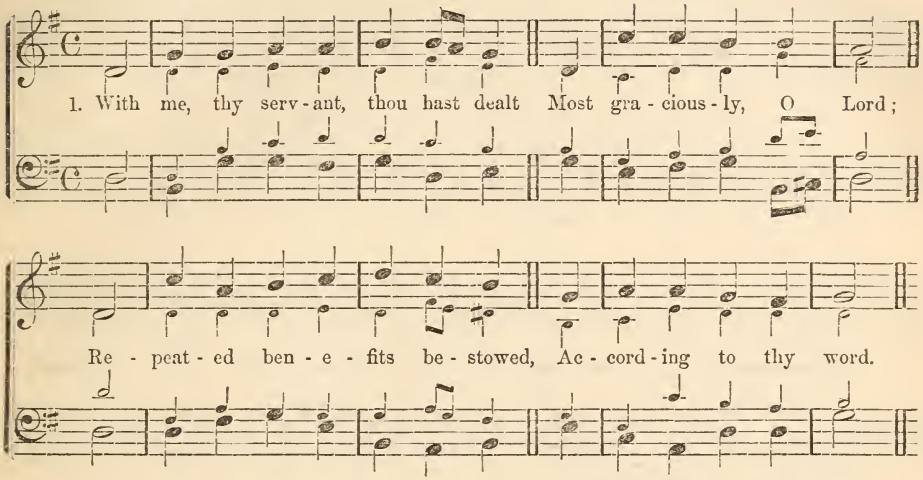
4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolved, without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

5 To such as fear thy holy Name
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

6 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O grant that I may truly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

Psalm 97. Pt. 9. Teth. Westlane. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.



1 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestowed,
According to thy word.

2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attained,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remained.

3 Before affliction stopped my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

4 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

5 'T is good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

Psalm 97. Pt. 10. Jod. Chesterfield. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

2 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

3 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see:
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

4 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made!

5 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

6 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

Psalm 97. Pt. 11. Caph. **Wareham. C. M.** *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1. My soul with long ex - peet - anee, faints To see thy sav - ing graee;
Organ.
Yet still on thy un - err - ing word My con - fi - denee I plaee;
Yet still on thy un - err - ing word My con - fi - denee I plaee.

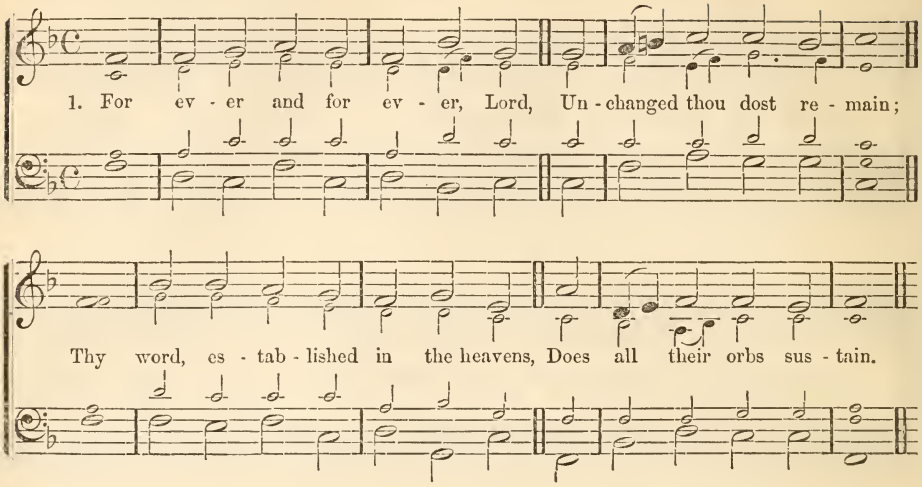
1 My soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?

3 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

Psalm 97. Pt. 12. Lamed. Farrant. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.



1 For ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word, established in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth,
Immovable shall stand,
As does the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thine almighty hand.

3 All things the course by thee ordained
E'en to this day fulfil;
They are the faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expired
In dark affliction's night.

5 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.

6 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

Psalm 97. Pt. 13. Mem. La Mira. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My raptured thoughts all day.

2 My feet with care I have refrained
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

3 I have not from thy judgments strayed,
By vain desires misled:
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 How sweet are all thy words to me;
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blest;
Through which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

Psalm 97. Pt. 14. Nun. Cranmer. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vowed, and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

Psalm 97. Pt. 15. Samech. **Holden.** **C. M.** *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be expressed.

2 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

Psalm 97. Pt. 16. Ain. **Martyrs. C. M.**

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 Mine eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfilled.

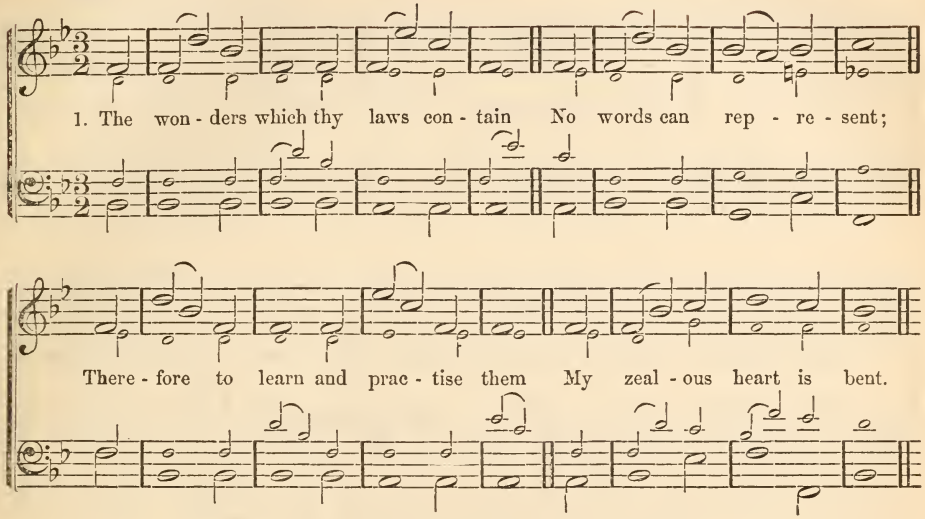
2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

Psalm 97. Pt. 17. Pe. Geer. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.


1. The won - ders which thy laws con - tain No words can rep - re - sent;
There - fore to learn and prac - tise them My zeal - ous heart is bent.

1 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.

2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

3 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

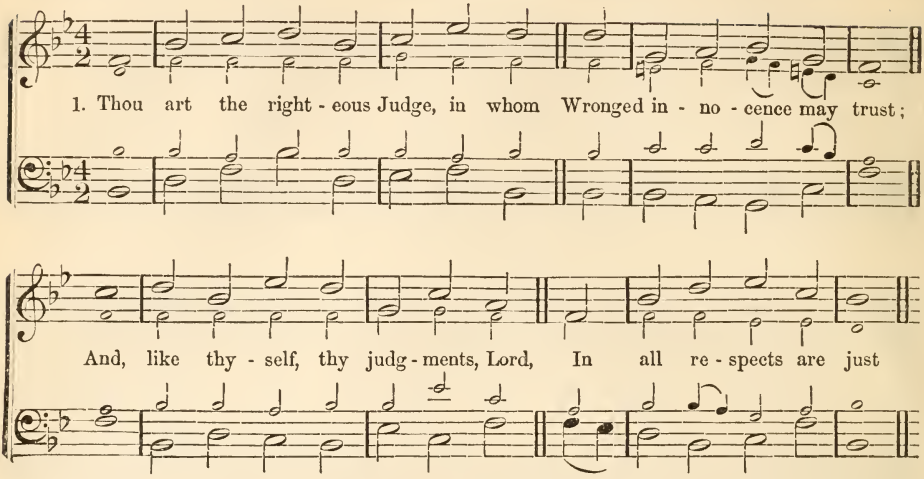
4 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

5 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

Psalm 97. Pt. 18. Tsaddi. St. James. C. M.

From the cxix Psalm of David.


1. Thou art the right - eous Judge, in whom Wronged in - no - cence may trust;
And, like thy - self, thy judg - ments, Lord, In all re - spects are just

1 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wronged innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

2 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness performed
Succeeding times shall see.

3 Lord! each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by men despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.

4 Thy righteousness shall then endure
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

5 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give;
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

Psalm 97. Pt. 19. Koph. **Dearborn. C. M.**

From the cxix Psalm of David.

1 With my whole heart to God I called—
Lord, hear my earnest cry!
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

2 Again more fervently I prayed—
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies fully know,
And steadfastly obey!

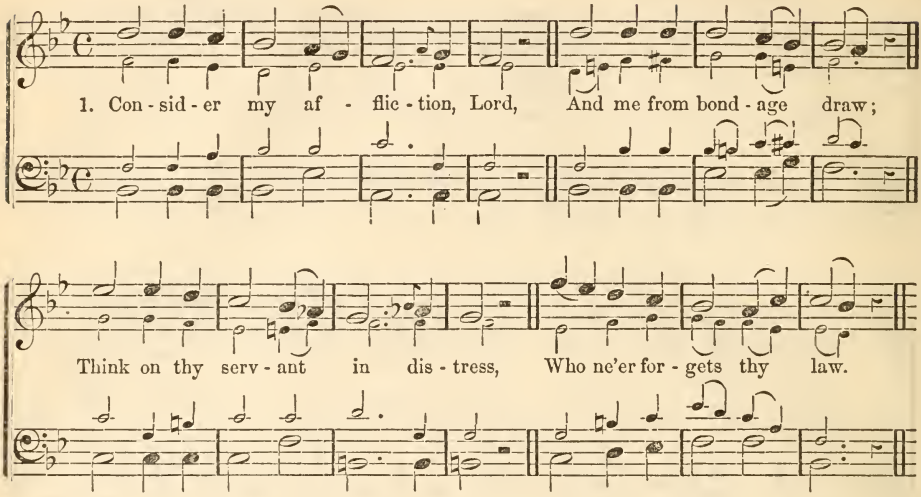
3 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, upon whose faithful word
My hope alone relied.

4 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true!

5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

Psalm 97. Pt. 20. Resch. **Crucifixion.** C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.



1 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

3 From hardened sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'T is just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.

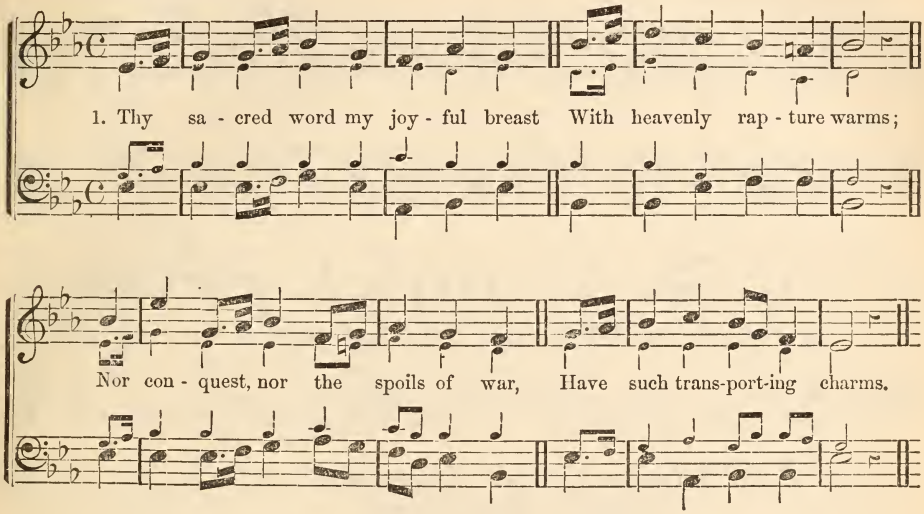
4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

5 Consider, O my gracious God,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above!

6 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

Psalm 97. Pt. 21. Schin. **Litchfield. C. M.**

From the cxix Psalm of David.


1. Thy sa - cred word my joy - ful breast With heavenly rap - ture warms;
Nor con - quest, nor the spoils of war, Have such trans-port-ing charms.

2 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be expressed.

3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crowned.

4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

5 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And though so long delayed,
With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obeyed.

6 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obeyed;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

7 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

Psalm 97. Pt. 22. Tau. **Messiah. C. M.** *For the Choir.*

From the cxix Psalm of David.

2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast revealed,
And taught me thy just ways.

4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound;
For thy commands are right, thy laws
With truth and justice crowned.

5 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordained,
My heart's free choice have made.

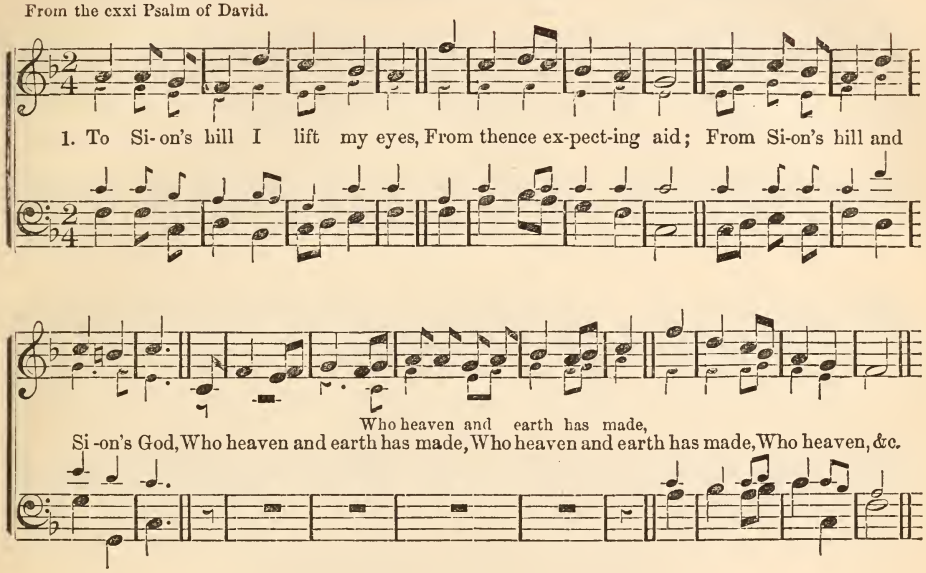
6 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

7 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.

8 Though like a sheep that's lost I've strayed,
And from thy ways declined,
Do thou, O Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

Psalm 98. Meriden. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxxi Psalm of David.


1. To Si- on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pect-ing aid; From Si-on's hill and
Who heaven and earth has made,
Si -on's God, Who heaven and earth has made, Who heaven and earth has made, Who heaven, &c.

1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
  From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
  Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
  Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
  Will favoured Israel keep.

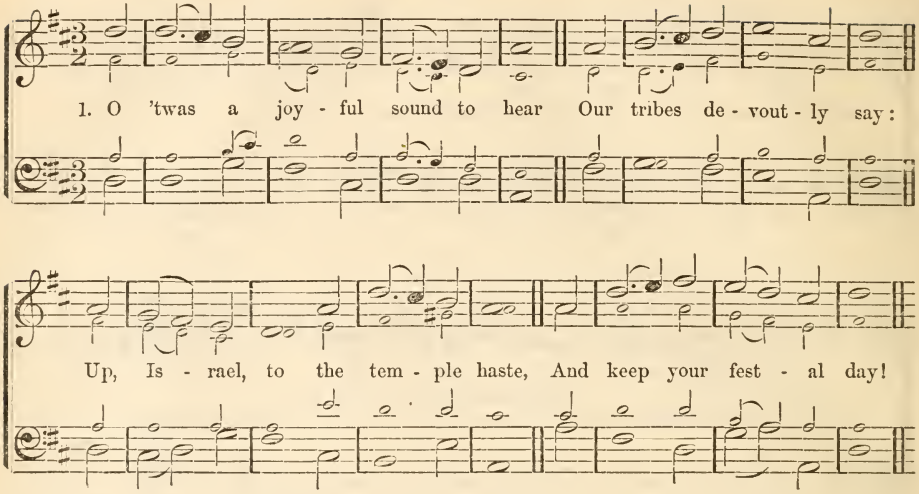
3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
  Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
  By day or night molest.

4 From common accidents of life
  The Lord shall guard thee still;
'T is even he that shall preserve
  Thy soul from every ill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
  Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
  Safe to thy journey's end.

Psalm 99. Colchester. C. M.

From the cxxii Psalm of David.



2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 'T is thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

6 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

7 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Psalm 100. Rochester. C. M.

From the cxxiv Psalm of David.

1 Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallowed us,
So furiously he raged.

2 Had not the Lord himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelmed our soul.

3 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarmed,
And we again are free.

4 Secure in God's almighty Name
Our confidence remains;
The God who made both heaven and earth,
Of both sole monarch reigns.

Psalm 101. Dedham. C. M.

From the cxxv Psalm of David.

1 Who place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immovably be fixed
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

Psalm 102. Howard. C. M.

From the cxxvii Psalm of David.

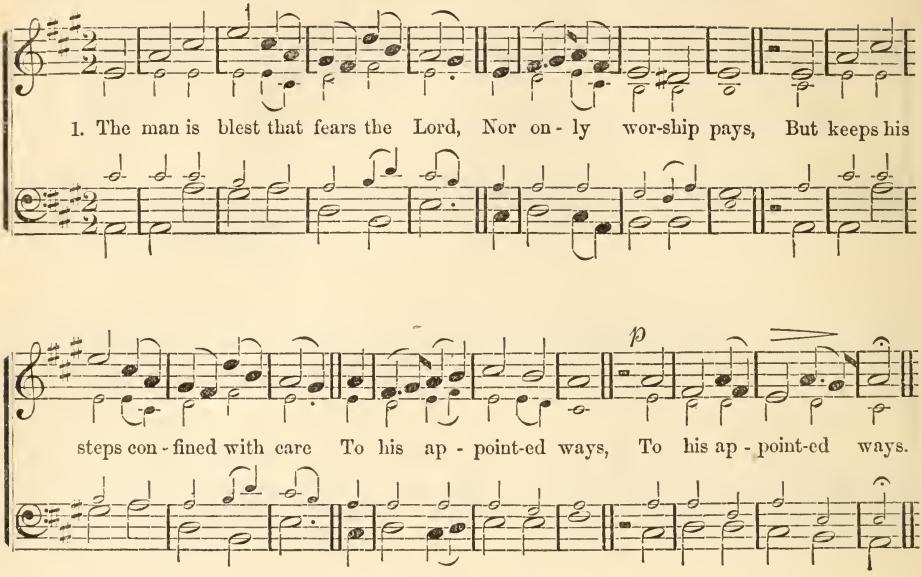
1 We build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose.

Psalm 103. Chester. C. M.

From the cxxviii Psalm of David.


1. The man is blest that fears the Lord, Nor on - ly wor-ship pays, But keeps his
p
steps con - fined with care To his ap - point-ed ways, To his ap - point-ed ways.

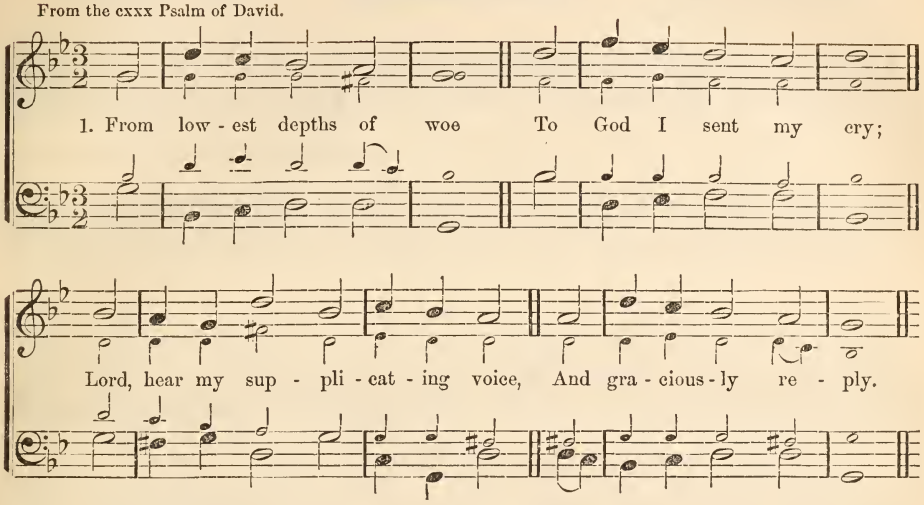
1 The man is blest that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

Psalm 104. Aylesbury. S. M.

From the cxxx Psalm of David.



1 From lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can their trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

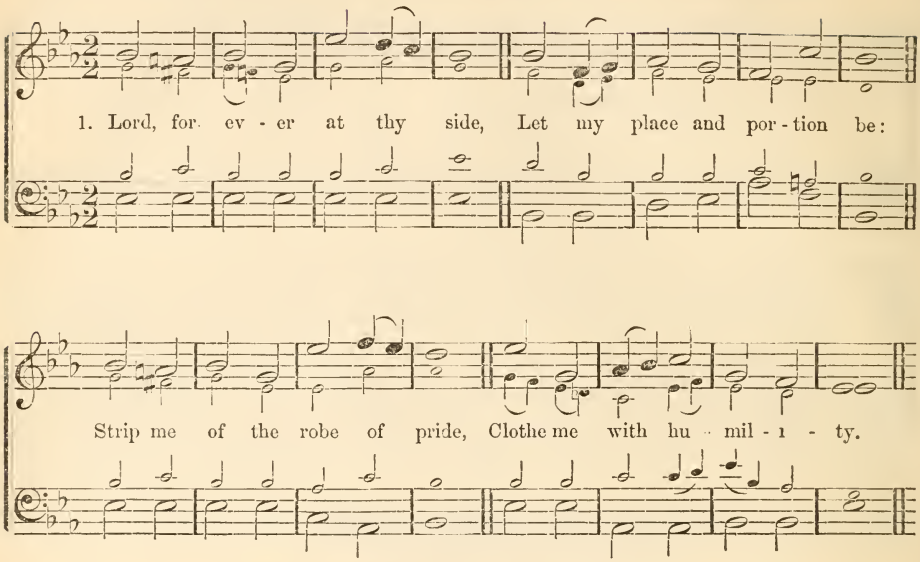
4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

Psalm 105. May. III. 1.

From the cxxxi. Psalm of David.



1 LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

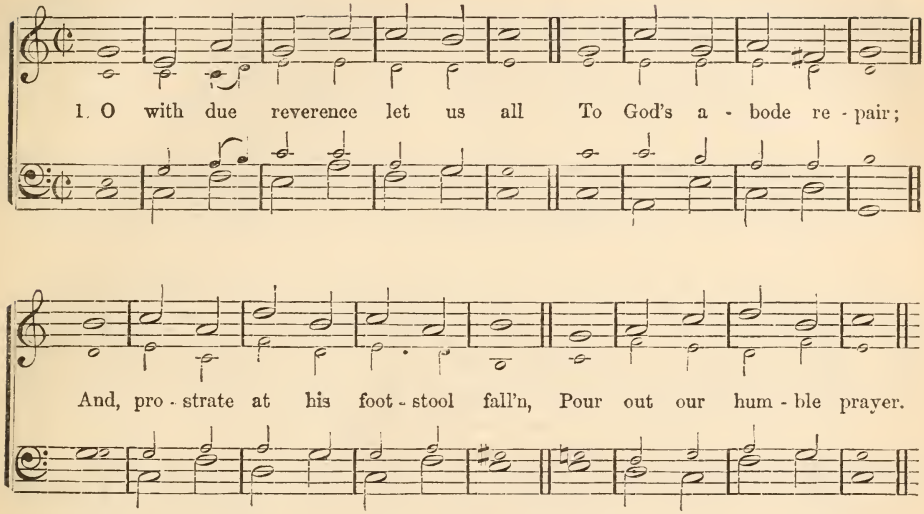
2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Psalm 106. St. Ann's. C. M.

From the cxxxii Psalm of David.



1 O WITH due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble prayer.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

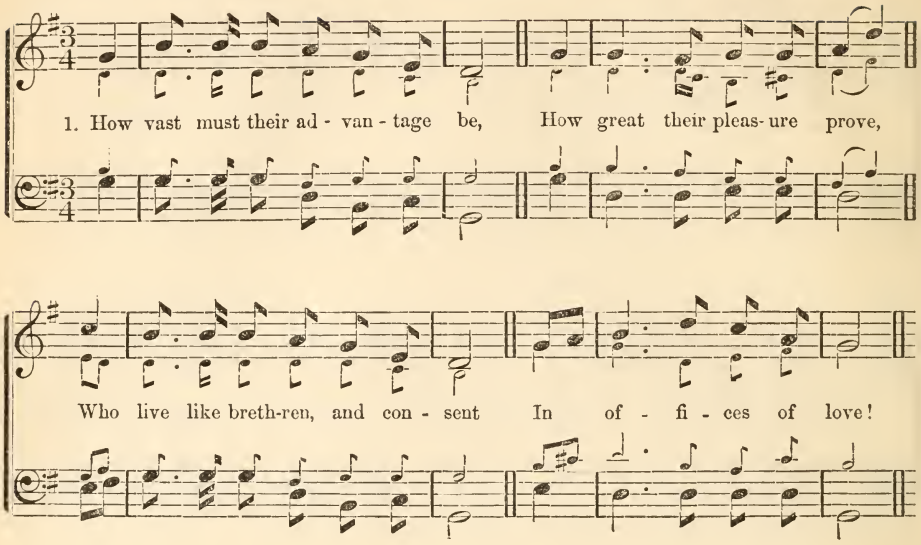
3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.

4 Fair Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

Psalm 107. La Mira. C. M.

From the cxxxiii Psalm of David.



1 How vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

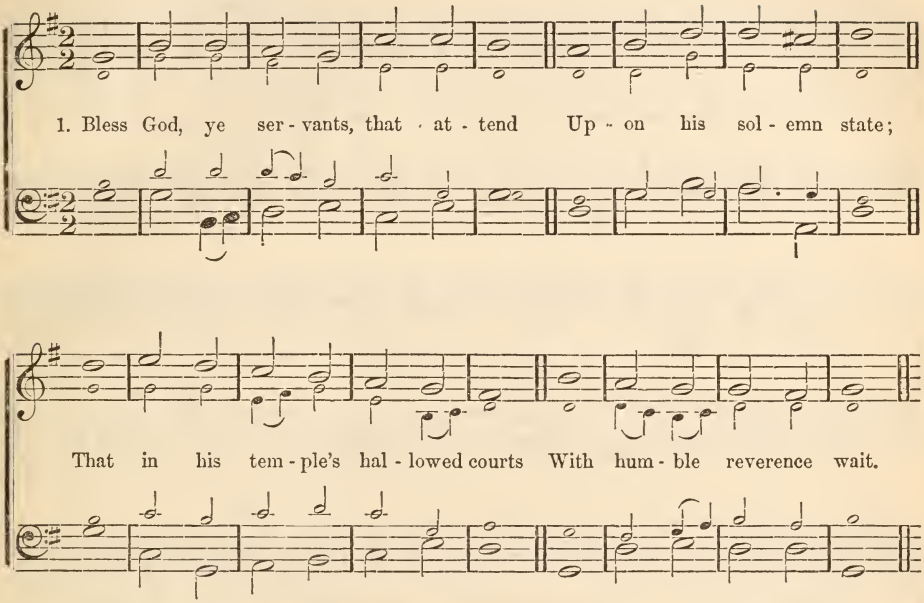
2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'T is like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favoured hill.

4 For Sion in the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordained,
And life's eternal spring.

Psalm 108. Winchester. C. M.

From the cxxxiv Psalm of David.


1. Bless God, ye ser - vants, that - at - tend Up - on his sol - emn state;
That in his tem - ple's hal - lowed courts With hum - ble reverence wait.

1 Bless God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state;
That in his temple's hallowed courts
With humble reverence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy Name;
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven did'st frame.

Psalm 109. Boone. C. M.

From the cxxxv Psalm of David.

1. O praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni - fy his Name;
Let all the serv - ants of the Lord His worth - y praise pro - claim.
2. Praise him, all ye that in his house At - tend with con - stant care,
With those that to his out - most courts With hum - ble zeal re - pair.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with once consent,
And magnify his Name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes ;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

4 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found ;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

5 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

6 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay ;
Nor let anointed Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

7 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express ;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
His name for ever bless.

8 Let all with thanks, his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim ;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

Psalm 110. Claremont. II. 4. *For the Choir.*

From the cxxxvi Psalm of David.

1. To God, the might-y Lord, Your joy- ful thanks re - peat; To him due praise af -
ford, As good as he is great. For God does prove ..... Our constant
For God does prove
friend, ... His boundless love ..... Shall nev - er end.
our con-stant friend; His boundless love Shall nev - - er end.

2 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay.
For God, etc.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, etc.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, etc.

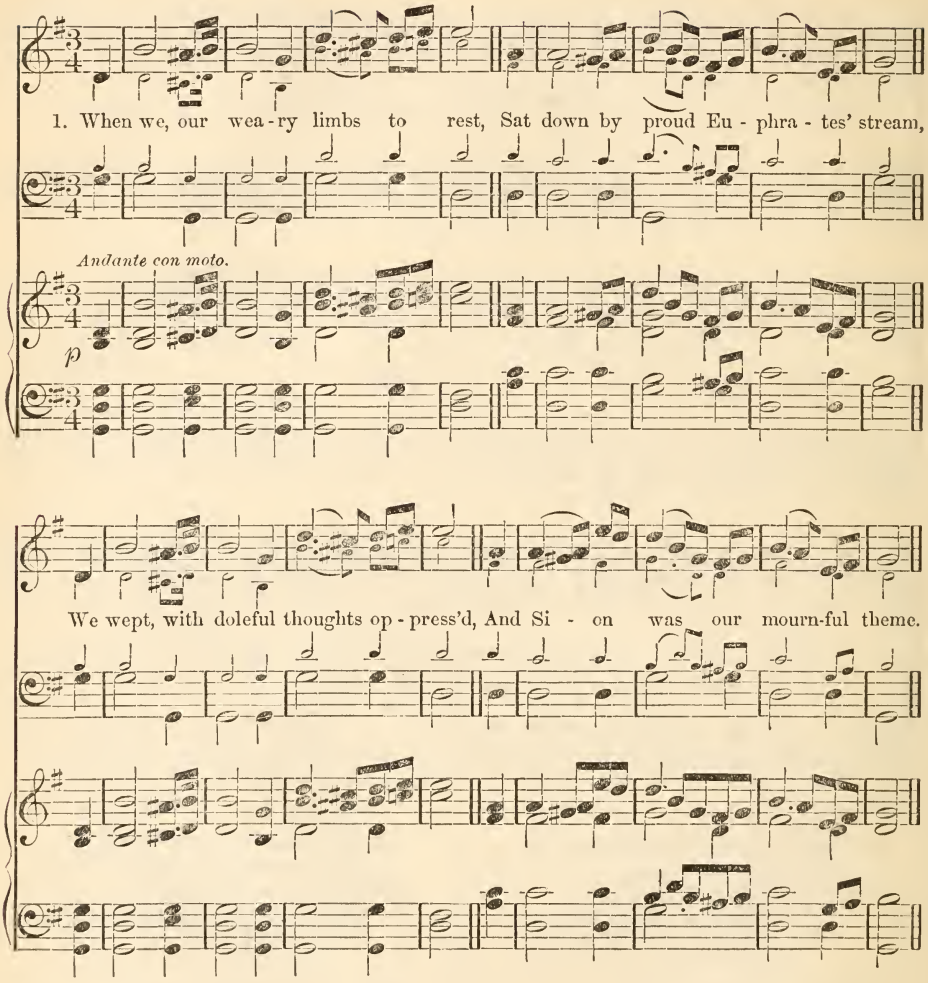
5 By him the heavens display
Their numerous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, etc.

6 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
For God, etc.

7 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God, etc.

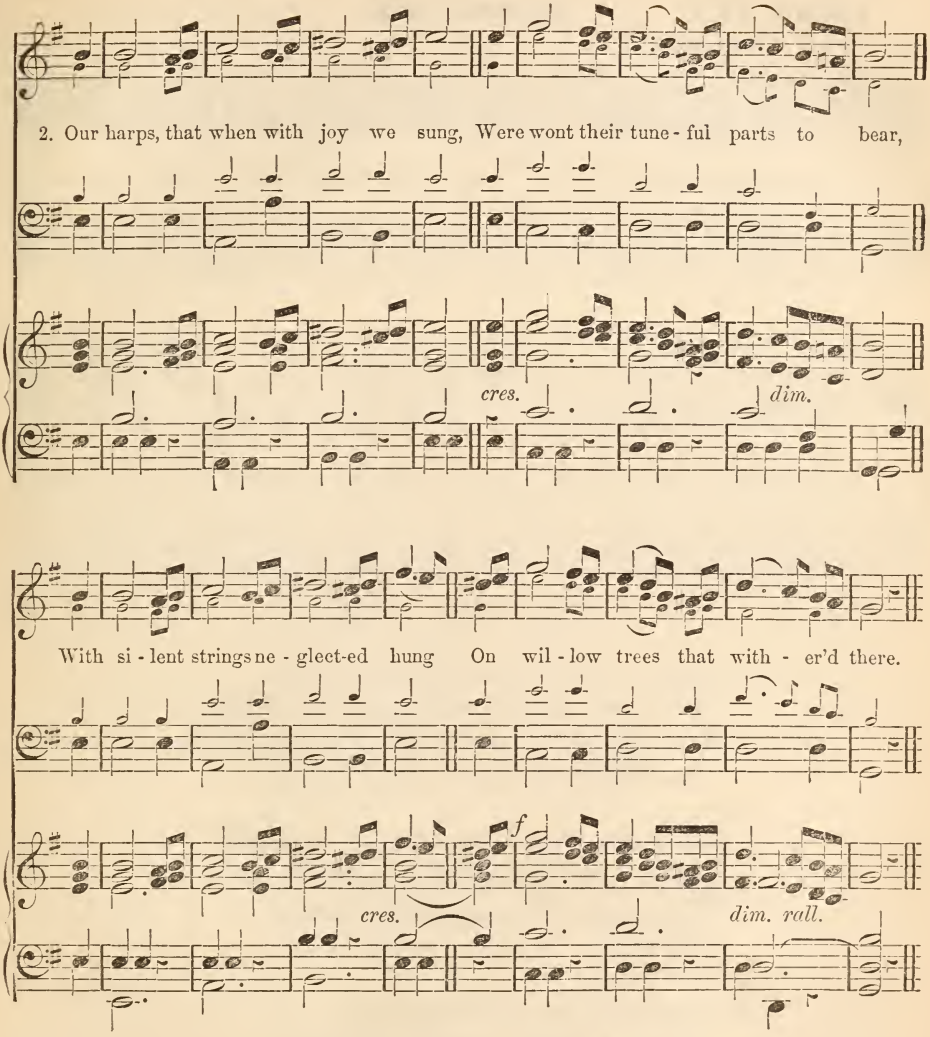
Psalm 111. Cramer. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxxxvii Psalm of David.


1. When we, our wea - ry limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes' stream,
Andante con moto.
p
We wept, with doleful thoughts op - press'd, And Si - on was our mourn-ful theme.

1 When we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

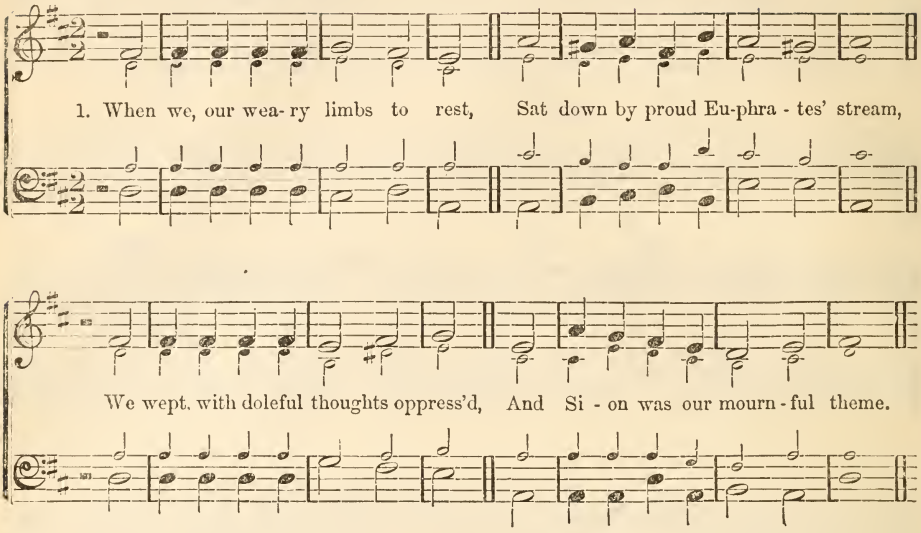

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tune - ful parts to bear,
cres.
dim.
With si - lent strings ne - gleet-ed hung On wil - low trees that with - er'd there.
cres.
f
dim. rall.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

Psalm 111. Ashwell. L. M.

From the cxxxvii Psalm of David.


1. When we, our wea- ry limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra - tes' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd, And Si - on was our mourn - ful theme.

1 When we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

Psalm 112. Evan. C. M.

From the cxxxviii Psalm of David.

1 With my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim:
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

3 Thou graciously inclinedst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was pressed with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

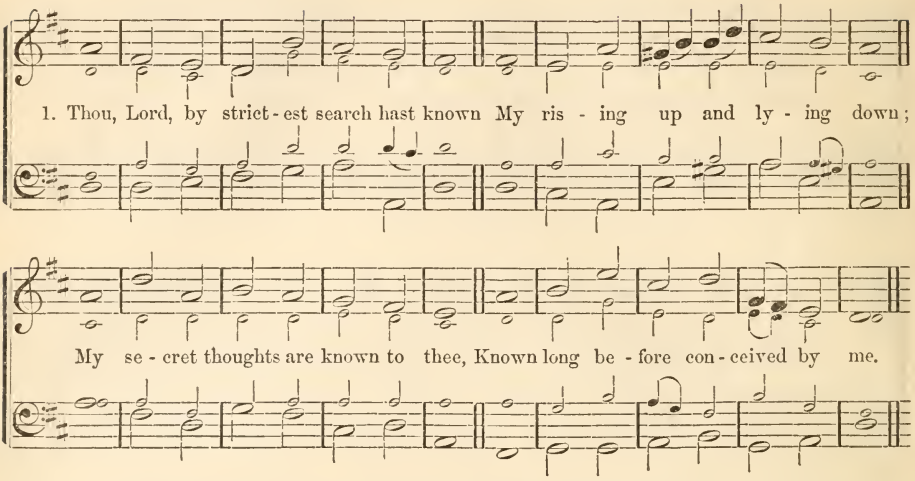
4 For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

5 Though I with troubles am oppressed,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distressed,
And keep me safe from harm.

6 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

Psalm 113. Nicholson. L. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxxxix Psalm of David.


1. Thou, Lord, by strict-est search hast known My ris - ing up and ly - ing down;
My se - cret thoughts are known to thee, Known long be - fore con - ceived by me.

1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 't is my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
Or where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
If to the world unseen, my God,
There also hast thou thine abode.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
E'en there, in earth's remotest land,
I still should find thy guiding hand.

7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The vail of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part;
I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a wondrous frame.

10 Let me acknowledge, too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

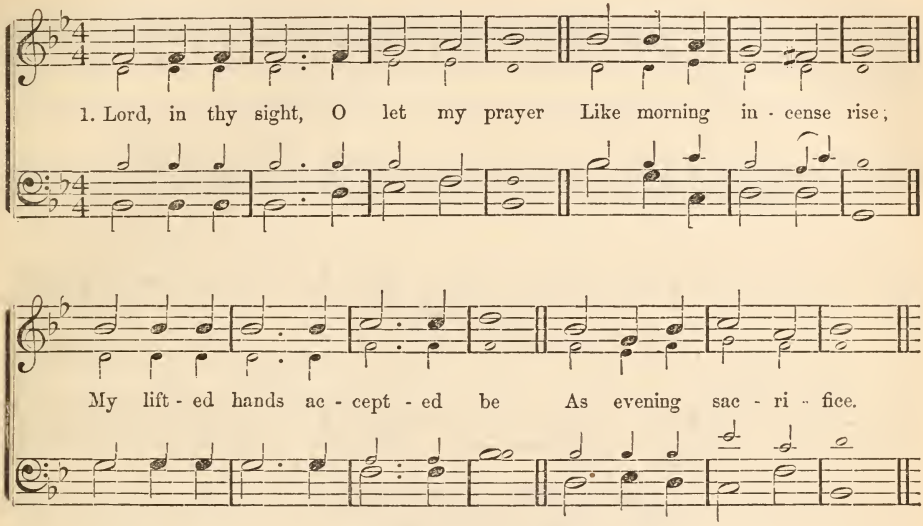
11 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn, revising what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

12 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

Psalm 114.

From the cxli Psalm of David.

Patmos. C. M.



1 Lord, in thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.

2 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lip
With wary silence barred.

3 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.

4 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

Psalm 115. Balerma. C. M.

From the cxliii Psalm of David.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppressed with drought.

4 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go,
My soul to thee ascends.

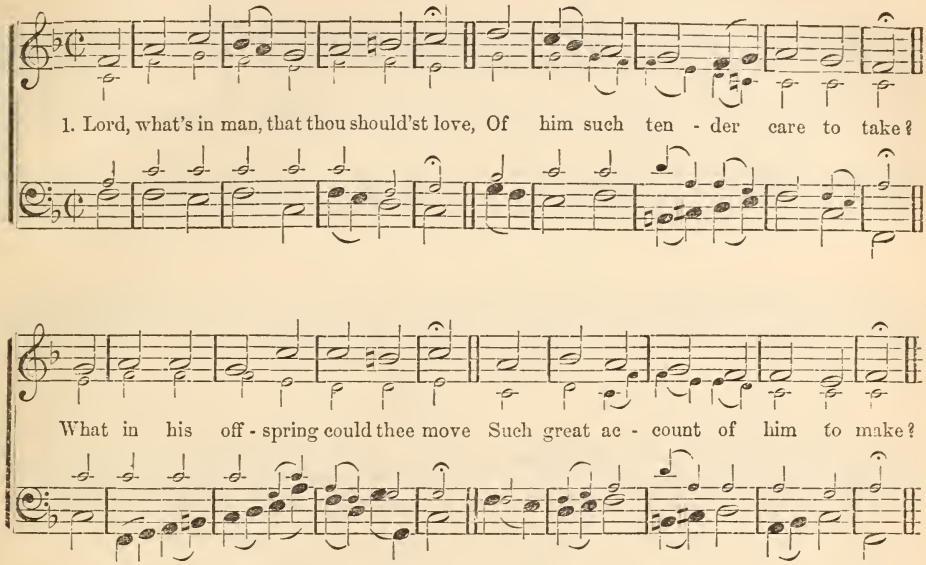
6 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat, a hiding-place,
My soul implores from thee.

7 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

8 O, for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distressed
Thy saving health impart.

Psalm 116. Moravia. L. M.

From the cxliv Psalm of David.


1. Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love, Of him such ten - der care to take?
What in his off - spring could thee move Such great ac - count of him to make?

1 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love,
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise;
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

Psalm 117. Pt. 1. Shropshire. C. M.

From the cxlv Psalm of David.

1 Thee will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

3 Renowned for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends ;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 While I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

5 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim ;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

6 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

7 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works expressed ;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants blessed.

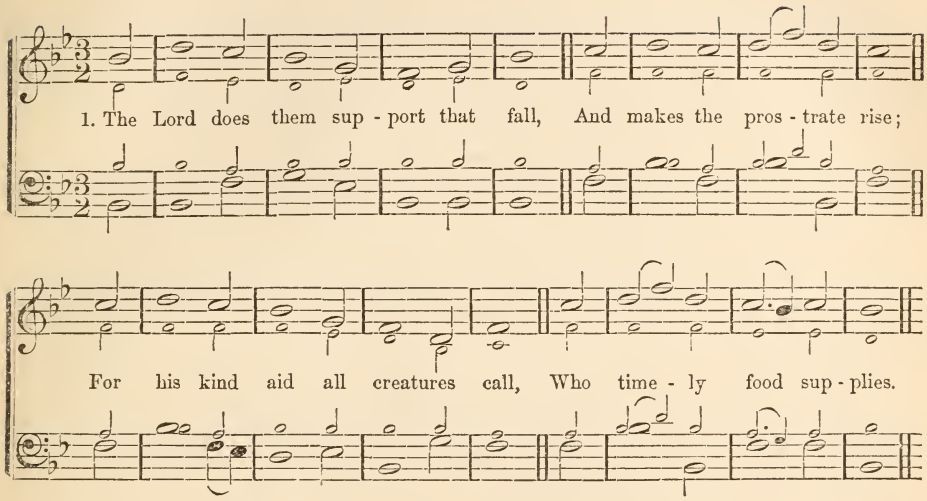
8 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.

9 God's mighty works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his kingdom's glorious state
In all its splendour shown.

10 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

Psalm 117. Pt. 2. Balerma. C. M.

From the cxlv Psalm of David.


1. The Lord does them sup - port that fall, And makes the pros - trate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call, Who time - ly food sup - plies.

1 The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

2 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!

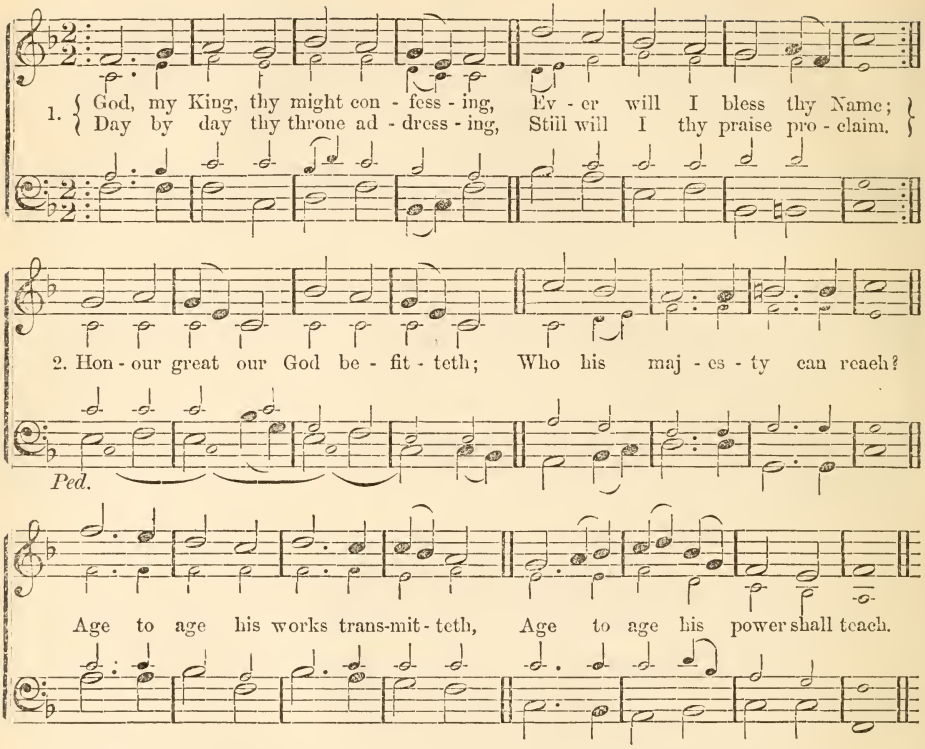
4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

5 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
In justice he destroys.

6 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

Psalm 118. Haydn. III. 3.

From the cxlv Psalm of David.


1. God, my King, thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I thy praise pro - claim.
2. Hon - our great our God be - fit - teth; Who his maj - es - ty can reach?
Ped.
Age to age his works trans-mit - teth, Age to age his power shall teach.

1 God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.

8 Ever, God of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.

9 Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bowed and bent:
Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fixed on thee, its nourishment.

10 Thou to all, great God of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.

11 God is just in all he doeth,
Kind is he in all his ways;
He his ready presence showeth,
When a faithful servant prays.

12 Who sincerely seek and fear him,
He to them their wish will give;
When they call, the Lord will hear them,
He will hear them, and relieve.

13 From Jehovah, all who prize him
Shall his saving health enjoy:
All the wicked who despise him,
He will in their sin destroy.

14 Still, Jehovah, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy Name.

Psalm 119. Nichols. C. M. *For the Choir.*

From the cxlvi Psalm of David.

1. O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul, For ev - er bless his Name: His wondrous
love, while life shall last, My constant praise shall claim, My constant praise shall claim.

2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.

3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

4 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth
Nor make his promise vain.

5 The poor, oppressed, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

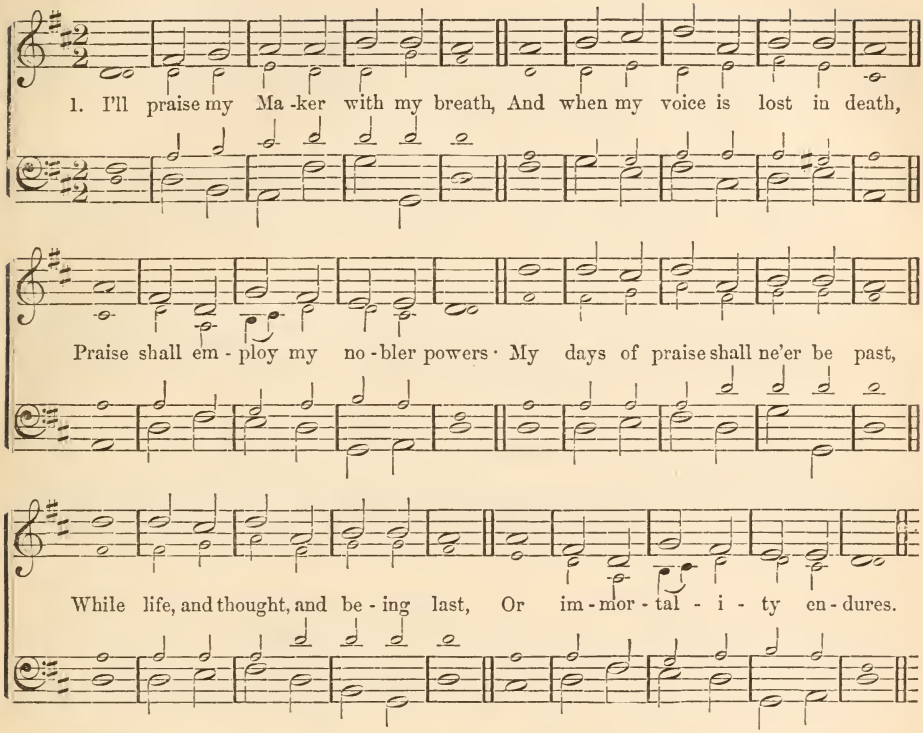
6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats ;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

8 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King :
From age to age his reign endures ;
Let all his praises sing.

Psalm 120. Glastonbury. II. 2.

From the cxlvi Psalm of David.


1. I'll praise my Ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler powers· My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

2 Why should I place in man my trust?
E'en princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

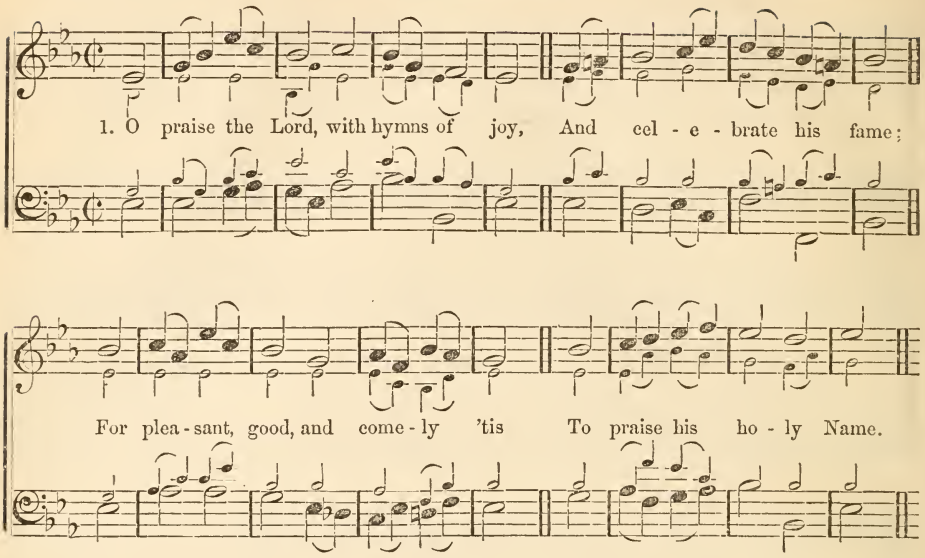
3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

5 God shall the wicked overturn,
On them his wrath shall ever burn,
Sinners shall perish in their ways:
Sion! the God thy sons adore,
He, he is King for evermore;
The Lord thy God for ever praise!

Psalm 121. Pt. 1. Warwick. C. M.

From the cxlvii Psalm of David.



2 His holy city God will build,
Though levelled with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.

3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the numbers of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

5 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

6 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
And on the mountains, through his care,
The grass in plenty grows.

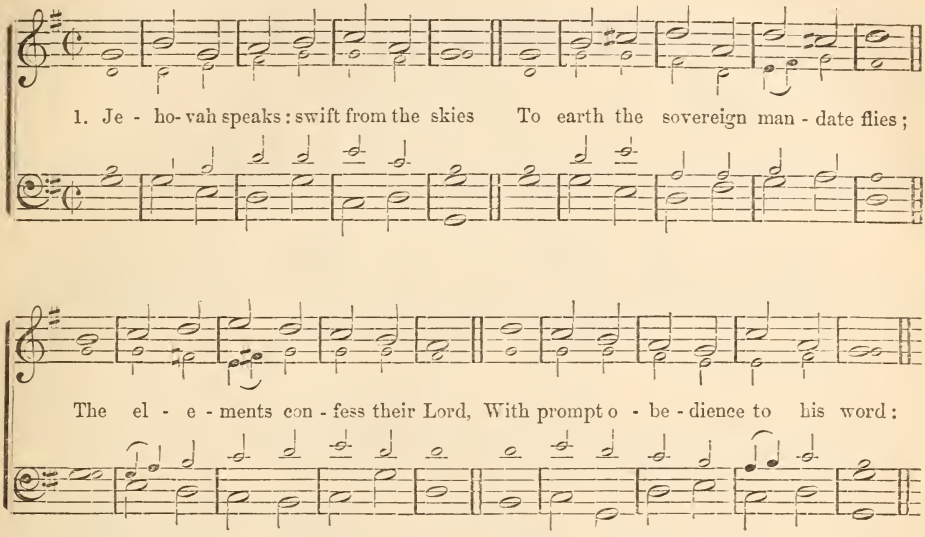
7 His care the beasts that loosely range
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.

8 The Lord to him that fears his Name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

9 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Whose strength secures their lasting gates,
Who does their children bless.

Psalm 121. Pt. 2. Angel's Hymn. L. M.

From the cxlvii Psalm of David.


1. Je - ho-vah speaks: swift from the skies To earth the sovereign man - date flies;
The el - e - ments con - fess their Lord, With prompt o - be - dience to his word:

1 Jehovah speaks: swift from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies;
The elements confess their Lord,
With prompt obedience to his word:

2 The thick descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
And glittering frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.

3 He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow,
And murmuring waters freely flow.

4 But nobler works his grace record:
To Israel he reveals his word;
To them, his chosen flock, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.

5 Such bliss no heathen nation shares,
His oracles are only theirs:
Let Israel then their voices raise,
And bless their God in songs of praise.

Psalm 122. Weymouth. II. 4. *For the Choir.*

From the cxlviii Psalm of David.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma-ker's fame; His
praise your song em - ploy..... A - bove the star - ry frame: Your
voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim And Ser - a - phim, To sing his praise,
Your voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim And Ser - a - phim, To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 Let earth her tribute pay :
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glittering scales:
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.

5 By hills, and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd ;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd ;
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His Name be blest.

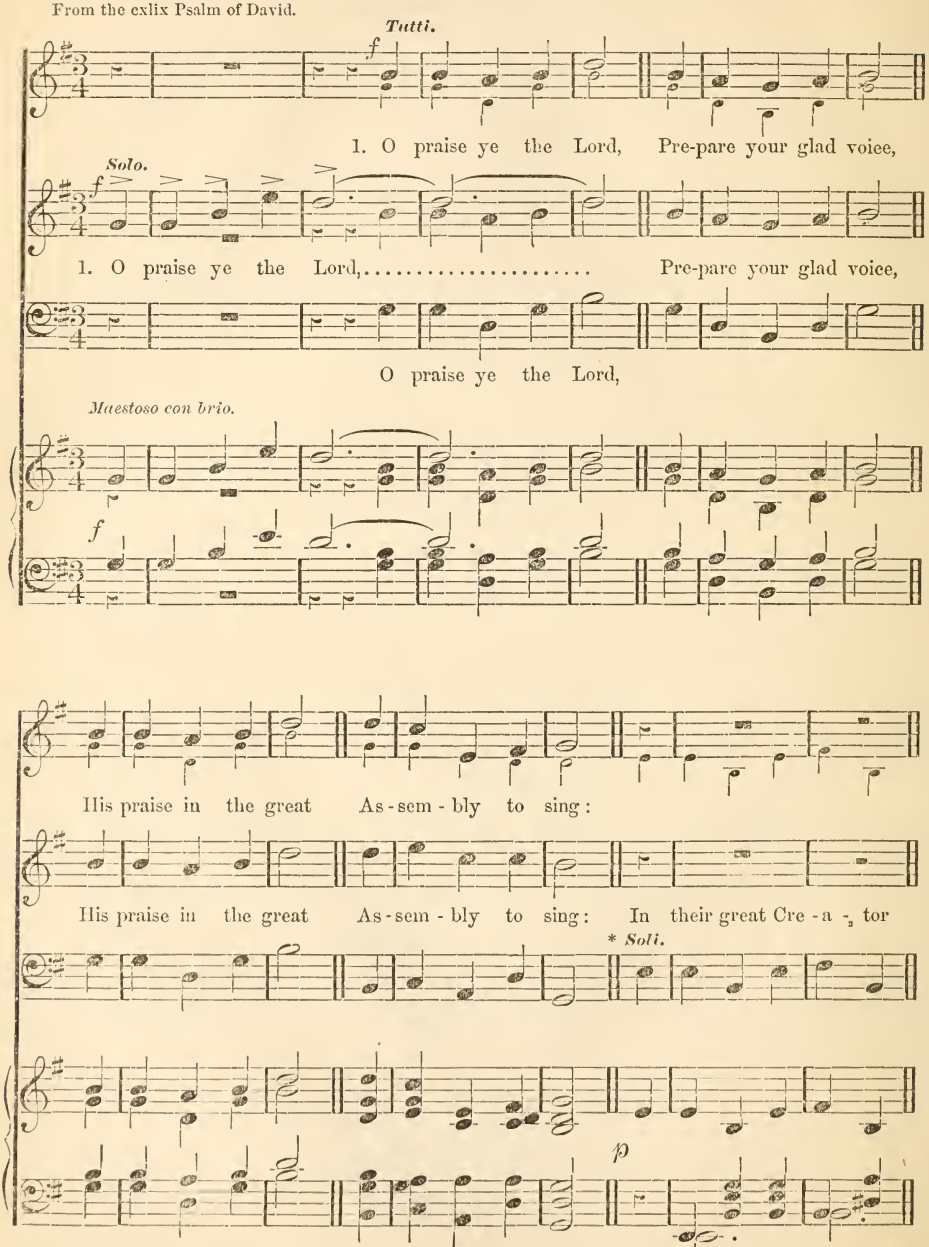
6 Let all of highest birth
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children, join.

7 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise ;
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

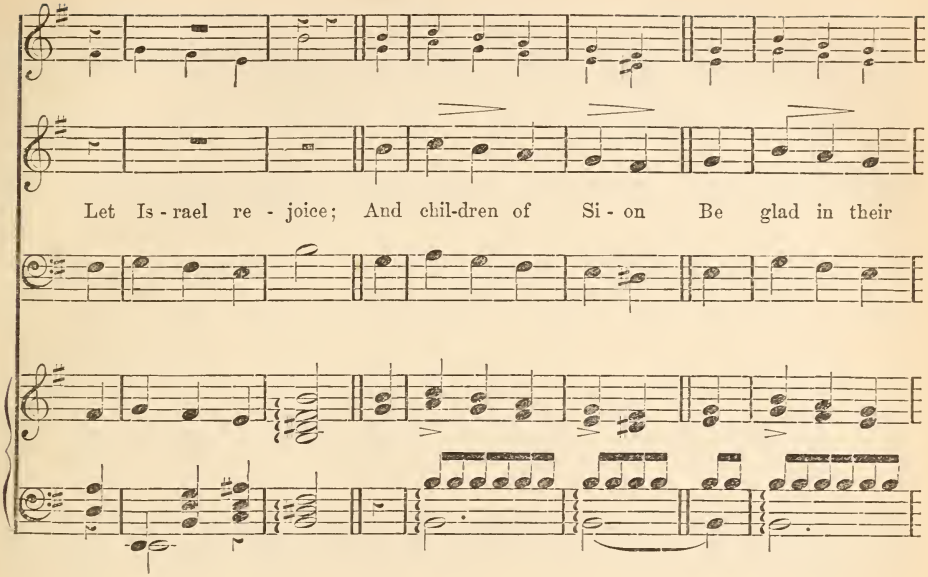
8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high ;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh :
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

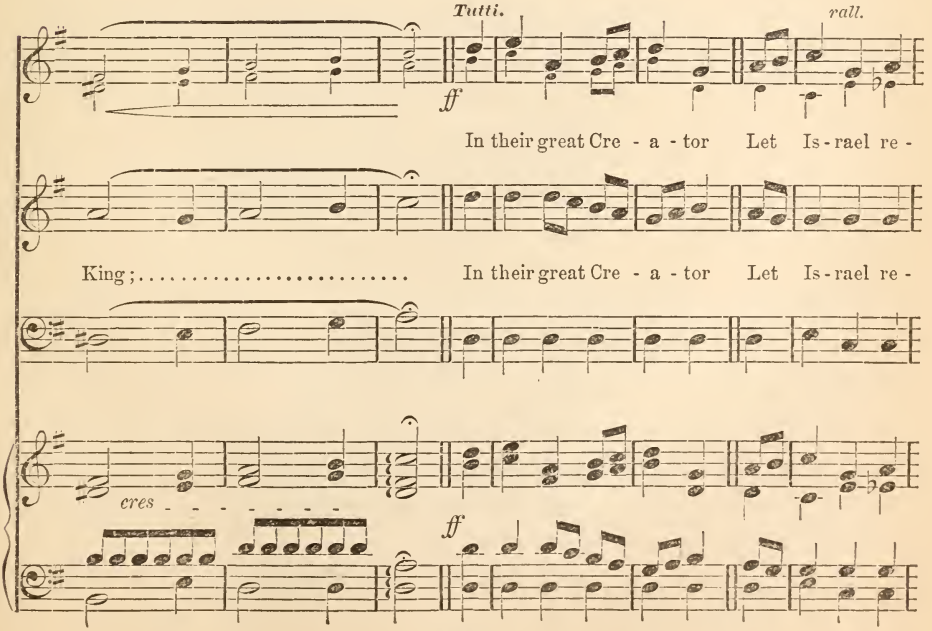
Psalm 123. Warren. IV. 1. *For the Choir.*

From the cxlix Psalm of David.


Tutti.
f
1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre-pare your glad voice,
Solo.
f
1. O praise ye the Lord,..... Pre-pare your glad voice,
O praise ye the Lord,
Maestoso con brio.
f
His praise in the great As-sem-bly to sing:
His praise in the great As-sem-bly to sing: In their great Cre-a-tor
* Soli.
p

* This part is also effective for Contralti and Soprani—see small notes.


Let Is - rael re - joice; And chil-dren of Si - on Be glad in their


Tutti.
rall.
ff
In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re -
King; . . . . . In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re -
cres
ff

2 Let them his great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned,
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield,
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore, for ever
All praise to him yield!

* Sing this part of second verse *piano;* and of third verse, *fortissimo* and *adagio.*

Psalm 124. Migdol. L. M.

From the cl Psalm of David.

1. O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness large-ly flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Un veil'd, in per - fect glo - ry shows.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord.

HYMNS

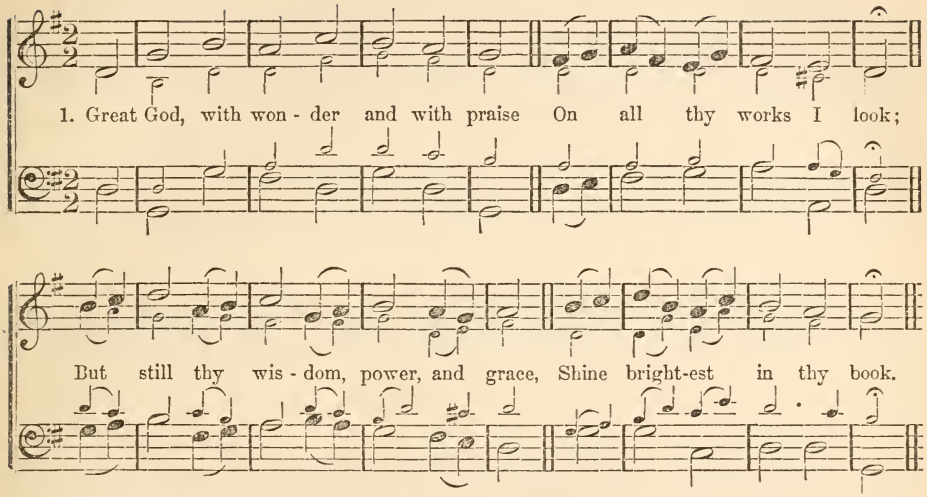
SUITED TO THE

FASTS AND FEASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND OTHER

OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hymn 1. Medfield. C. M.


1. Great God, with won - der and with praise On all thy works I look;
But still thy wis - dom, power, and grace, Shine bright-est in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

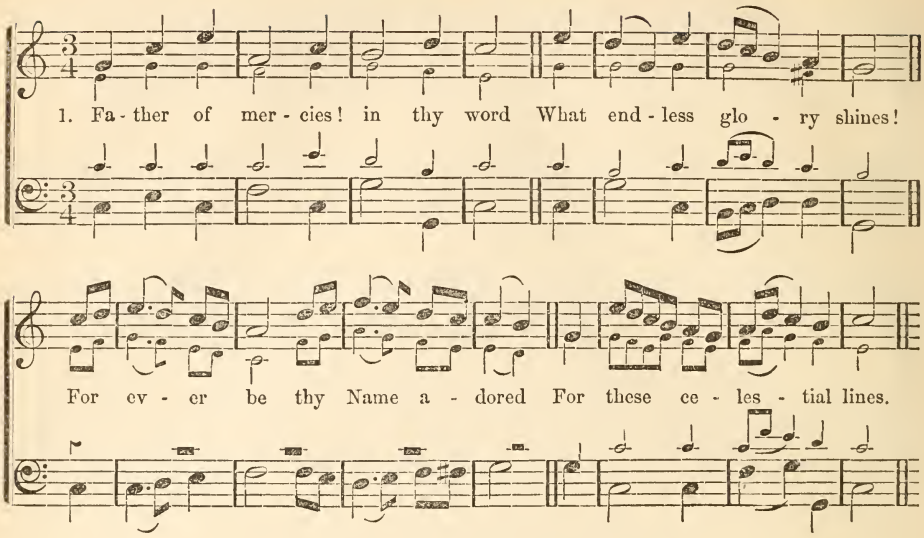
4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Hymn 2. Dorchester. C. M. *For the Choir.*



1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

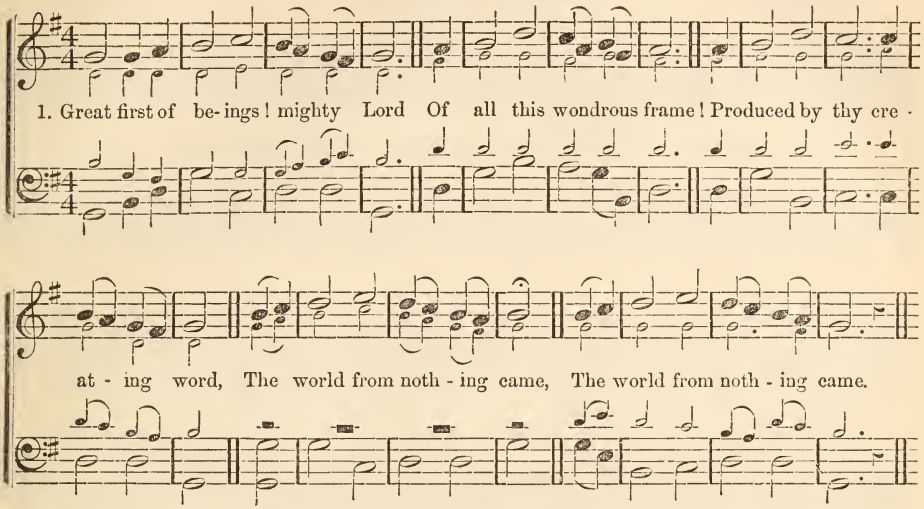
3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 3. Devizes. C. M.


1. Great first of be- ings ! mighty Lord Of all this wondrous frame ! Produced by thy cre -
at - ing word, The world from noth - ing came, The world from noth - ing came.

1 Great first of beings ! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame !
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'T was instantly obeyed :
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole ;
They all reflect thy light :
For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

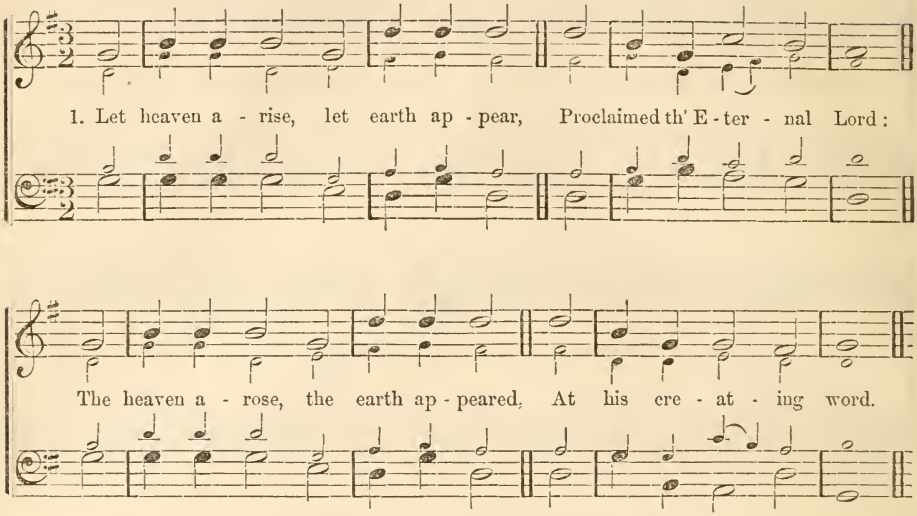
4 For this, the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day ;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this, the earth its produce yields ;
For this, the waters flow :
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end ;
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

Hymn 4. Marlow. C. M.

Gen. i.



2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light:"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scattered ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fixed the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow;
They left the solid land:
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he formed the stars; and placed
Two greater orbs of light;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth:
Some formed within the watery deep,
Some, from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honoured man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamped,
With innocence arrayed.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation viewed;
And pleased with all that he had made,
Pronounced it "very good."

Hymn 5. Harwood. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay; Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey,
And praise th'Almight - y's Name; Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'in - spir - ing theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

Hymn 6.

Psalm cxlviii.

Meribah. II. 1.

1. Ye fields of light, ce - les - tial plains, Where pure, se-rene ef - ful-gence reigns,
Ye scenes di - vine - ly fair, Your Mak - er's wondrous power pro - claim,
Tell how he formed your shin - ing frame, And breathed the fluid air.

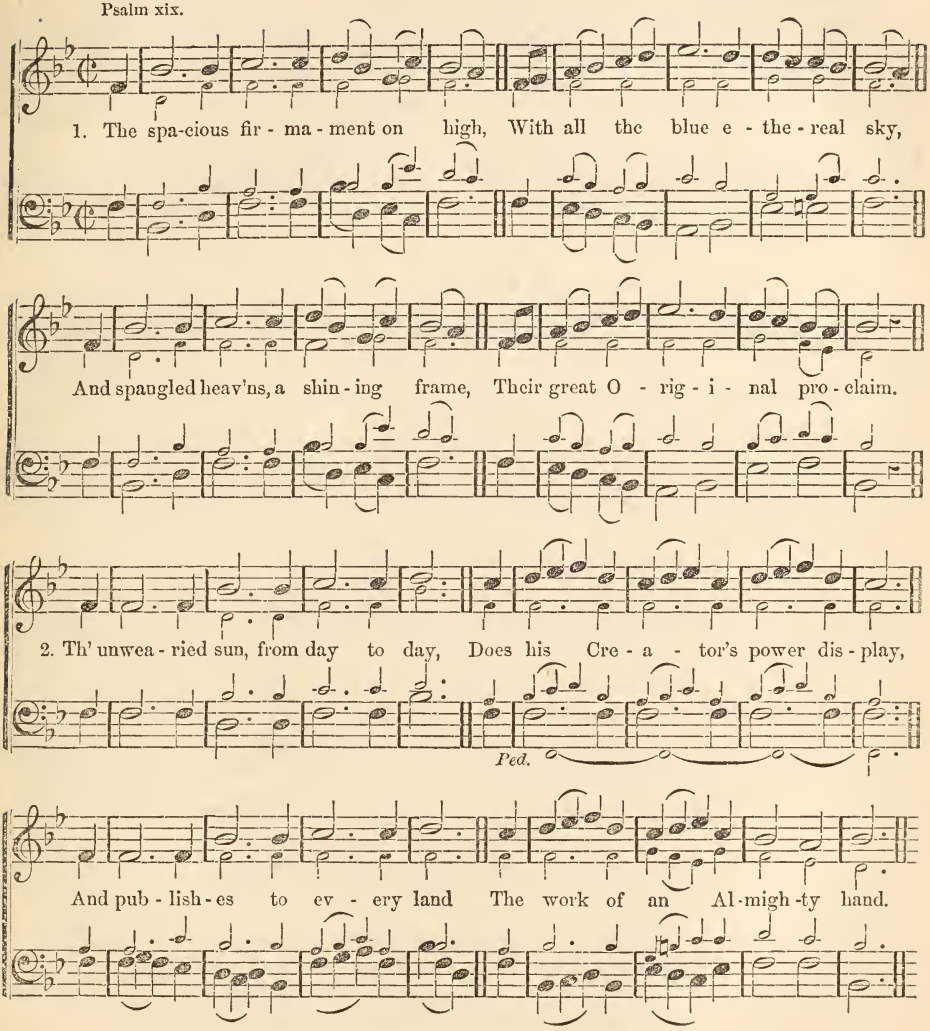
2 Join all ye stars, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
And, soon as evening vails the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallowed strain,
And praise him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God ;
Ye worlds declare his might ;
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Hymn 7. Creation. L. M. *For the Choir.*

Psalm xix.


1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
2. Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,
Ped.
And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an Al - migh - ty hand.

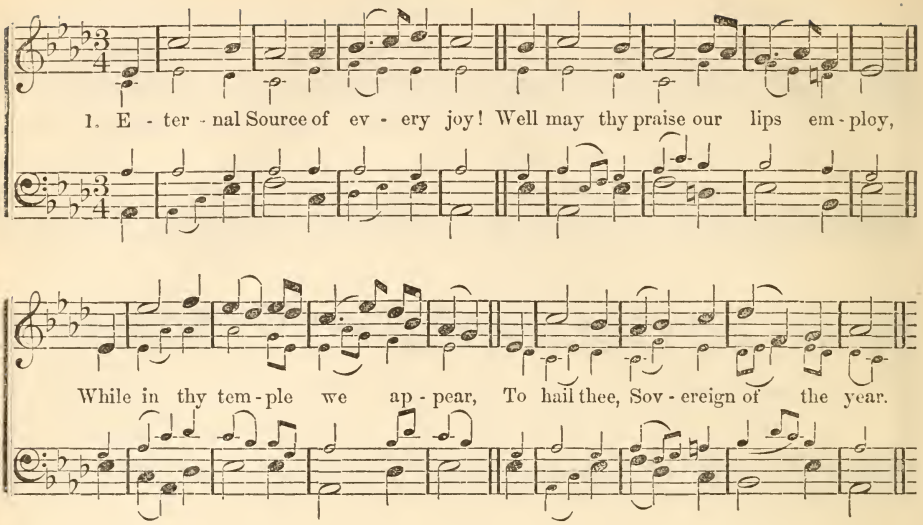
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Hymn 8. Seasons. L. M.


1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy! Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail thee, Sov - ereign of the year.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

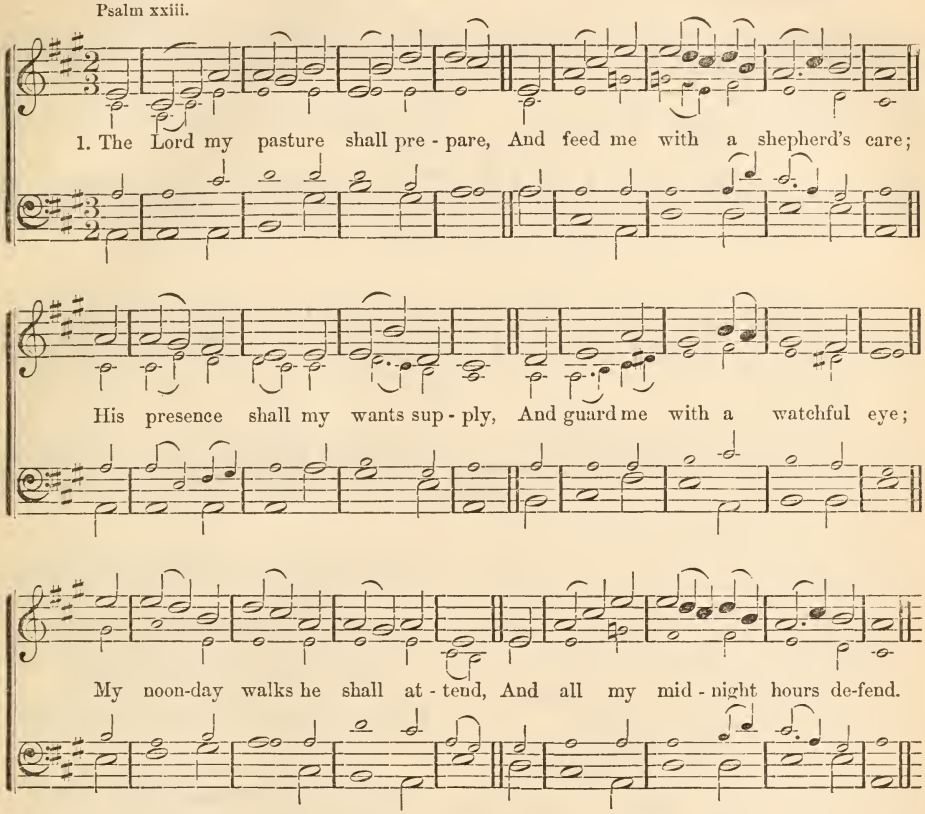
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Hymn 9. Brownell. II. 3. *For the Choir.*

Psalm xxiii.


1. The Lord my pasture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de-fend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Hymn 10. Geneva. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all thy mercies, O my God, &c.
When all thy mercies, O my God, &c.
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Trans-ported with the view, &c.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Hymn 11. Spanish Hymn. III. 1.

"*My times are in thy hand.*"—Psalm xxxi. 15.

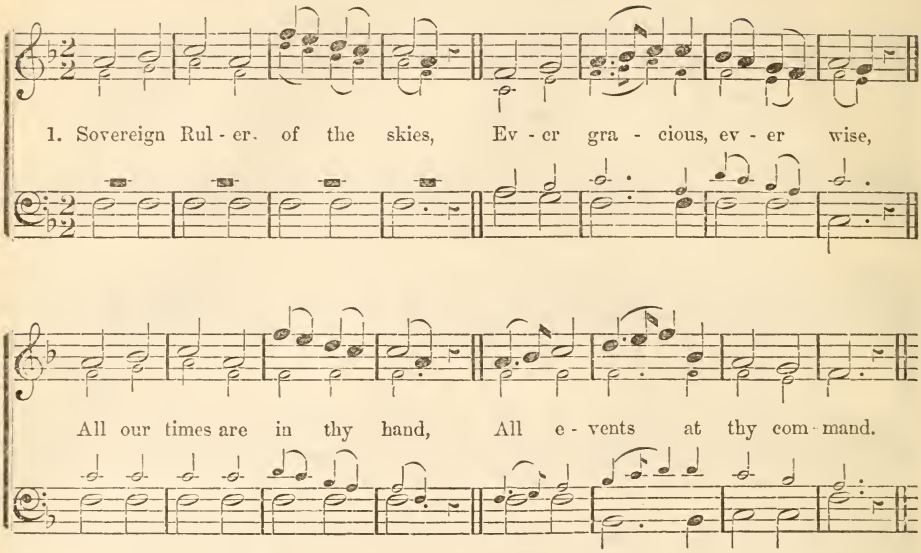
1. Sovereign Rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra - cious, ev - er wise;
All our times are in thy hand, All e - vents at thy com - mand.
2. He that formed us in the womb, He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ev - er be Or - dered by his wise de - cree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thine hand,
Still to thee surrendered stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own.

Hymn 11. Kozeluck. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

"*My times are in thy hand.*"—Psalm xxxi. 15.



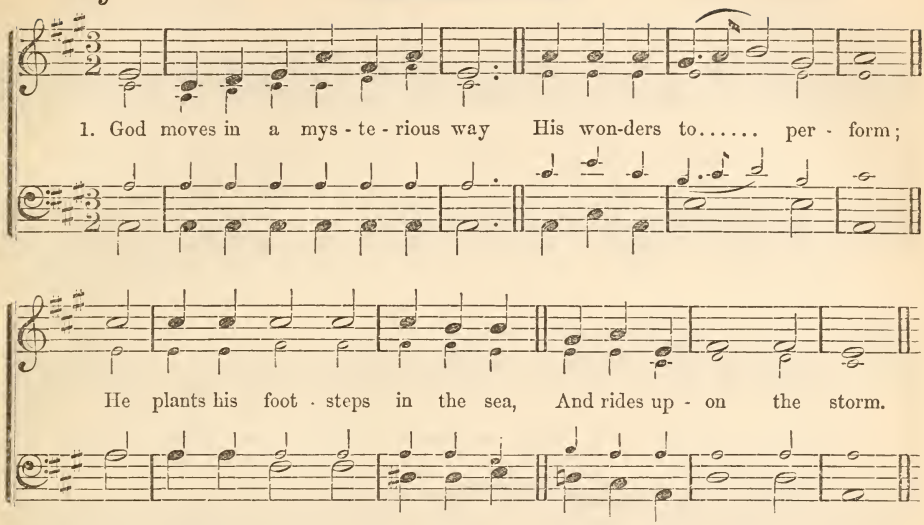
1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thine hand,
Still to thee surrendered stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own.

Hymn 12. Hermon. C. M.



1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowing providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Hymn 13. Shawmut. S. M.

Job ix. 2–6.

1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

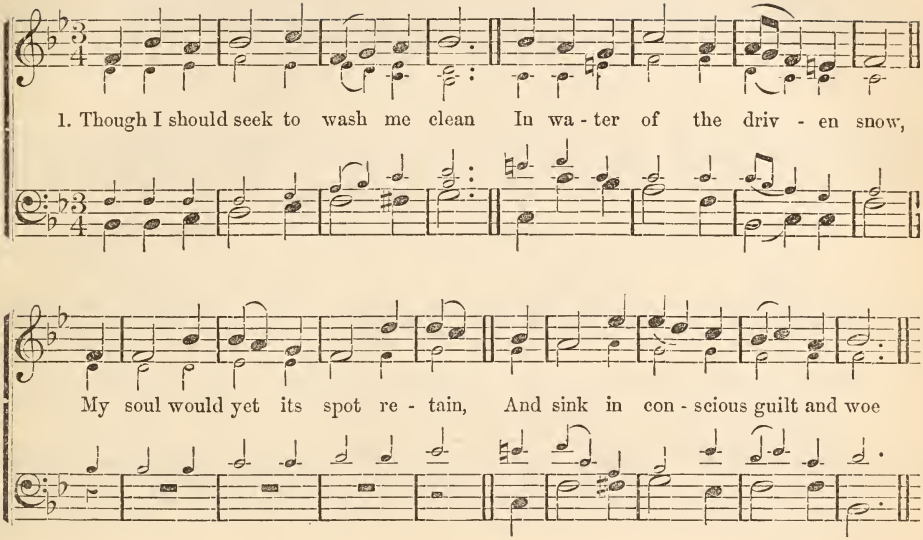
3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake:

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Hymn 14. Beethoven. L. M.

Job ix. 30–33.


1. Though I should seek to wash me clean In wa - ter of the driv - en snow,
My soul would yet its spot re - tain, And sink in con - scious guilt and woe

1 Though I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crowned!
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found!

Hymn 15. Salem. L. M.

1. All glo - rious God, what hymns of praise Shall our trans - port - ed voi - ces raise:
What ar - dent love and zeal are due, While heaven stands o - pen to our view.

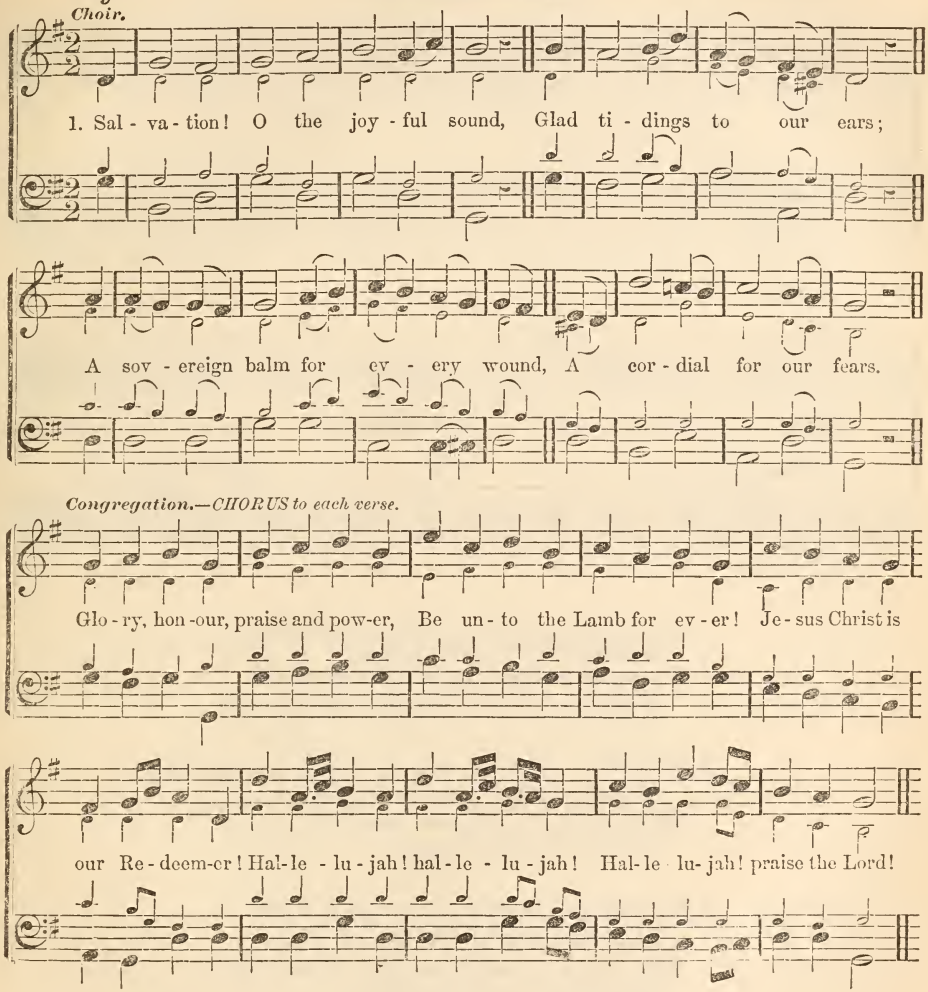
1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverished and undone.

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state.

Hymn 16. Ashley. C. M.

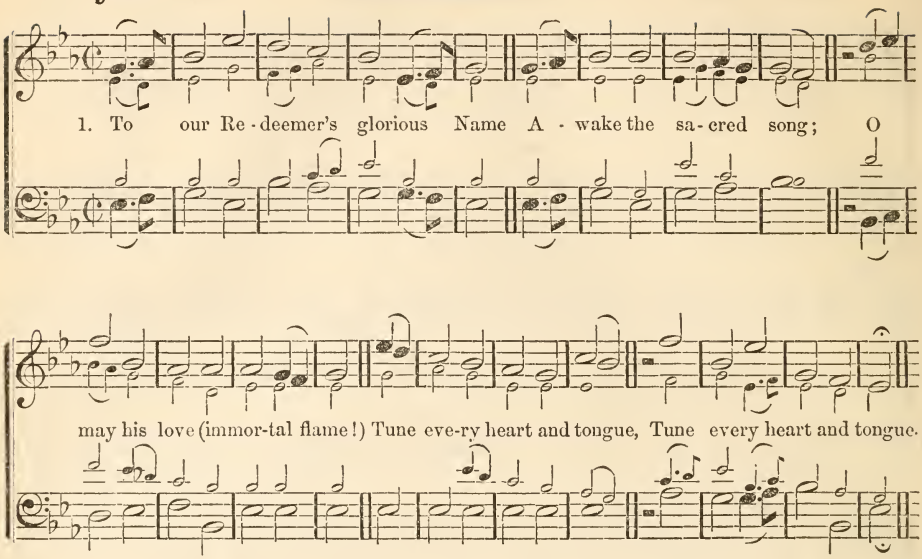

Choir.
1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound, Glad ti - dings to our ears;
A sov - ereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
Congregation.—CHORUS to each verse.
Glo - ry, hon - our, praise and pow-er, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er! Je - sus Christ is
our Re - deem-er! Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le lu- jah! praise the Lord!

Choir. 2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

Choir. 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Choir. 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

Hymn 17. Christmas. C. M.


1. To our Re-deemer's glorious Name A-wake the sa-cred song; O
may his love (immor-tal flame!) Tune eve-ry heart and tongue, Tune every heart and tongue.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

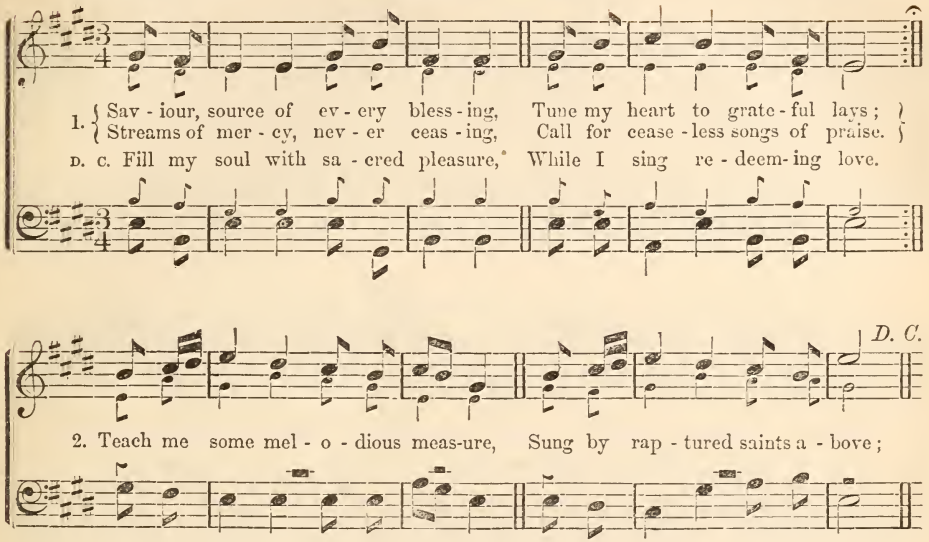
2 His love, what mortal thought can reach;
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Hymn 18. Nettleton. III. 3.


1. Sav - iour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.
D. C. Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.
D. C.
2. Teach me some mel - o - dious meas-ure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove;

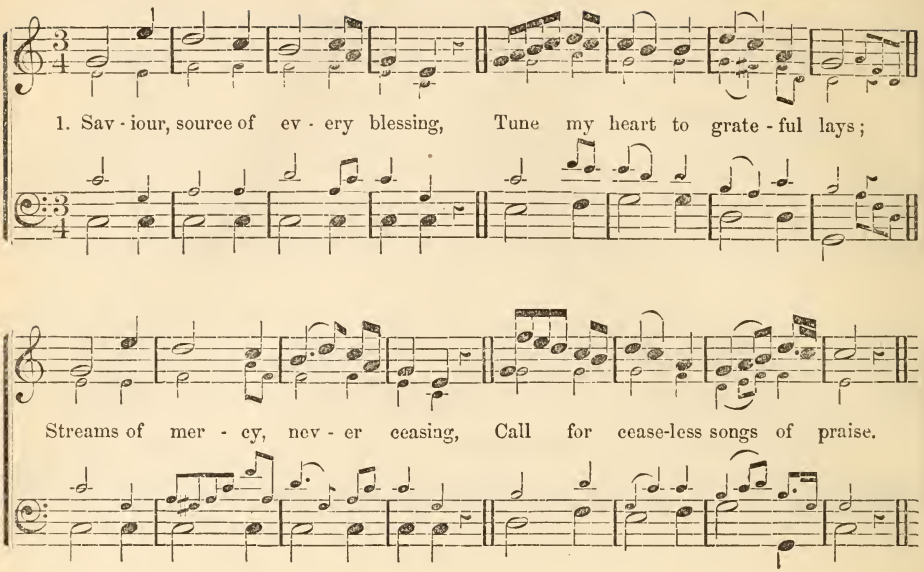
1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Hymn 18. Bexley. III. 3. *For the Choir.*


1. Sav - iour, source of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.

1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

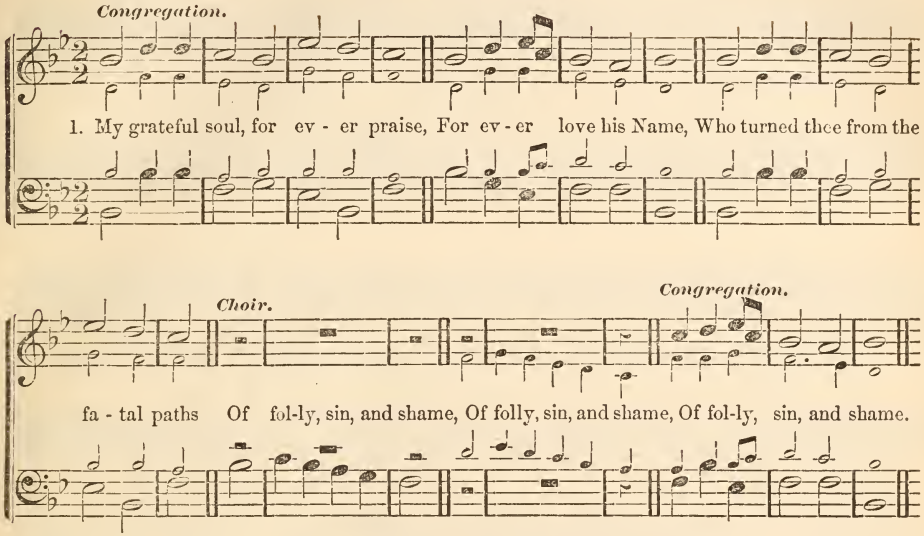
2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Hymn 19. Cambridge. C. M.

Titus iii. 4–7.


Congregation.
1. My grateful soul, for ev - er praise, For ev - er love his Name, Who turned thee from the
Choir.
Congregation.
fa - tal paths Of fol-ly, sin, and shame, Of folly, sin, and shame, Of fol-ly, sin, and shame.

1 My grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

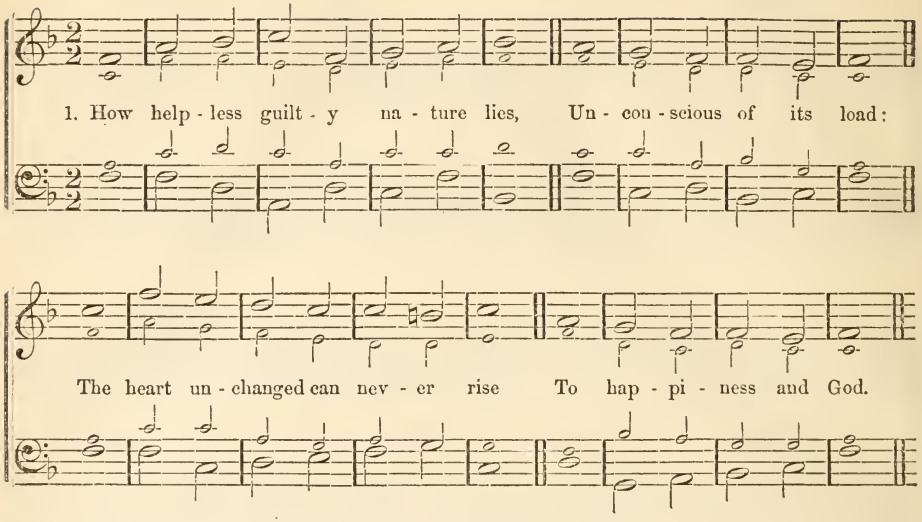
2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'T is from the love of God through Christ
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death
And washed us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

Hymn 20. Dundee. C. M.



1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load:
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Hymn 20. Bronson. C. M. *For the Choir.*

p
1. How help - less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - con - scious of its load;
The heart unchanged, can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.
2. The will per - verse, the pas - sions blind, In paths of ru - in stray:
p
Rea - son de - based can nev - er find The safe, the nar - row way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Hymn 21. Medfield. C. M.

1 Father, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move and live:
Our God is all in all.

Hymn 22. Nuremburg. III. 1.

1. Sing, my soul, his won - drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,
Ev - er watch - ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre swayed ;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below !

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name :
Let his glory be thy theme ;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

Hymn 23. Silver Street. S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Hymn 23. Gambier. S. M. *For the Choir.*

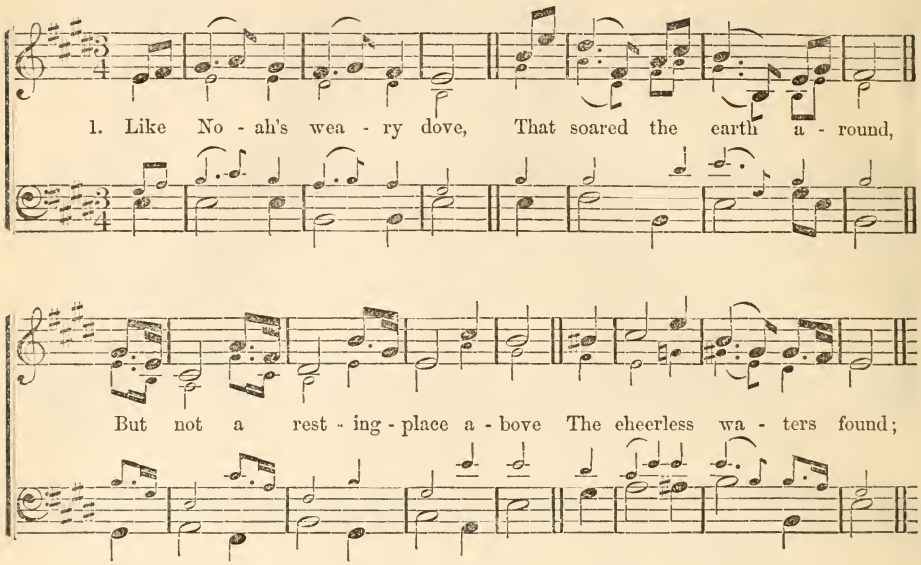
1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heaven with the
ech - o shall re - sound, Heaven with the
Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound,
ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And
And all the earth shall
all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.
hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Hymn 24. Adrian. S. M. *For the Choir.*



1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

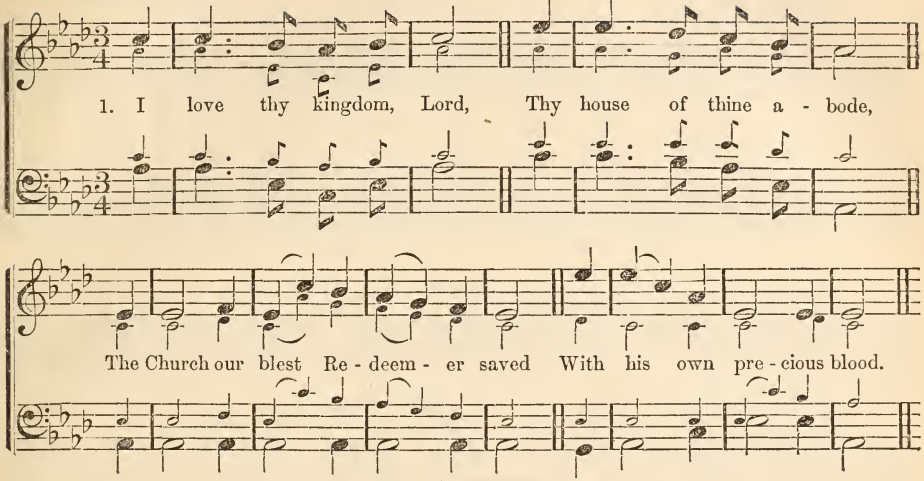
2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

Hymn 25. Leighton. S. M.



2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

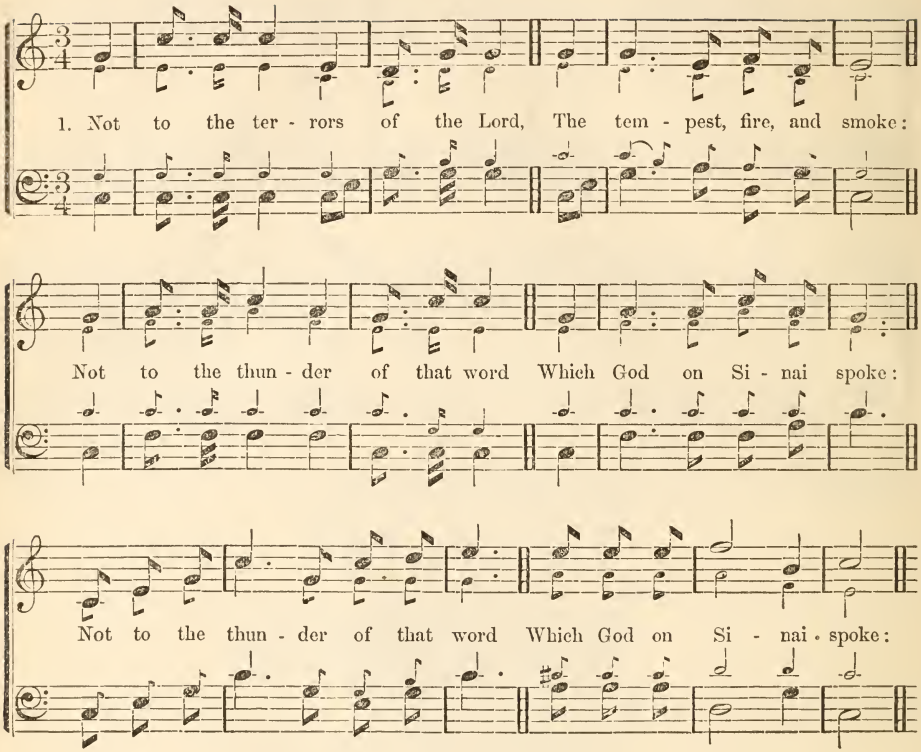
6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Hymn 26. Zerah. C. M.

Heb. xii. 18, 22-24.


1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke:
Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke:
Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven!

5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

Hymn 27. Boylston. S. M.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

Hymn 28.

Psalm cxxii.

Ariel. II. 1.

1. With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my will-ing soul a - way,
To dwell among the blest: For lo! my great Redeemer's power Un-folds the ev - er -
last-ing door And points me to his rest, And points me to his rest.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

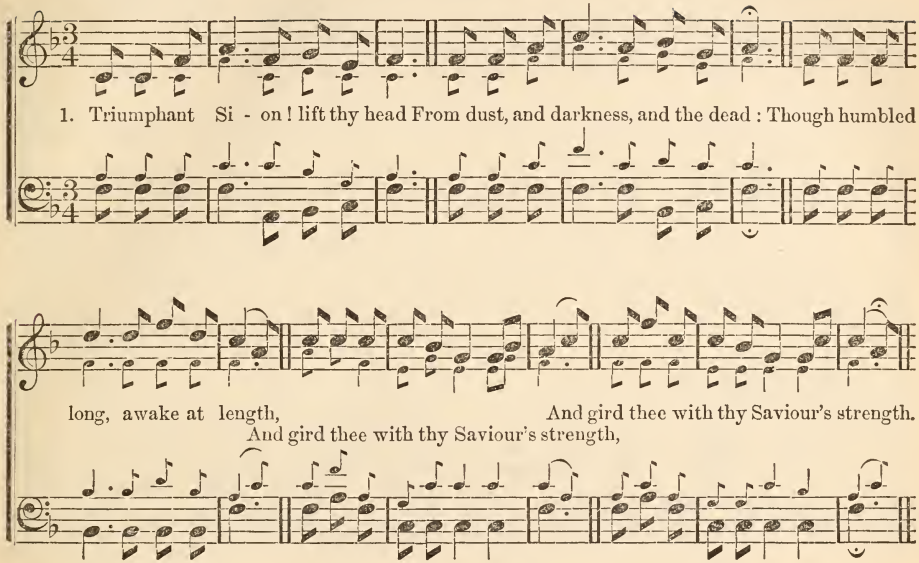
3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
Before th' Almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High on eternal base upreared,
For his eternal Son:
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crowned,
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.

Hymn 29. Anvern. L. M.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.


1. Triumphant Si - on ! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead : Though humbled
long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength,

1 Triumphant Sion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead :
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known :
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair :
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Hymn 29.

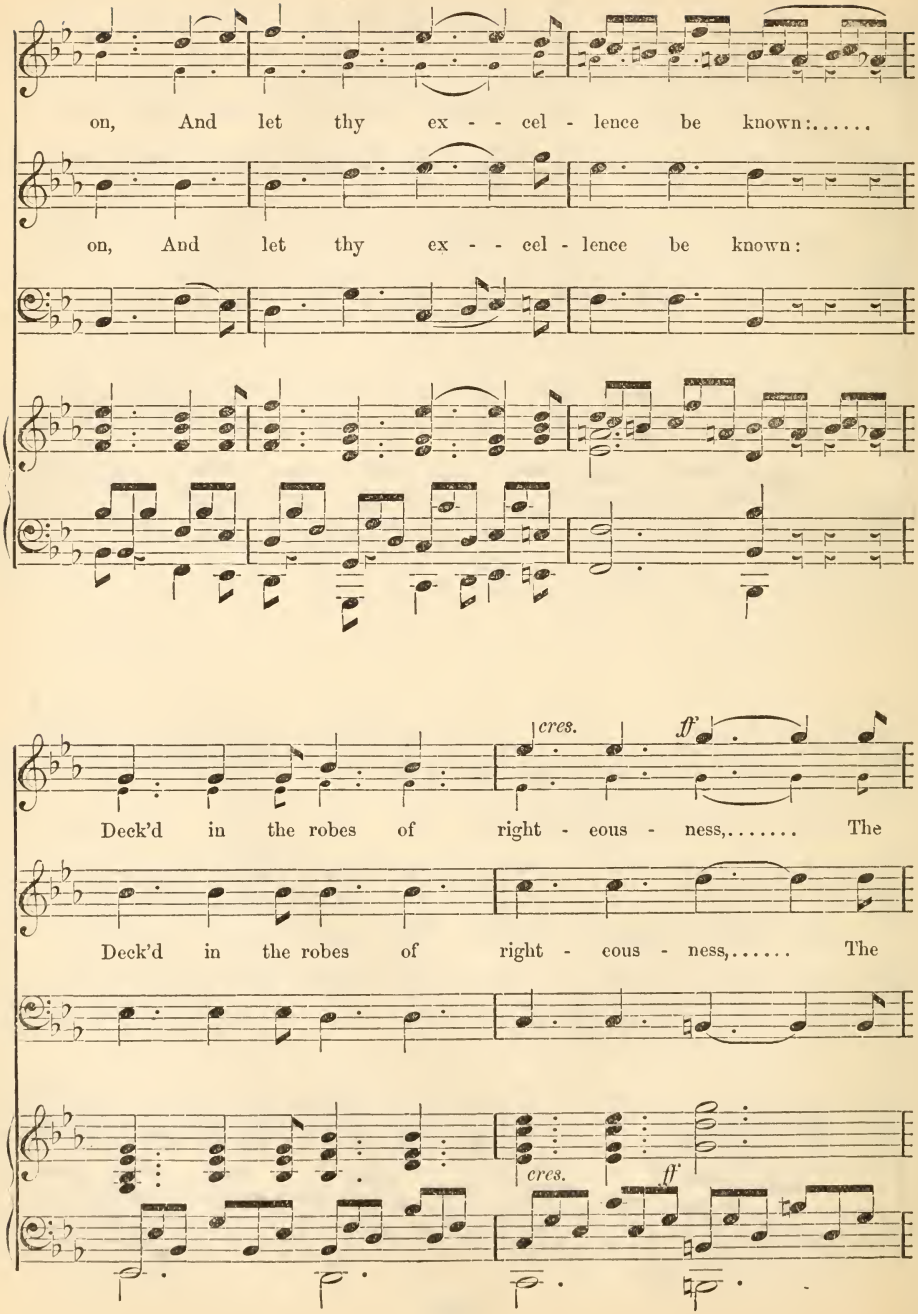
Rossini. L. M.

For the Choir.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

cres.
ff
1. Tri - umph - ant Si - on! lift thy head From
Tenor.
1. Tri - umph - ant Si - on! lift thy head From
Andante maestoso con moto.
cres.
ff
Ped. obligato.
p
dust,.... and dark - ness, and the dead: Though hum - bled
dust,.... and dark - ness, and the dead: Though hum - bled

cres.
ff
long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy
long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy
cres.
ff
Sav - iour's strength. 2. Put all thy beau - teous gar - ments
Sav - iour's strength. 2. Put all thy beau - teous gar - ments


on, And let thy ex - - cel - lence be known:.....
on, And let thy ex - - cel - lence be known:
cres.
ff
Deck'd in the robes of right - eous - ness,..... The
Deck'd in the robes of right - eous - ness,..... The
cres.
ff

1 Triumphant Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Hymn 30. Lenox. H. 4.

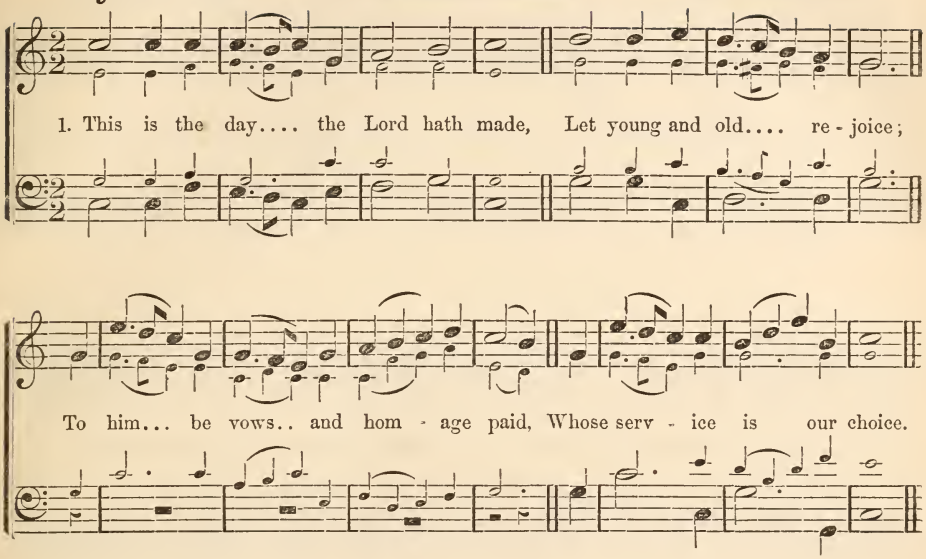
Congregation.
1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day; In loft - iest songs of
Choir.
Wel - come the day that God hath blest, The
praise Your joy-ful homage pay:
Wel -
Wel-come the day that
Wel - come the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e -
type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
come the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
ter - nal rest.

Cong. 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
Choir. And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

Cong. 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Choir. Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Cong. 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
Choir. This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

Hymn 31. Henry. C. M.



1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice;
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

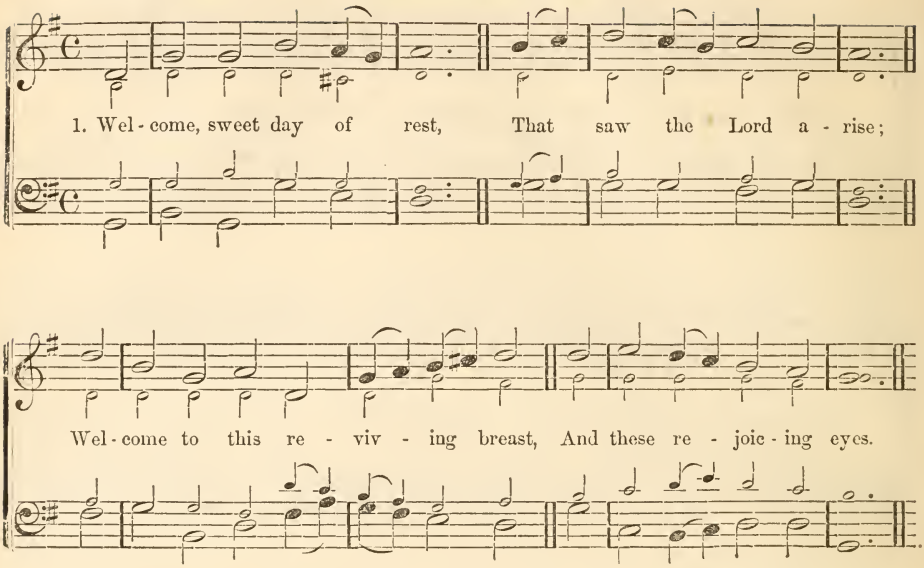
2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires;
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ, his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 't is done,
He bids them go in peace.

Hymn 32. St. Thomas. S. M.



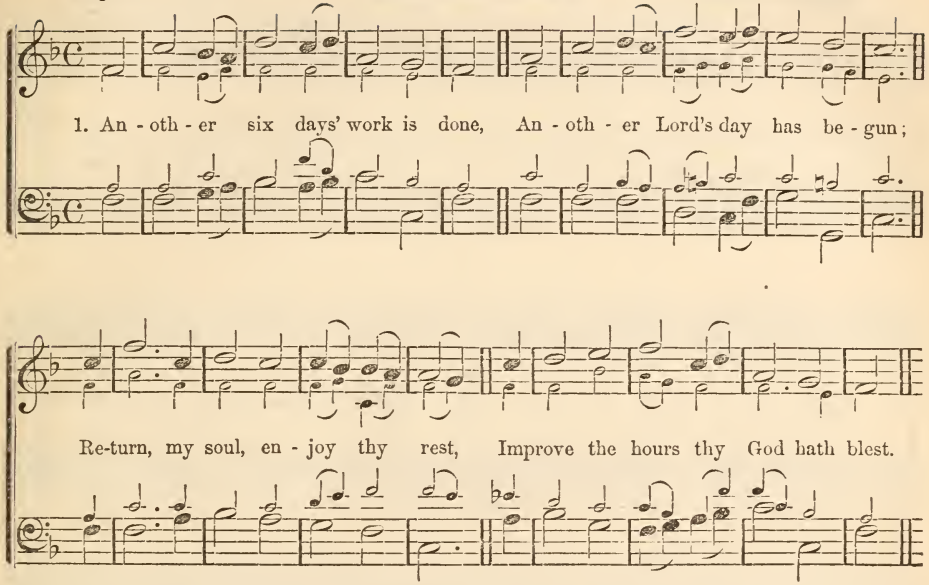
1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is called to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

Hymn 33. Alfreton. L. M. *For the Choir.*


1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;
Re-turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Hymn 34. Admah. II. 3.

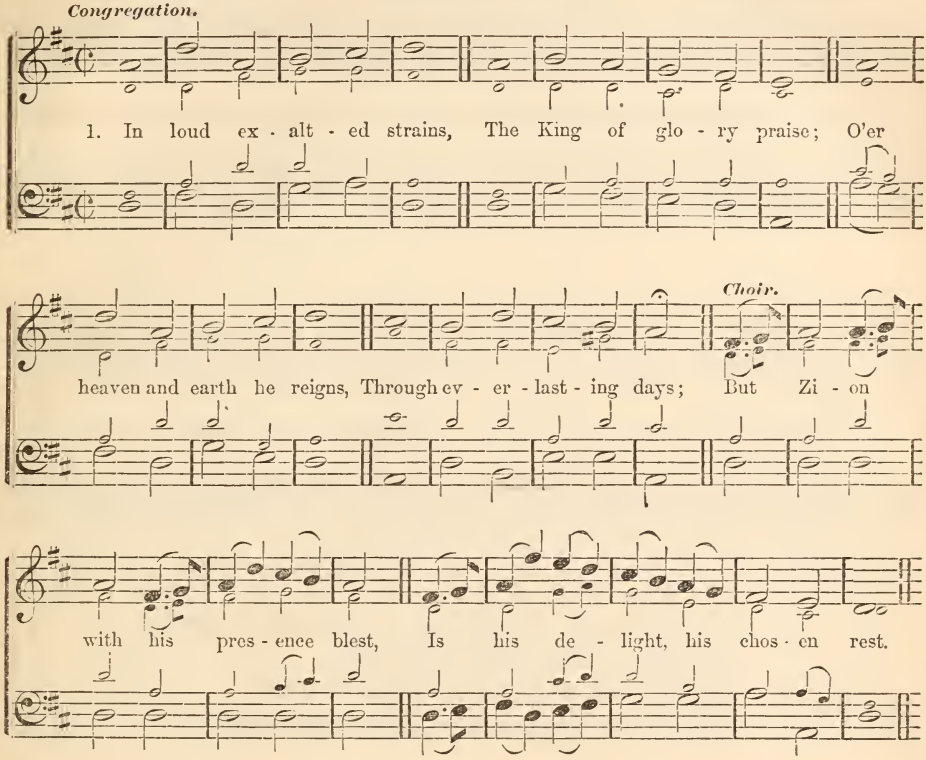
1. Great God, this sa - cred day of thine De - mands the soul's col - lect - ed powers;
Glad - ly we now to thee re - sign These sol - emn, con - se - crat - ed hours:
O may our souls a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more;
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

Hymn 35. Haddam. II. 4.

Congregation.

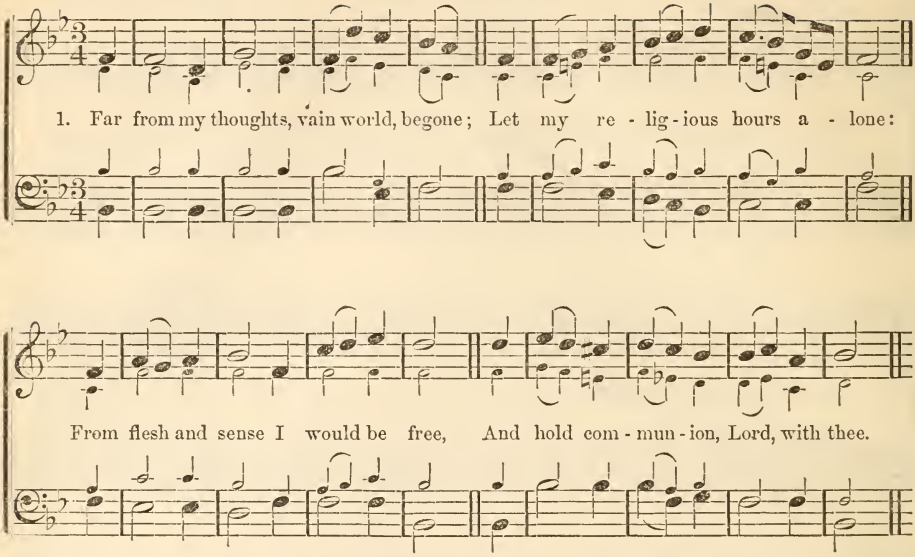

1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise; O'er
Choir.
heaven and earth he reigns, Through ev - er - last - ing days; But Zi - on
with his pres - ence blest, Is his de - light, his chos - en rest.

2 O King of Glory, come ;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own ;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies ;
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Hymn 36. Paran. L. M.


1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone:
From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com - mun - ion, Lord, with thee.

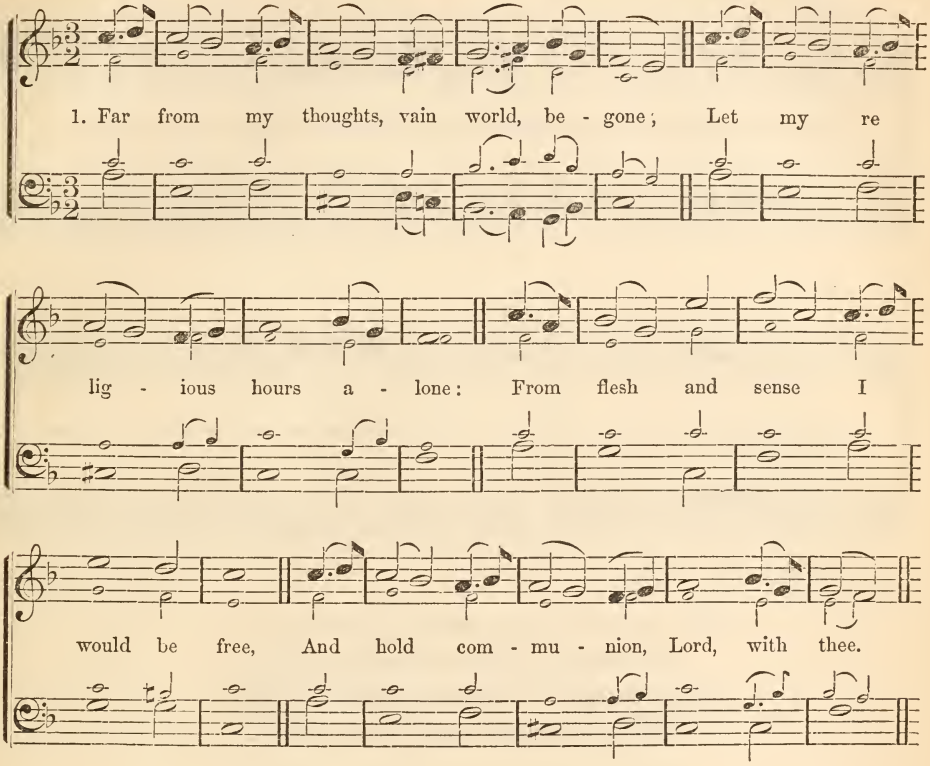
1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Hymn 36. Communion. L. M. *For the Choir.*


1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be - gone; Let my re
lig - ious hours a - lone: From flesh and sense I
would be free, And hold com - mu - nion, Lord, with thee.

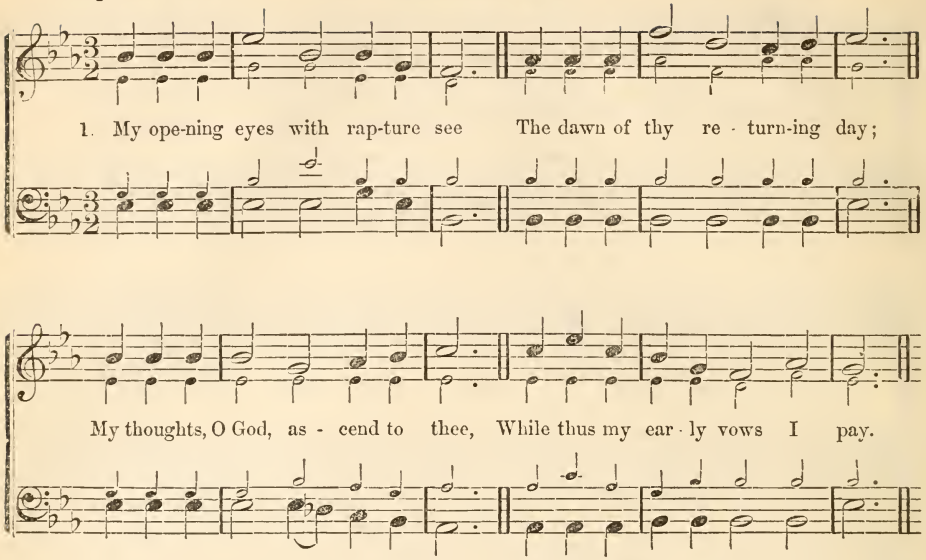
1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone :
Let my religious hours alone ;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land ;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Hymn 37. Rest. L. M.


1. My ope-ning eyes with rap-ture see The dawn of thy re - turn-ing day;
My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.

1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

Hymn 38. Herold. III. 1.

1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

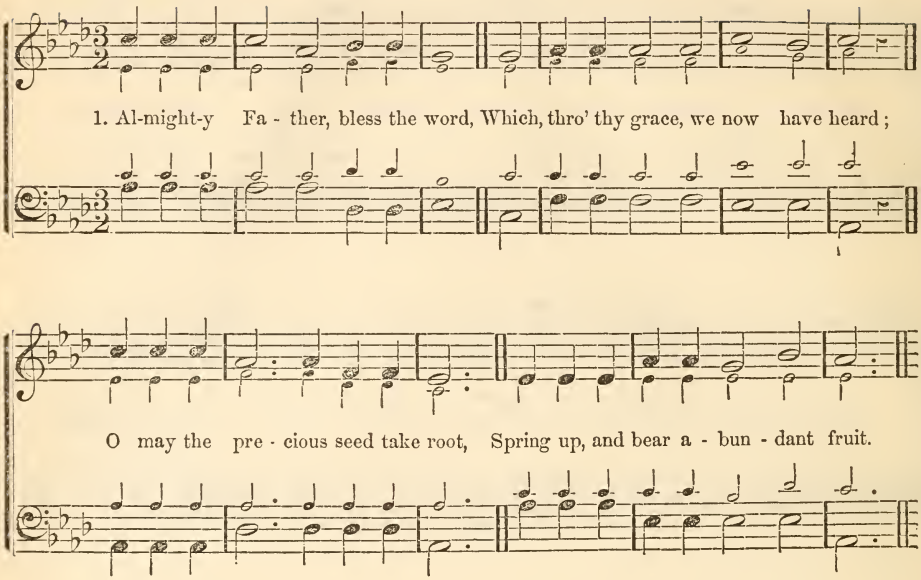
2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

Hymn 39. Missionary Chant. L. M.

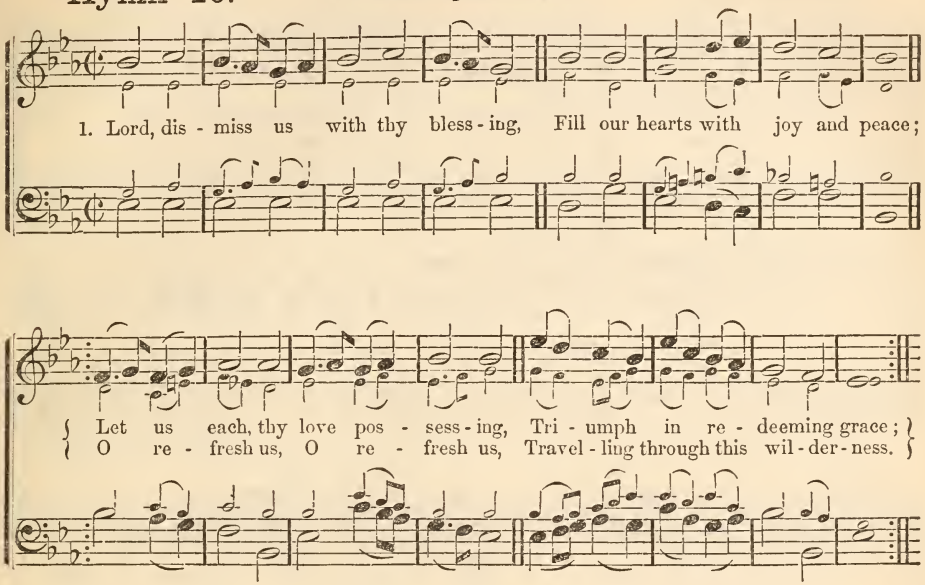

1. Al-might-y Fa - ther, bless the word, Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the pre - cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun - dant fruit.

1 Almighty Father, bless the word,
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Hymn 40. Sicilian Hymn. III. 5.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deeming grace;
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travel - ling through this wil - der - ness.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

Hymn 41. Antioch. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long: Let
ev - ery heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song, And
And ev - ery voice a
ev - ery voice a song, And ev - ery, ev - ery voice a song.
song, And ev - ery voice a song, And, &c.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

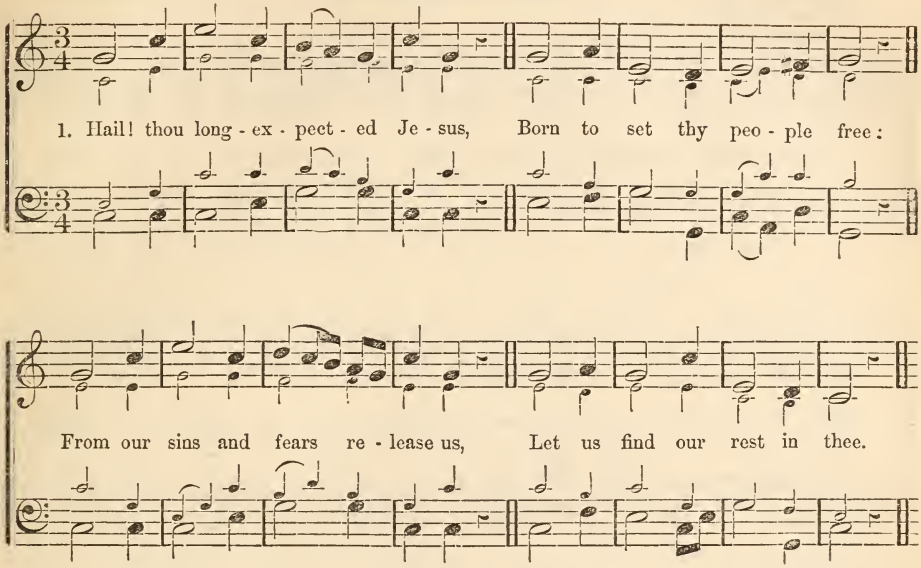
3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

Hymn 42. Rathbun. III. 3.



1 Hail! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

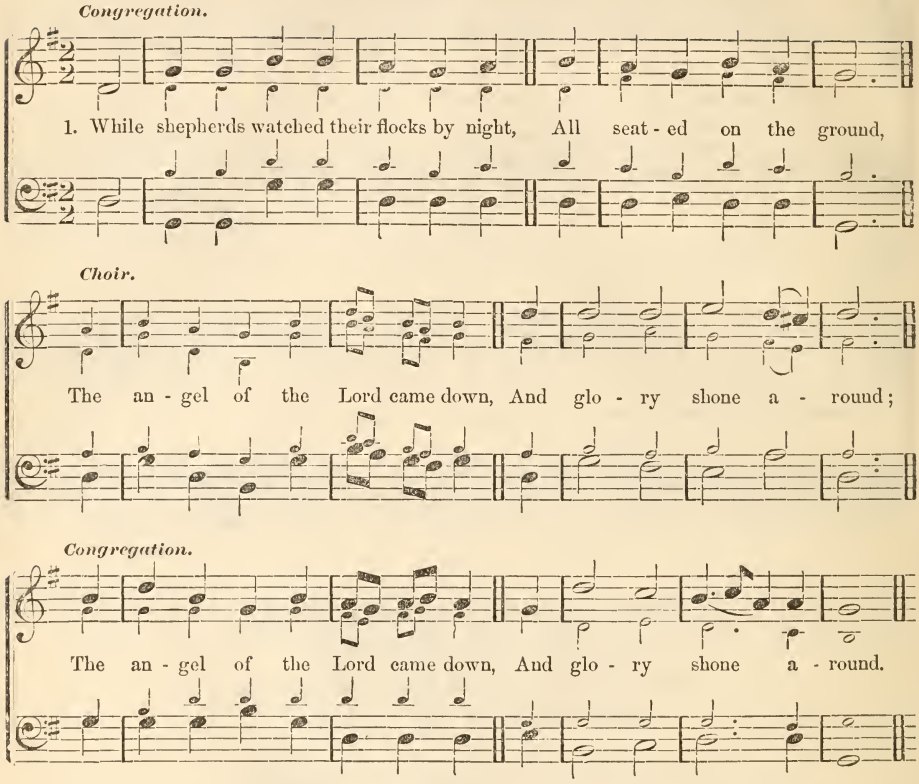
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Hymn 43. Coronation. C. M.

Luke ii. 8–15.


Congregation.
1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
Choir.
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round;
Congregation.
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Hymn 44. Athens. C. M.

1. While an - gels thus, O Lord, re - joice, Shall men no an - them raise?
O may we lose these use - less tongues, When we for - get to praise.
2. Then let us swell re - spon - sive notes, And join the heavenly throng;
For an - gels no such love have known, As we, to wake their song.

3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven.

4 Mercy and truth with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed;

6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

Hymn 45. Emanuel. III. 1.

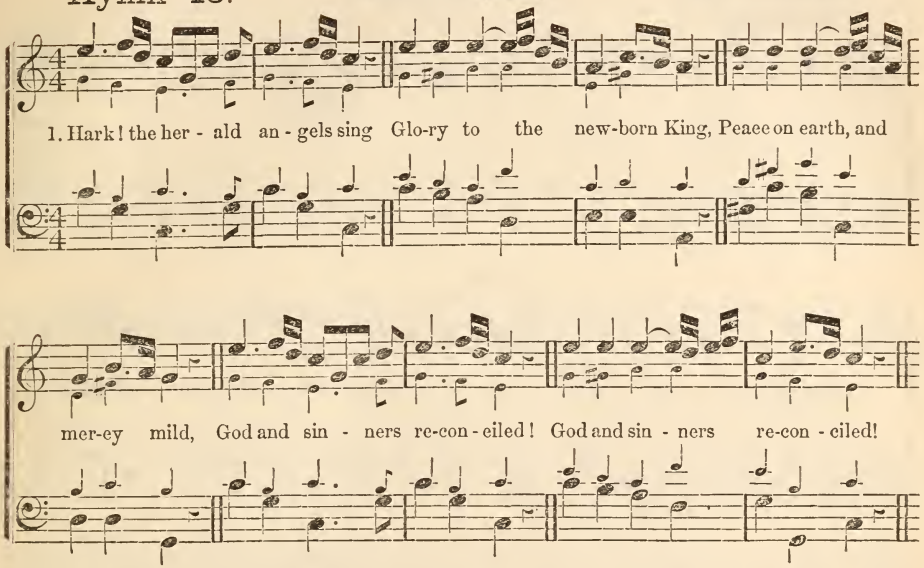
1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. 2. Joy-ful all ye na-tions rise,
Join the tri-umphs of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in
Beth-le-hem; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!
Org. Ped.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see:
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell;
Jesus, now Emanuel.

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings;
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Hymn 45. Mozart. III. 1. *For the Choir.*


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and
mer-ey mild, God and sin - ners re-con - ciled! God and sin - ners re-con - ciled!

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb!

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emmanuel!

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings;
Hail the Sun of righteousness,
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace.

Hymn 46. Avison. P. M.

Congregation.
Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;.... Je - ru - sa - lem
Choir.
triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King! 1. Si - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing,
The Son of the High-est, how low-ly his birth! The brightest arch-an - gel in
glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on earth!
Congregation.
Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;.... Je - ru - sa - lem

Final Chorus.

Cong. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Choir. 1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth!

Cong. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Choir. 2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.

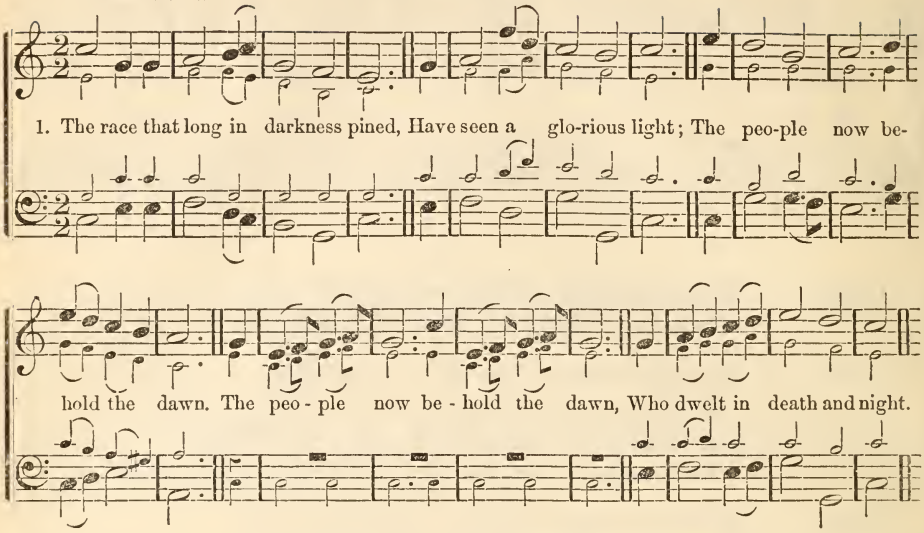
Cong. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Choir. 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Cong. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Hymn 47. Lanesborough. C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2–7.


1. The race that long in darkness pined, Have seen a glo-rious light; The peo-ple now be-
hold the dawn. The peo - ple now be - hold the dawn, Who dwelt in death and night.

1 The race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come;
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

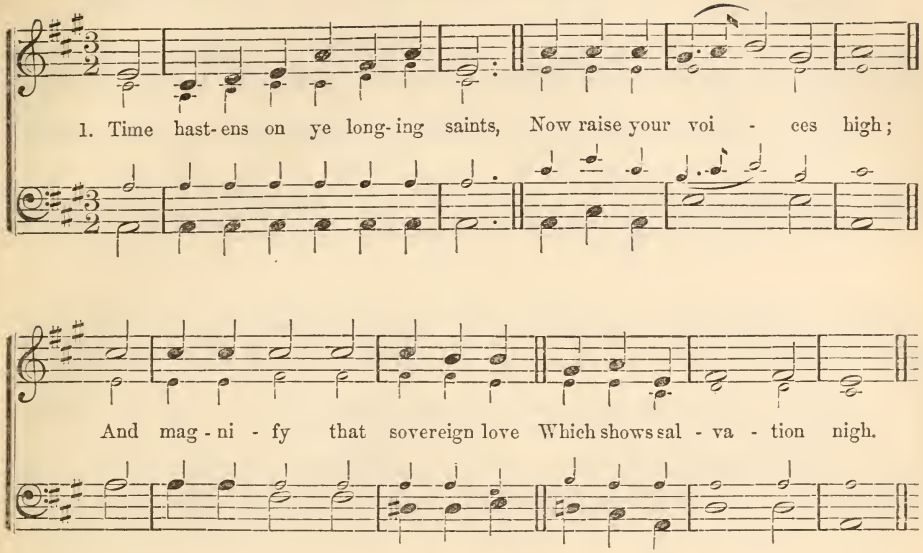
3 For thou our burden hast removed;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor
The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

Hymn 48. Hermon. C. M.


1. Time hast-ens on ye long-ing saints, Now raise your voi - ces high;
And mag-ni - fy that sovereign love Which shows sal - va - tion nigh.

1 TIME hastens on: ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

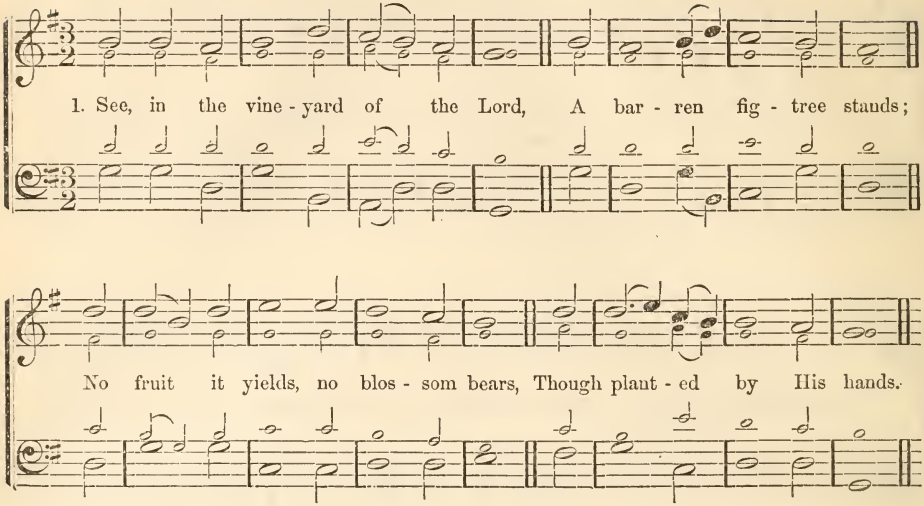
2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.

J.

Hymn 49. Alexandria. C. M.

St. Luke xiii. 6–9.



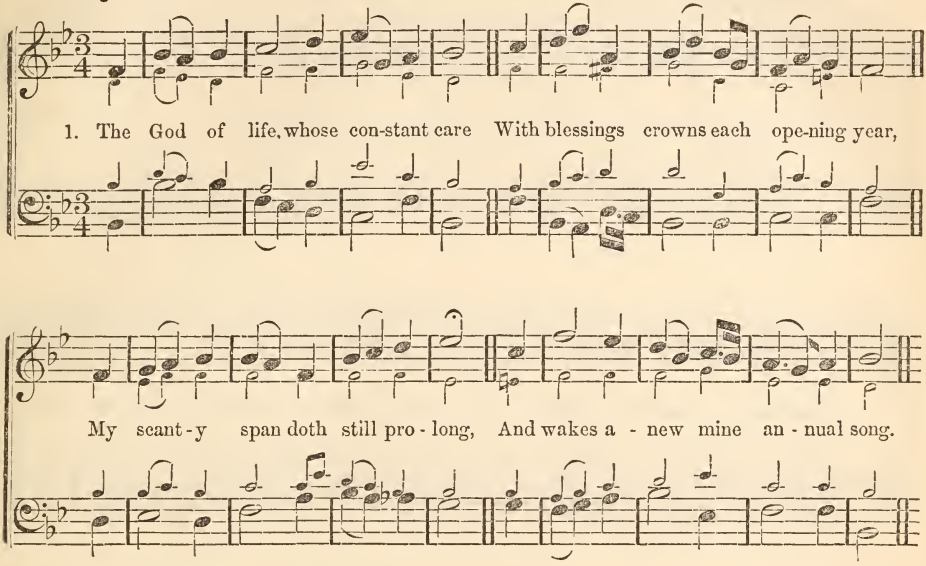
1 See, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by His hands.

2 From year to year the tree He views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "Cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads;
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear:

4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more: destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

Hymn 50. Madrid. L. M.


1. The God of life, whose con-stant care With blessings crowns each ope-ning year,
My scant-y span doth still pro-long, And wakes a-new mine an-nual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!

3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death?"

4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'T is thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

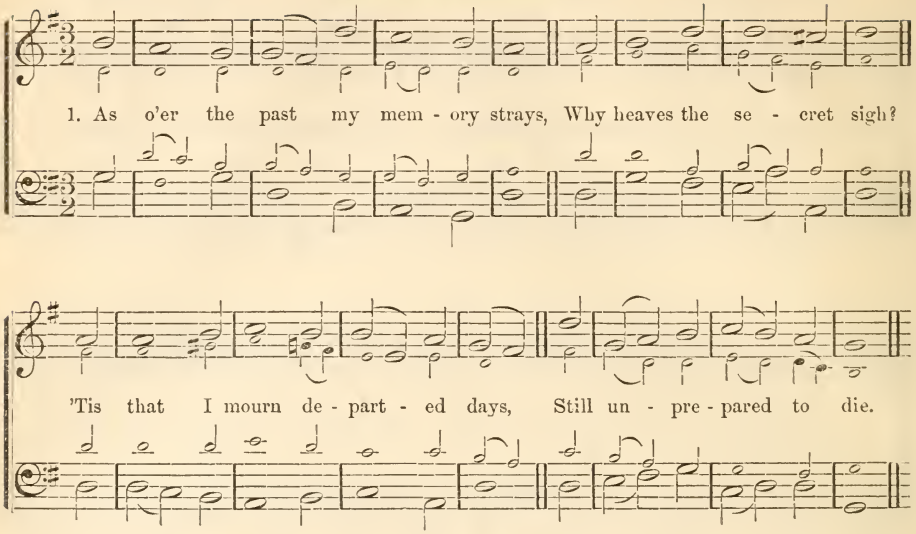
6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O long-expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

Hymn 51. Northampton. C. M.



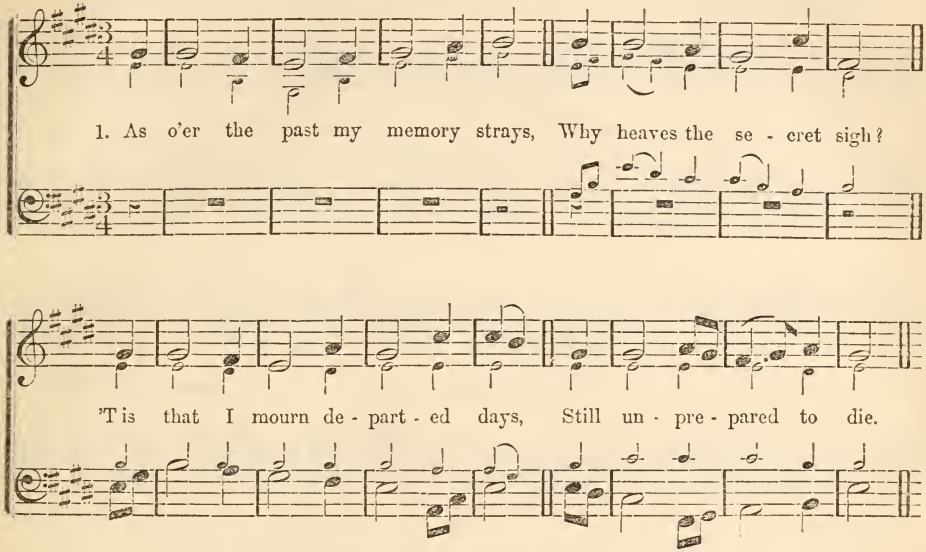
1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair,
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

Hymn 51. Meditation. C. M. *For the Choir.*



1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

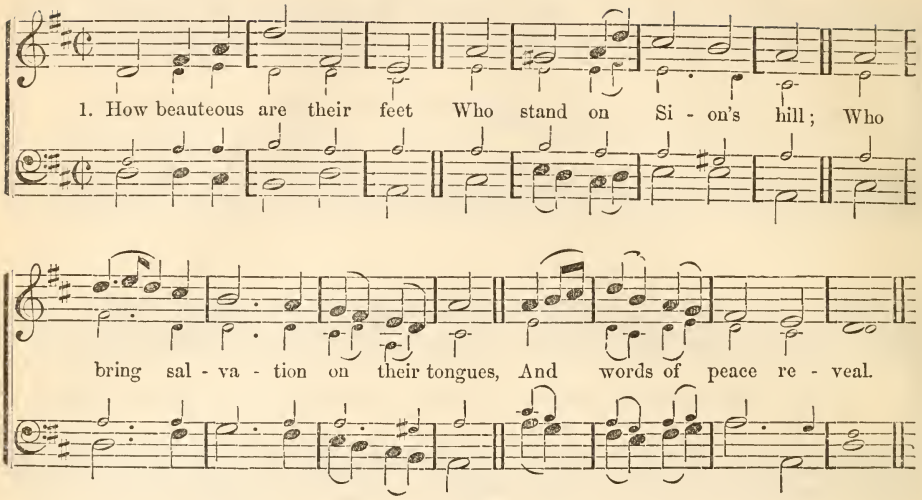
2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed:
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

Hymn 52. Watchman. S. M.

Isaiah lii. 7–10.



1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are:
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

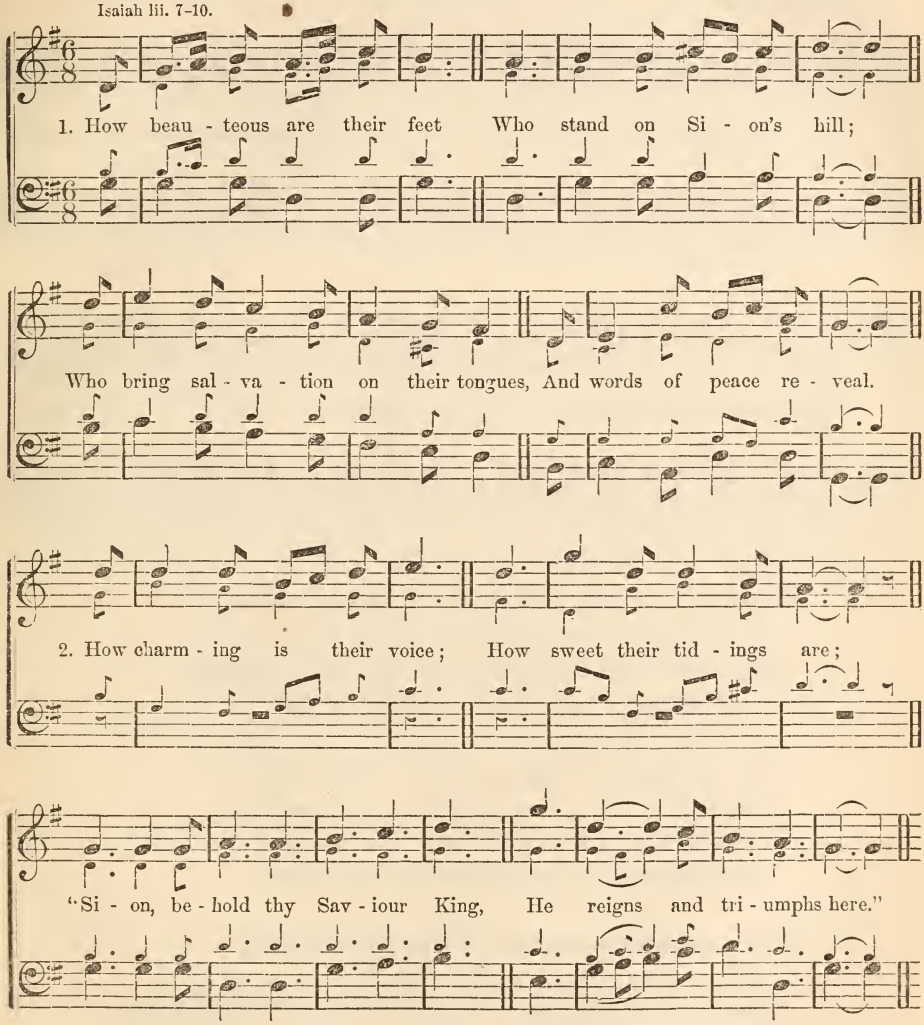
4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Hymn 52. Budington. S. M. *For the Choir.*

Isaiah lii. 7-10.


1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Si - on's hill;
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
2. How charm - ing is their voice; How sweet their tid - ings are;
"Si - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King, He reigns and tri - umphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

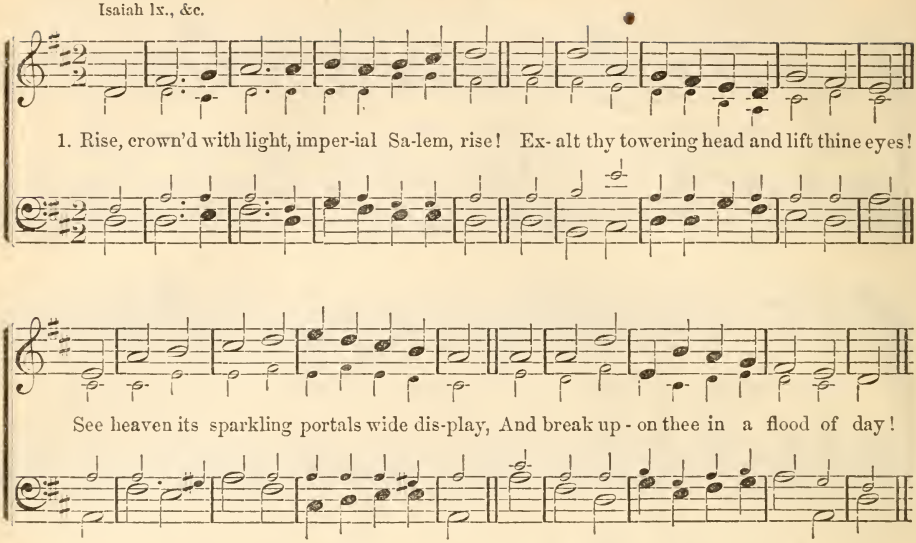
4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Hymn 53. Truro. II. 5.

Isaiah lx., &c.


1. Rise, crown'd with light, imper-ial Sa-lem, rise! Ex- alt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day!

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

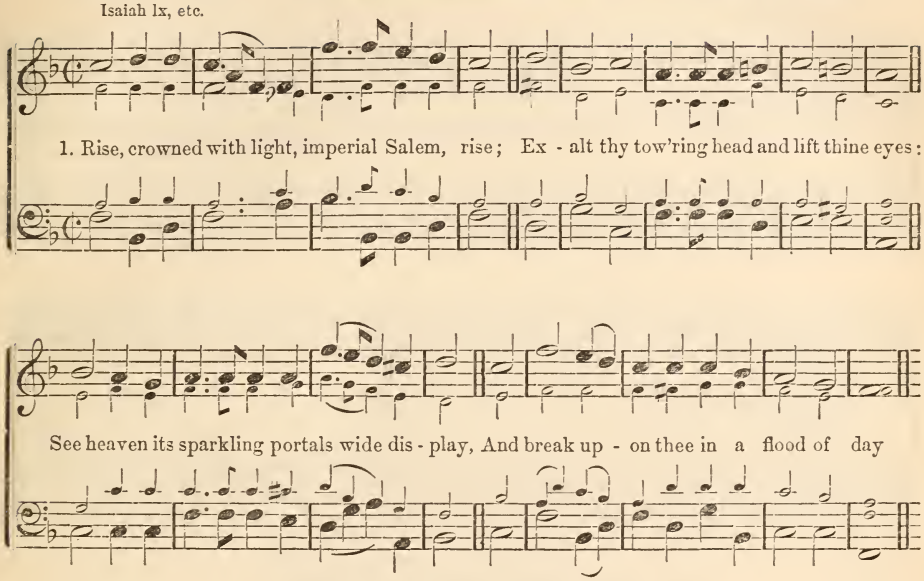
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Hymn 53. Russian Hymn. II. 5. *For the Choir.*

Isaiah lx, etc.


1. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise; Ex - alt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day

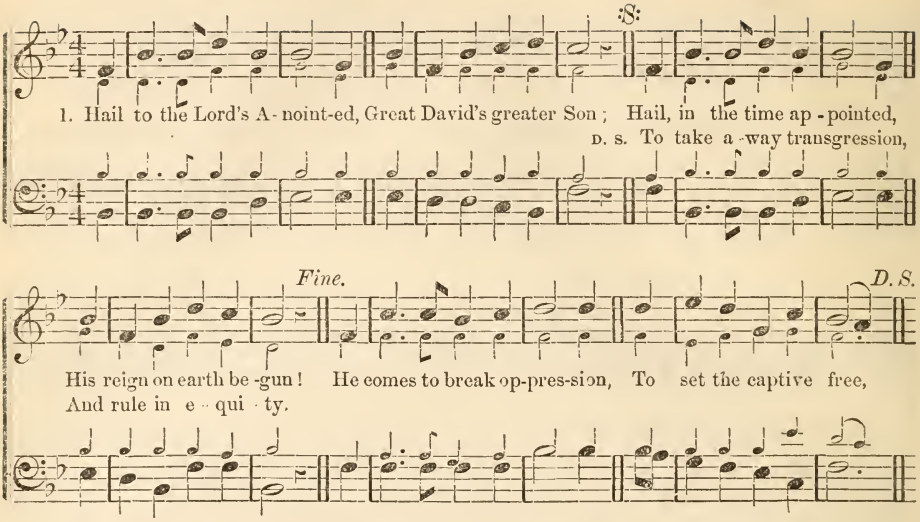
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Hymn 54. Montgomery. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.


1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed, Great David's greater Son; Hail, in the time ap - pointed,
D. S. To take a - way transgression,
Fine.
D. S.
His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the captive free,
And rule in e - qui - ty.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom, still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

Hymn 55. Appleton. C. M.

Isaiah ii. 2-5.

1 O'ER mountain-tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

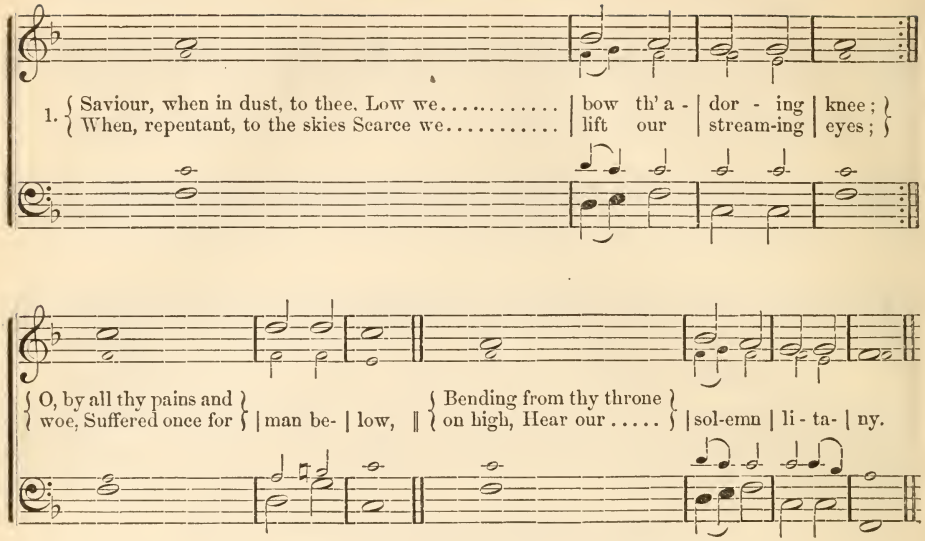
3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

Hymn 56. Litany. III. 1.


1. Saviour, when in dust, to thee, Low we..... | bow th' a- | dor - ing | knee;
When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we..... | lift our | stream-ing | eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe, Suffered once for | man be- | low,
Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our ..... | sol-emn | li - ta- | ny.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy | human | griefs and | fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the | lonely | wilder- | ness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle | tempter's | power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our | solemn | lita- | ny.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine | ago- | ny of | prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy | wounds, thy | crown of | thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect | sacri- | fice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our | solemn | lita- | ny.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the | sealed se- | pulchral | stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy | power from | death to | save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in | heaven re- | stored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our | solemn | lita- | ny.

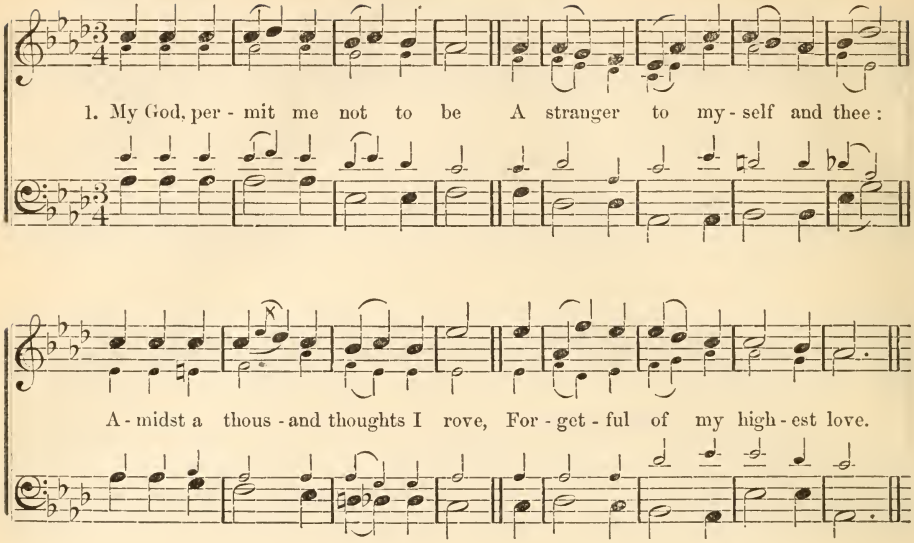
Hymn 57. Supplication. L. M.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Hymn 57. Clare. L. M. *For the Choir.*

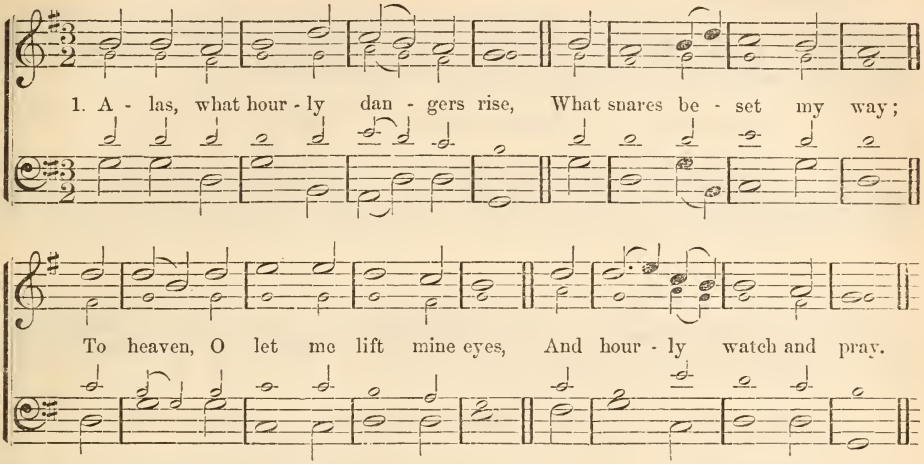


1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Hymn 58. Alexandria. C. M.



1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah, how vain,
How strong my foes and fears.

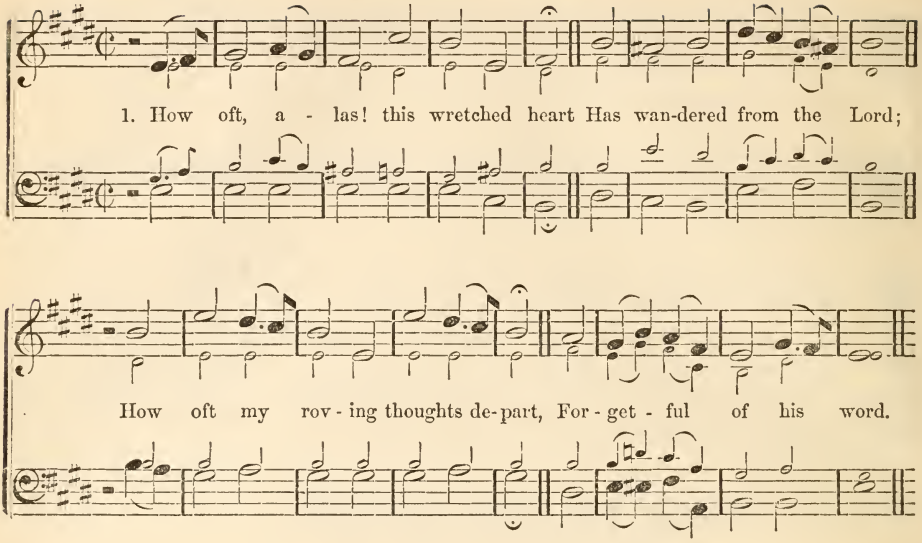
3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Hymn 59. Burlington. C. M.



1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord:
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

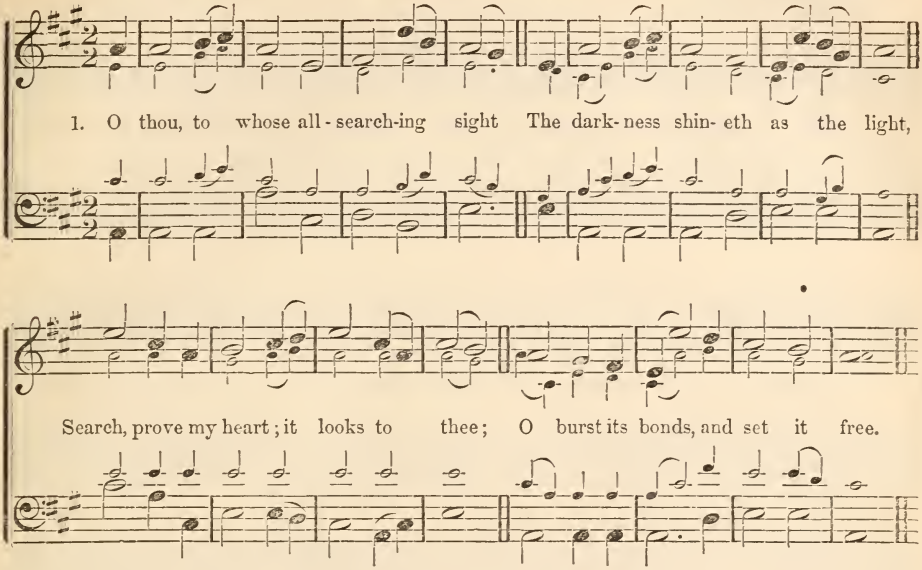
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine;
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Hymn 60. Wimborne. L. M.


1. O thou, to whose all-search-ing sight The dark-ness shin-eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee; O burst its bonds, and set it free.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee;
O burst its bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

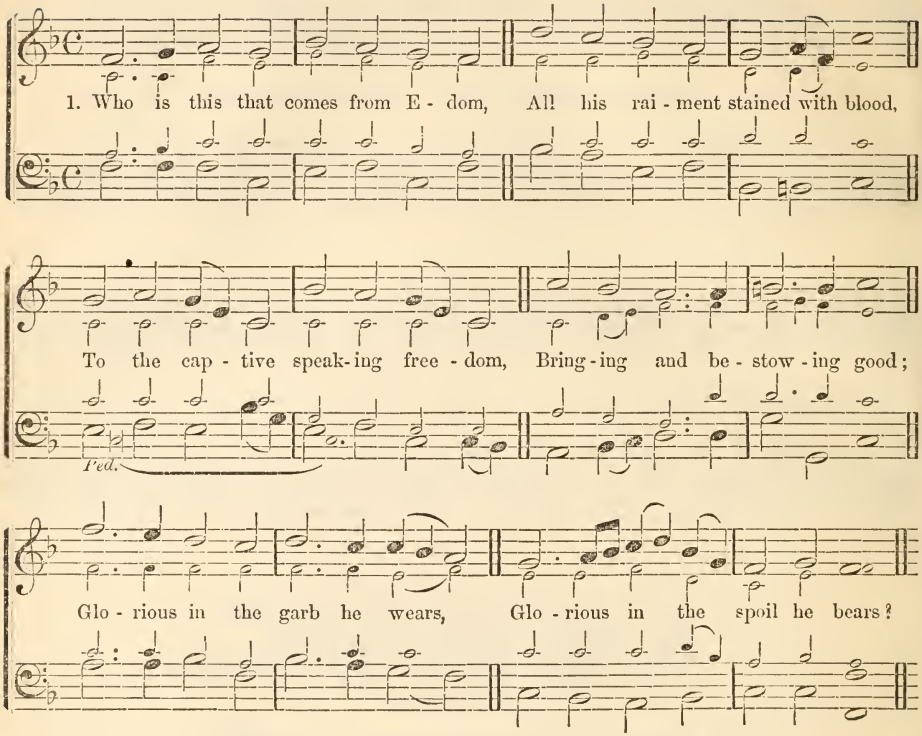
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy will.

Hymn 61. Haydn. III. 4.

Isaiah lxiii : 1–4.


1. Who is this that comes from E - dom, All his rai - ment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speak-ing free - dom, Bring-ing and be - stow - ing good;
Ped.
Glo - rious in the garb he wears, Glo - rious in the spoil he bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'T is the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

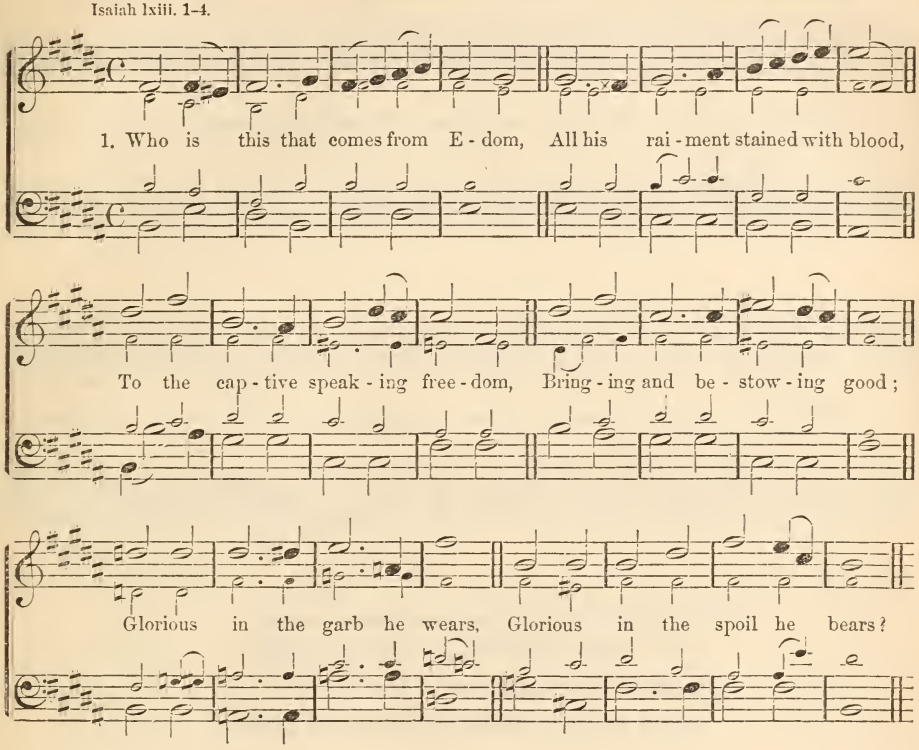
3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'T is the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain;
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

Hymn 61.

Frazier. III. 4. *For the Choir.*

Isaiah lxiii. 1–4.

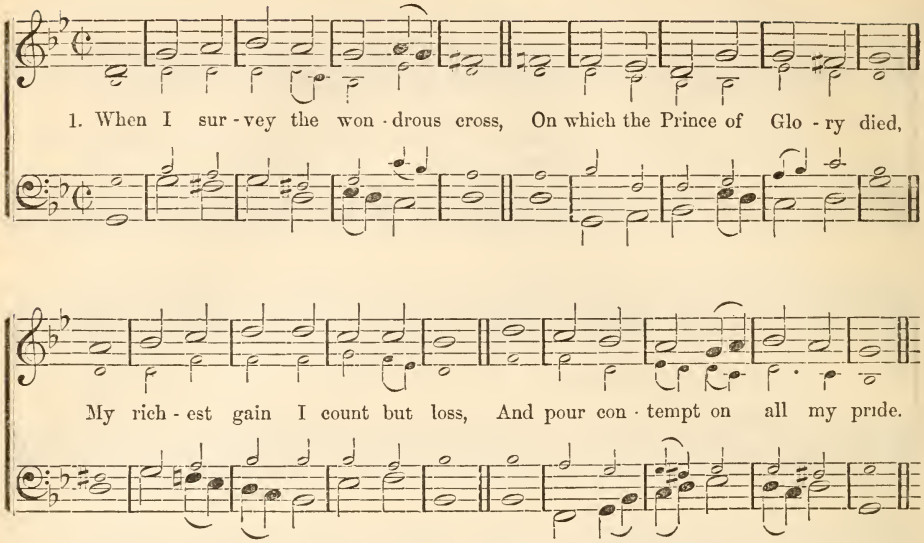

1. Who is this that comes from E - dom, All his rai - ment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears, Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes!

Hymn 62. Bremen. L. M.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

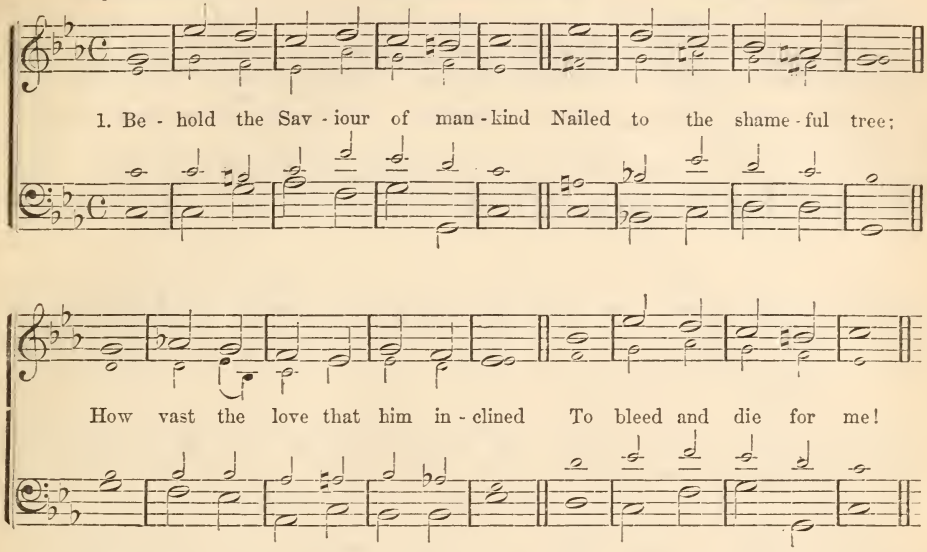
1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Hymn 63. Antwerp. C. M. *For the Choir.*



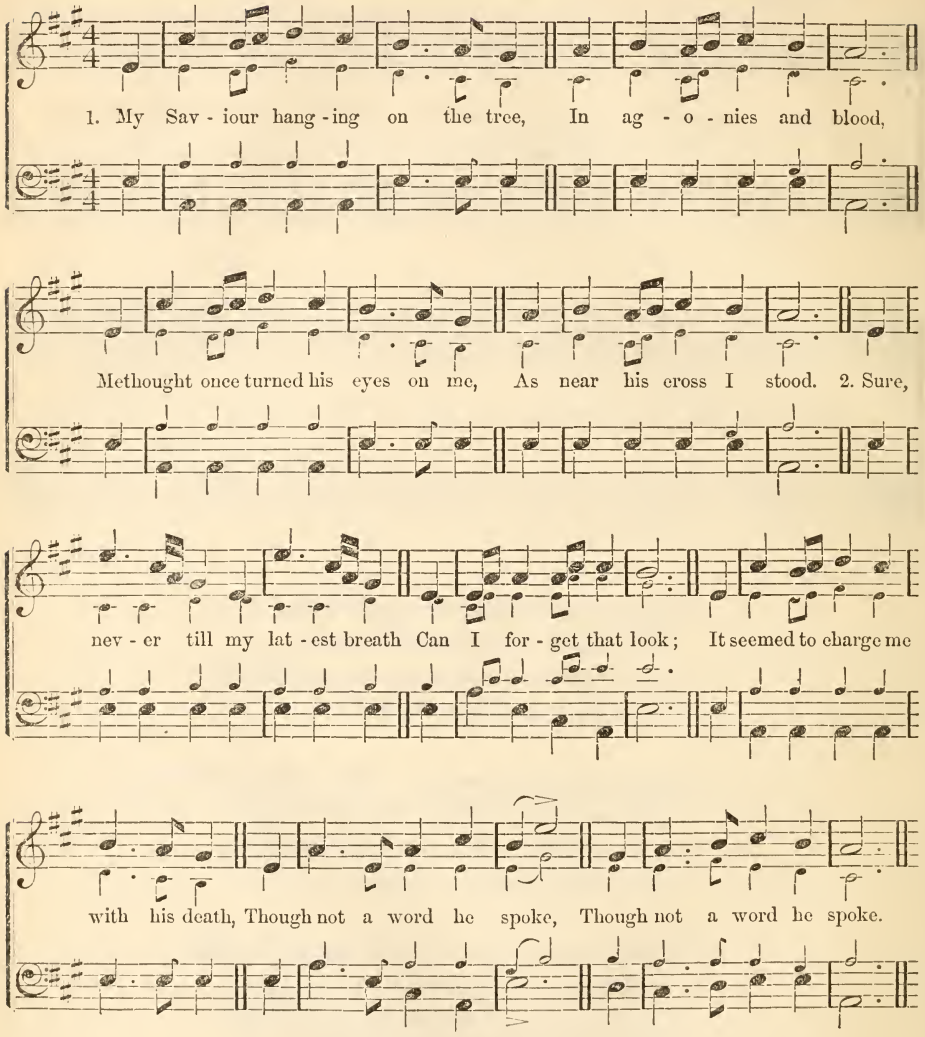
1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

Hymn 64. Iddo. C. M. *For the Choir.*


1. My Sav - iour hang - ing on the tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
Methought once turned his eyes on me, As near his cross I stood. 2. Sure,
nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look; It seemed to charge me
with his death, Though not a word he spoke, Though not a word he spoke.

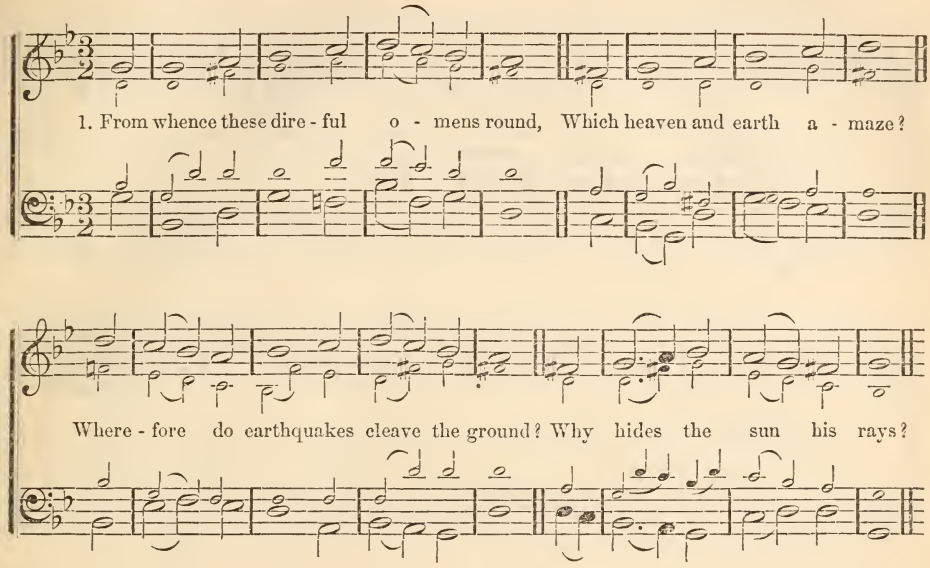
3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue—
Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon too.

Hymn 65. Burford. C. M.


1. From whence these dire - ful o - mens round, Which heaven and earth a - maze?
Where - fore do earthquakes cleave the ground? Why hides the sun his rays?

1 From whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize;
The sun as darkest night be black:
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

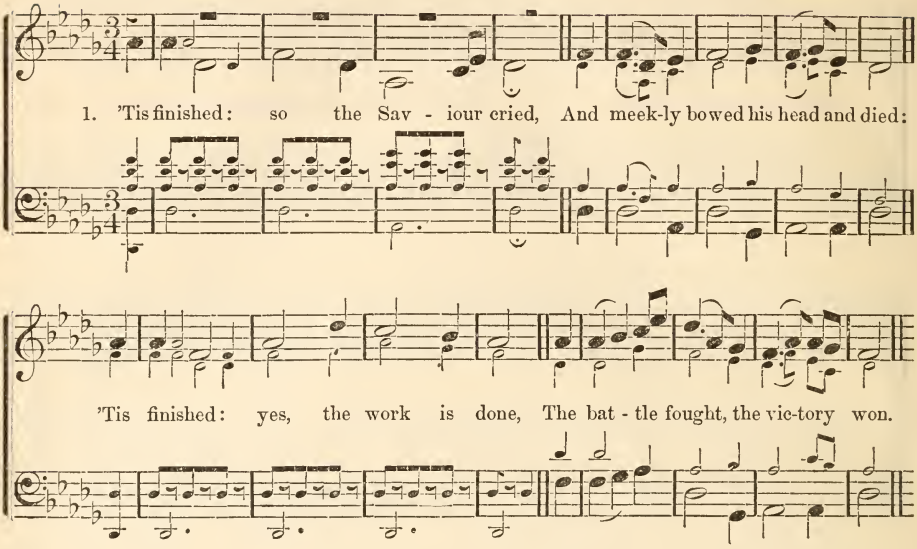
3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 't is He,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

Hymn 66. Solitude. L. M. *For the Choir.*

St. John xix. 30.


1. 'Tis finished: so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished: yes, the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic-tory won.

2 'T is finished: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

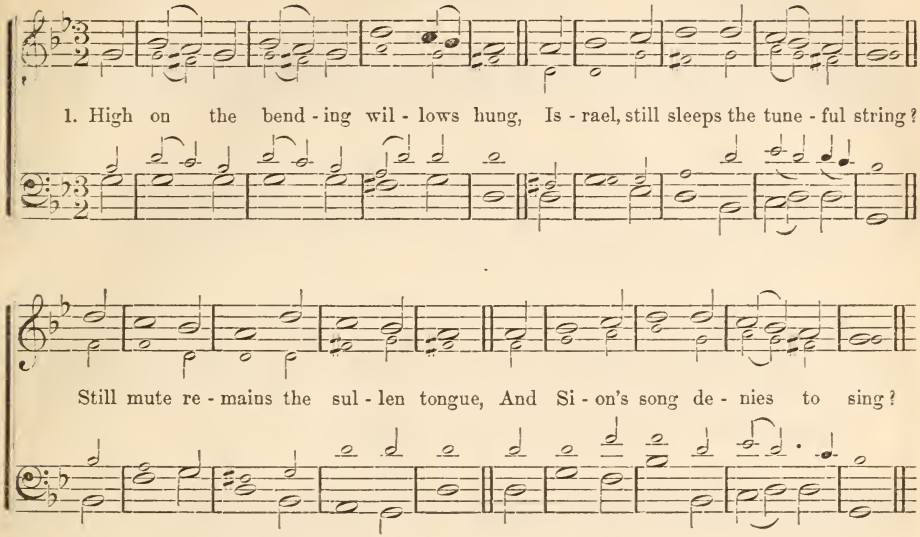
3 'T is finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'T is finished: this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'T is finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'T is finished: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

Hymn 67. Babylon. L. M.


1. High on the bend - ing wil - lows hung, Is - rael, still sleeps the tune - ful string?
Still mute re - mains the sul - len tongue, And Si - on's song de - nies to sing?

1 High on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his scepter sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

Hymn 68. Tappan. C. M.

1 Cor. v. 8; Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

1. Since Christ our Pass - o - ver is slain, A sac - ri - fice for all, Let all with
thankful hearts a - gree, Let all with thankful hearts a-gree To keep the fes - ti - val:

1 Since Christ our passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 't was for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hymn 69. Johns. III. 1.

Congregation.
Choir.
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

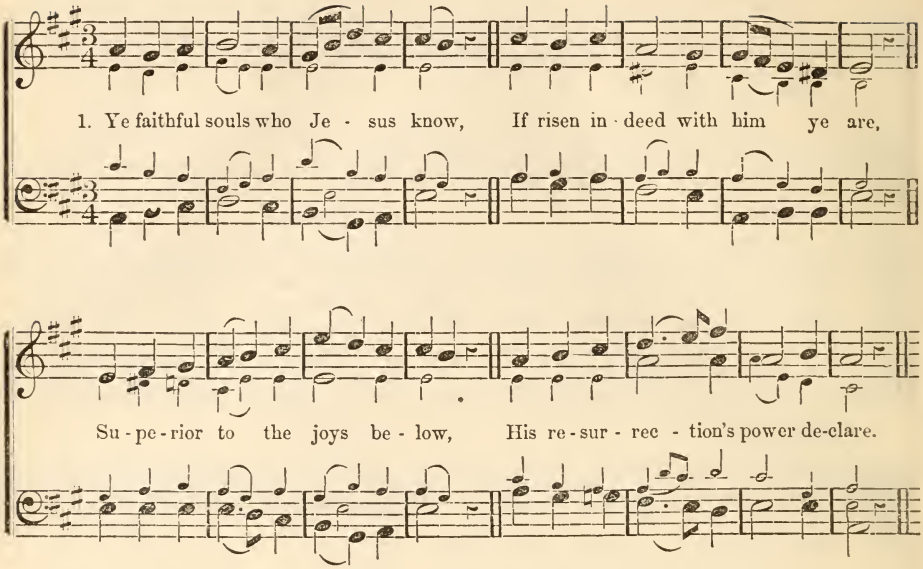
2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hymn 70. Bowen. L. M.

Col. iii. 1, 2.


1. Ye faithful souls who Je - sus know, If risen in - deed with him ye are,
Su - pe - rior to the joys be - low, His re - sur - rec - tion's power de-clare.

1 Ye faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:

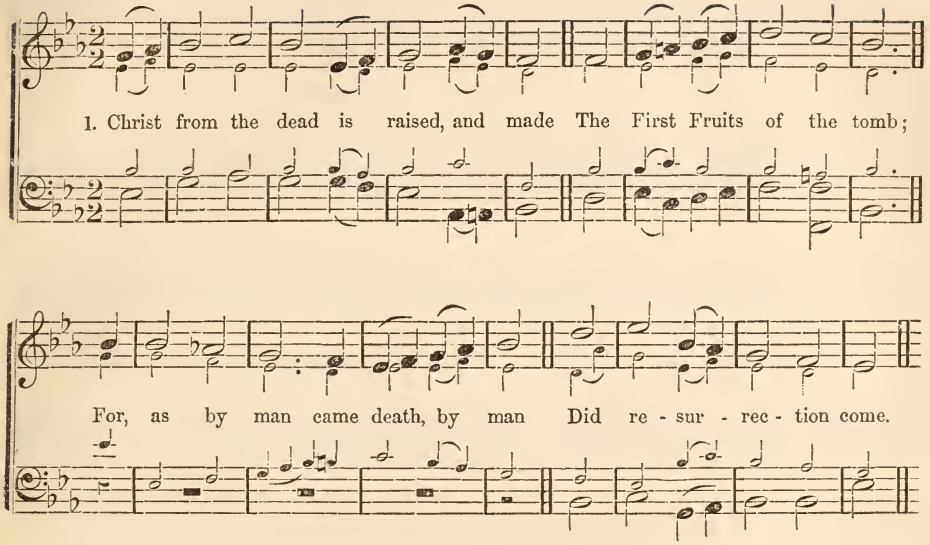
2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

Hymn 71. Frome. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22.—Col. iii. 1.



1 Christ from the dead is raised, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive:
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

Hymn 72. Smallwood. L. M.

1. He dies! the friend of sin - ners dies: Lo! Salem's daughters weep a round:
A sol-emn darkness vails the skies; A sud-den trembling shakes the ground!

1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies:
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness vails the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

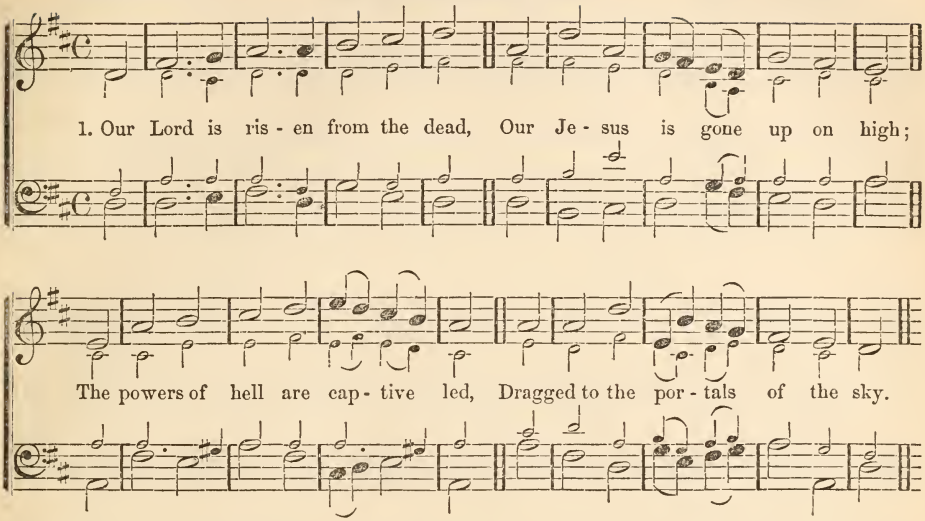
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask,—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

Hymn 73. Truro. L. M.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

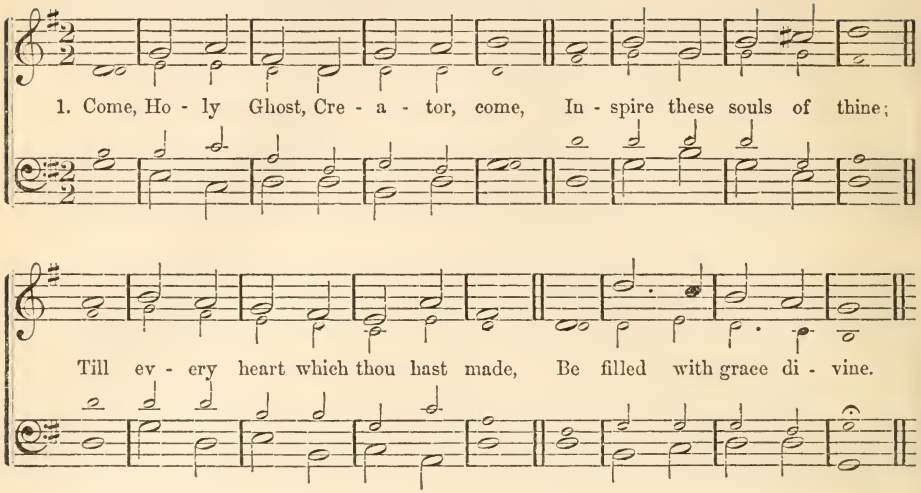
3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

Hymn 74. Nottingham. C. M.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In - spire these souls of thine;
Till ev - ery heart which thou hast made, Be filled with grace di - vine.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

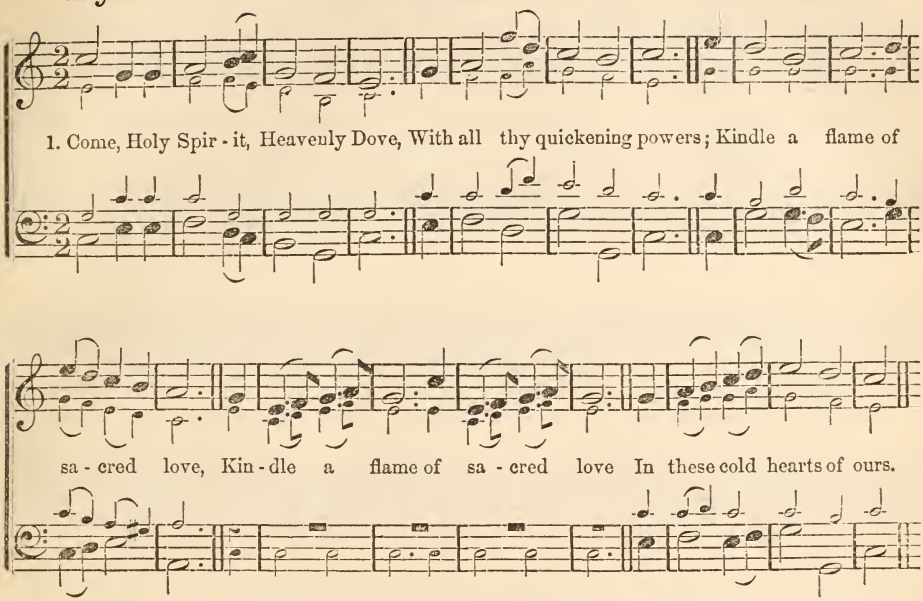
3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

Hymn 75. Lanesborough. C. M.


1. Come, Holy Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of
sa - cred love, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Hymn 76. Swanwick. C. M.

1. He's come, let ev ery knee be bent, All hearts new joy re-sume; Sing, ye re-
deemed, with one con - sent, "The Com - fort - er is come, The Com-fort - er is come."

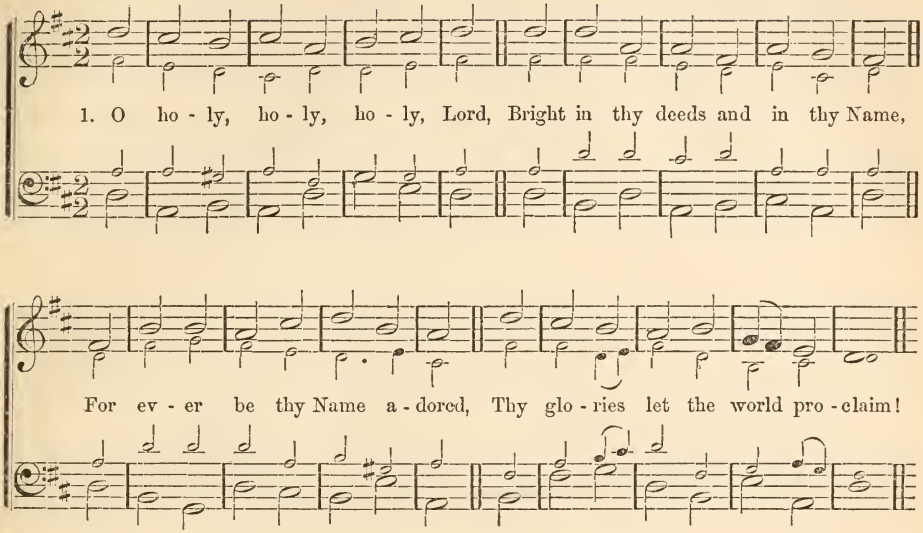
1 He's come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeemed, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

Hymn 77. Erfurt. L. M.



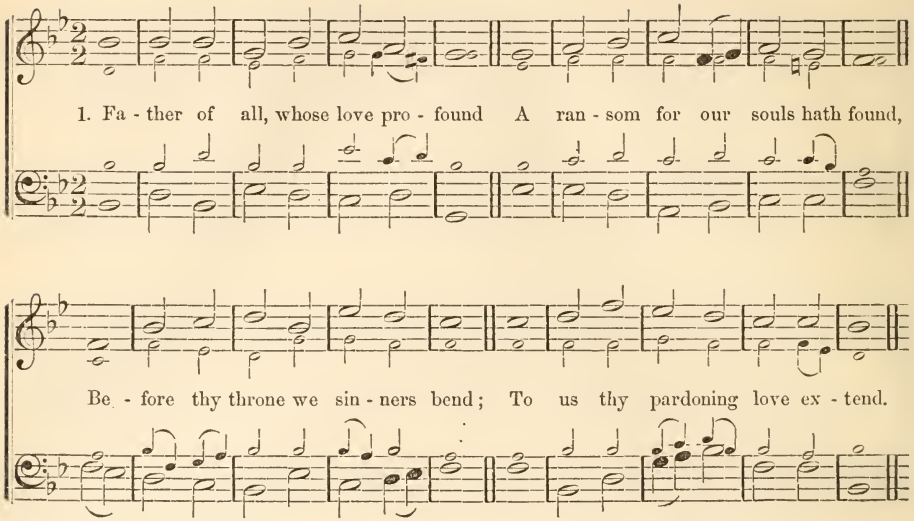
1 O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name,
For ever be thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb, once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!

4 O God triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

Hymn 78. Breslau. L. M.


1. Fa - ther of all, whose love pro - found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us thy pardoning love ex - tend.

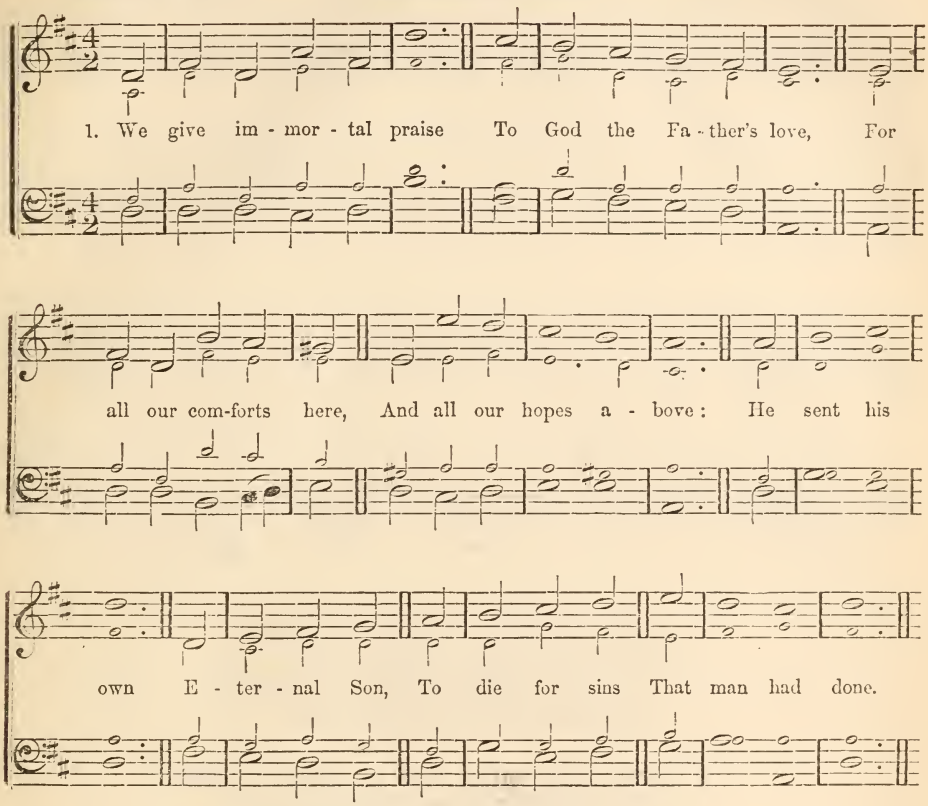
1 Father of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Hymn 79. Darwell. II. 4.


1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For
all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent his
own E - ter - nal Son, To die for sins That man had done.

1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory, too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise,
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

Hymn 80. Meditation. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'T is on thy pardoning grace alone,
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

Hymn 81. Mount Vernon. III. 3.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na - tions, From thy tem - ple in the skies,
Hear thy peo - ple's sup - pli - ca - tions, Now for their de - liv - erance rise.

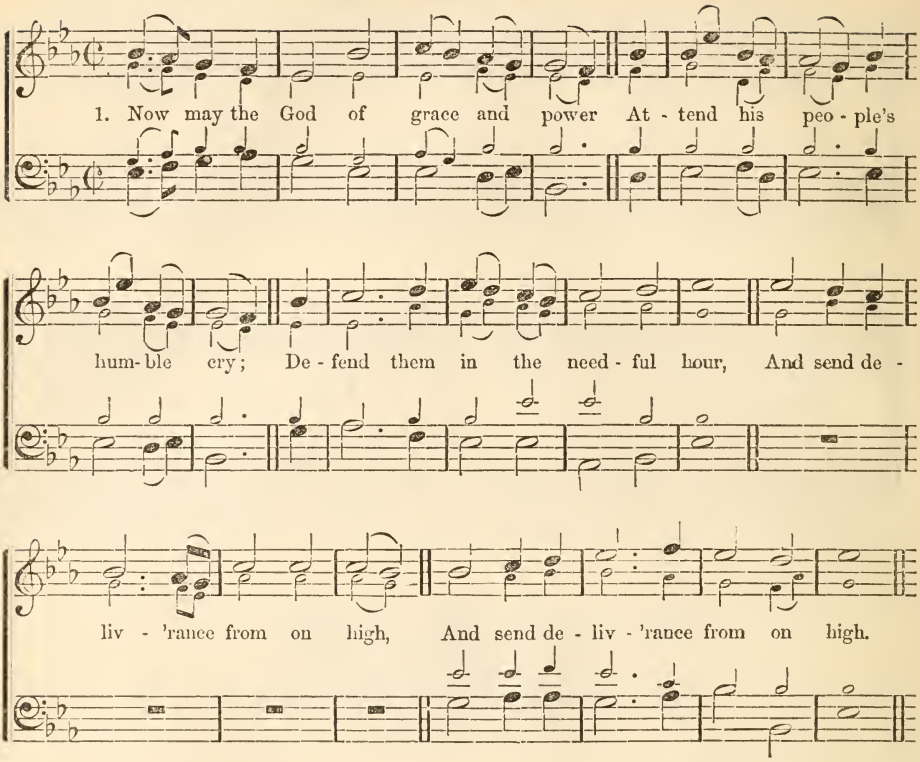
1 Dread Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Hymn 82. Horsley. L. M.


1. Now may the God of grace and power At - tend his peo - ple's
hum- ble cry; De - fend them in the need - ful hour, And send de -
liv - 'rance from on high, And send de - liv - 'rance from on high.

1 Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the Name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

Hymn 83. Pt. 1. Gallagher. III. 2.

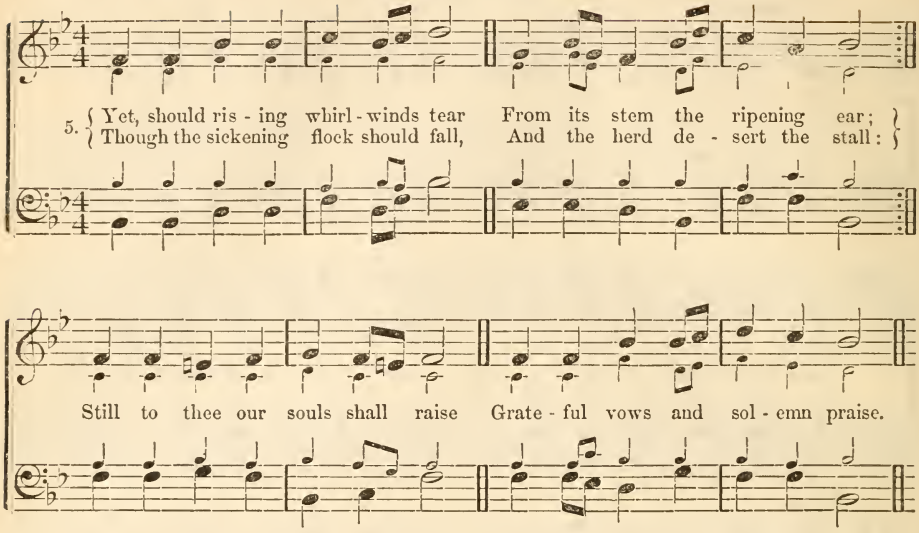
Congregation.
1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun - teous source of eve - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy:
Choir.
All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow;
Congregation.
All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Hymn 83. Pt. 2. Rosefield. III. 2.

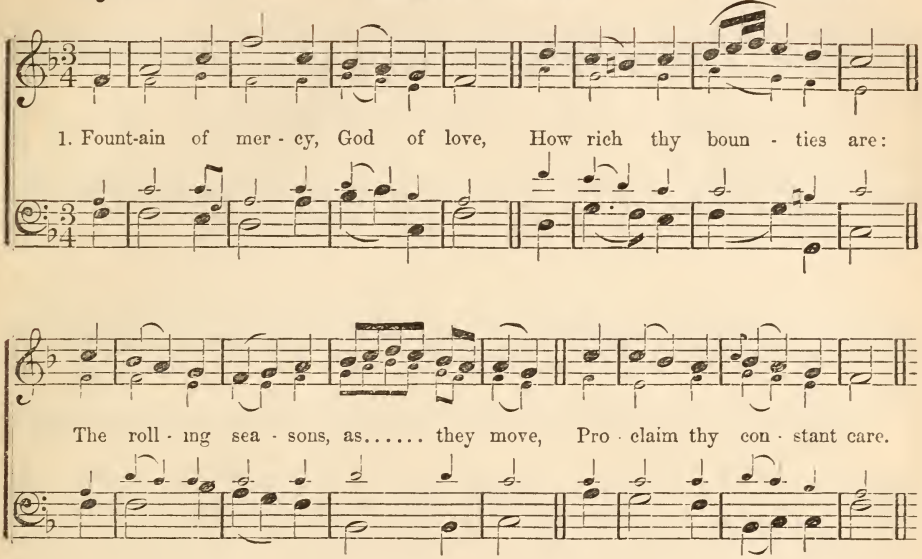

5. Yet, should ris - ing whirl - winds tear From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall, And the herd de - sert the stall:
Still to thee our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall:
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Hymn 84. Liverpool. C. M. *For the Choir.*



1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are:
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

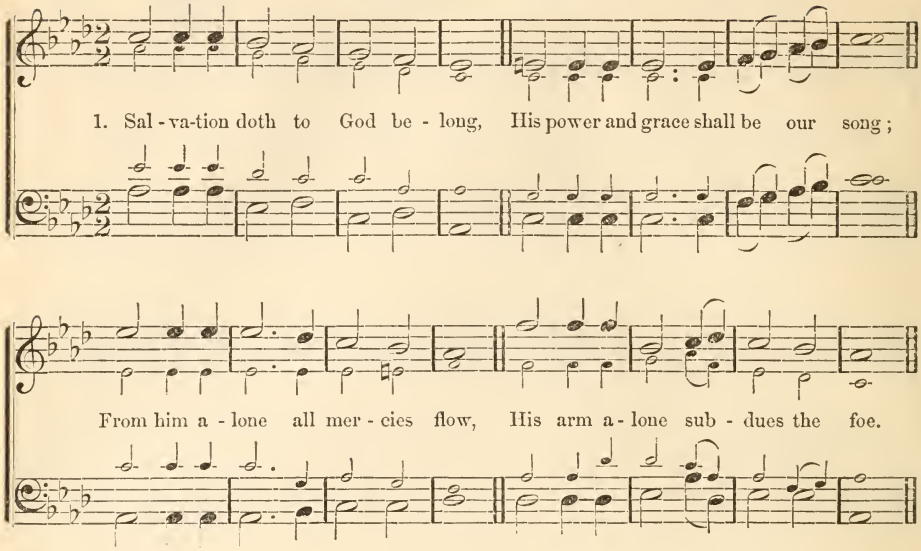
2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

Hymn 85. Grostette. L. M.


1. Sal - va-tion doth to God be - long, His power and grace shall be our song;
From him a - lone all mer - cies flow, His arm a - lone sub - dues the foe.

1 Salvation doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King:

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

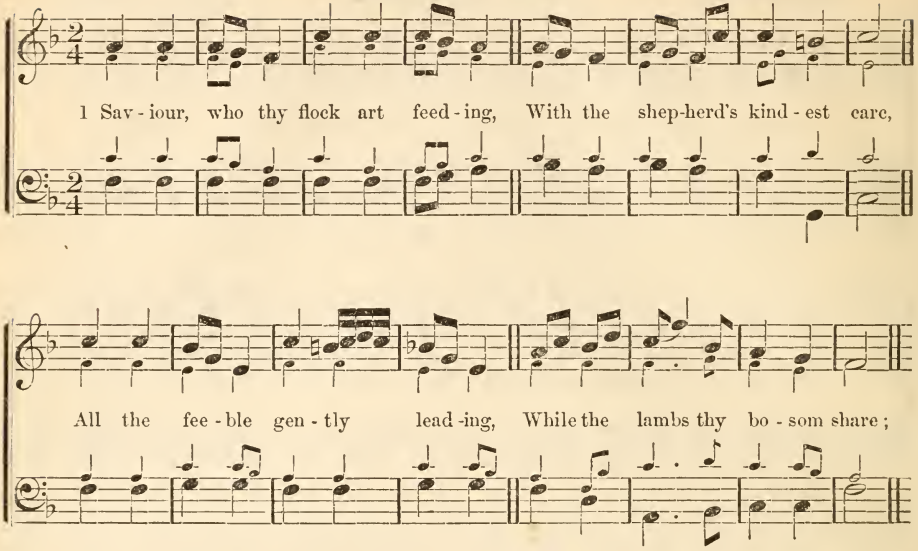
Hymn 86. Brewer III. 3.

1 Sav iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;
2. Now, *these* lit - tle *ones* re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in thy gra - cious arm;
There, we know, thy word be - liev - ing On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Hymn 86. **Paesiello. III. 3.** *For the Choir.*


1 Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share ;

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way :

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Hymn 87. Cheney. S. M.

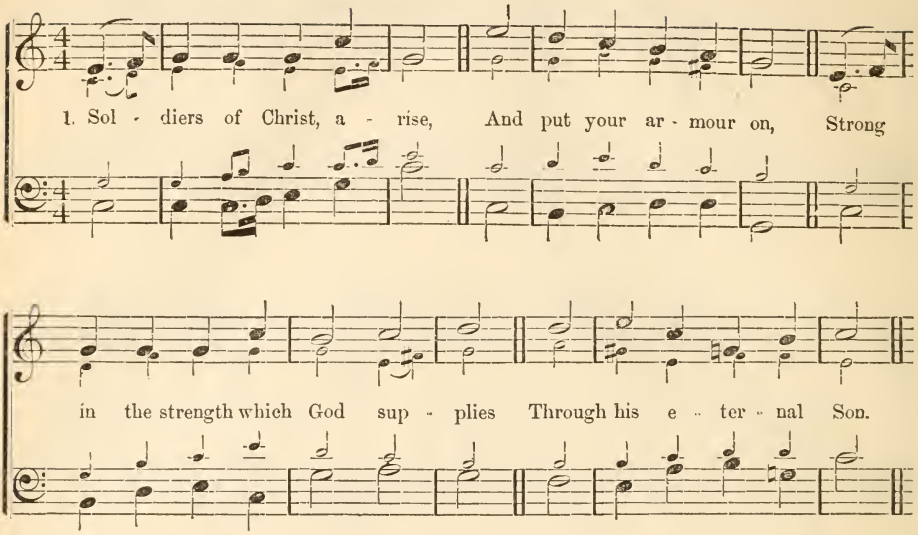
1 The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Hymn 88. Laban. S. M.

Eph. vi : 10–13.



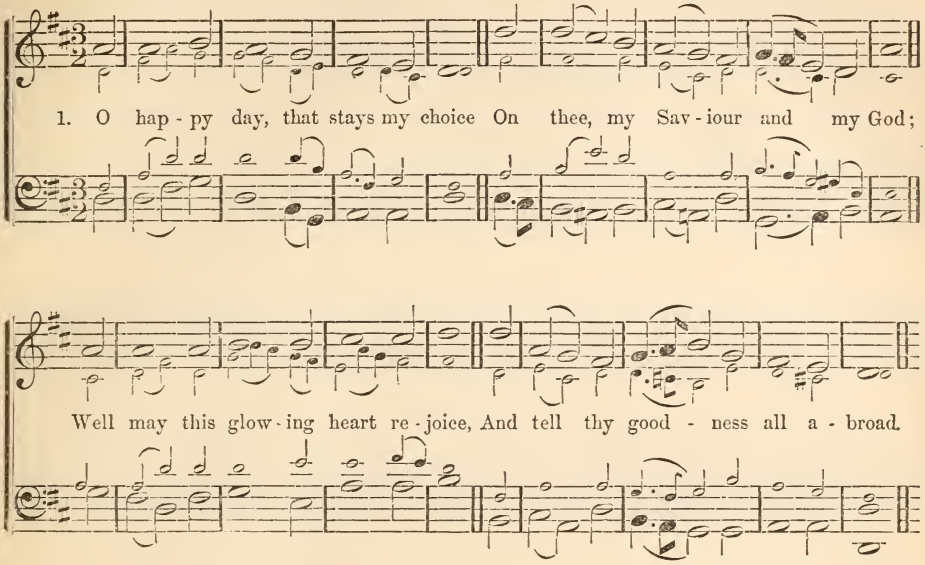
1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

Hymn 89. Luton. L. M.


1. O hap - py day, that stays my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell thy good - ness all a - broad.

1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine:
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hymn 90. Nottingham. C. M.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels; now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Hymn 91. Boardman. C. M.

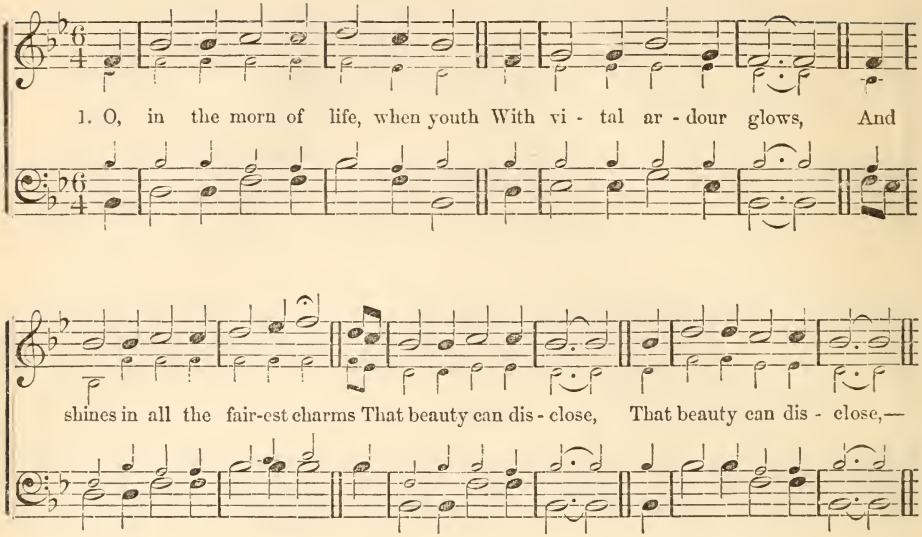
1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, though offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'T is easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace shall preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Hymn 92. Ortonville. C. M.


1. O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dour glows, And
shines in all the fair-est charms That beauty can dis - close, That beauty can dis - close,—

1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved:

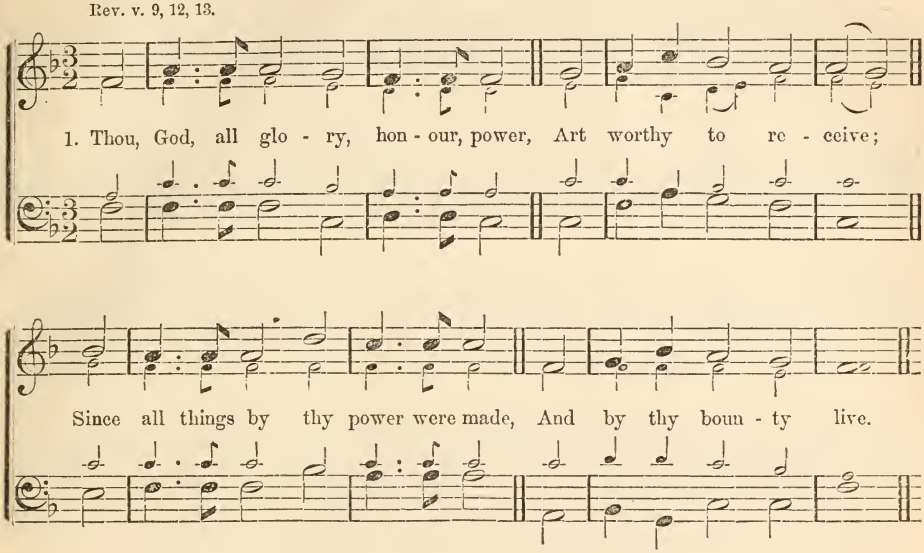
3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

Hymn 93. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.



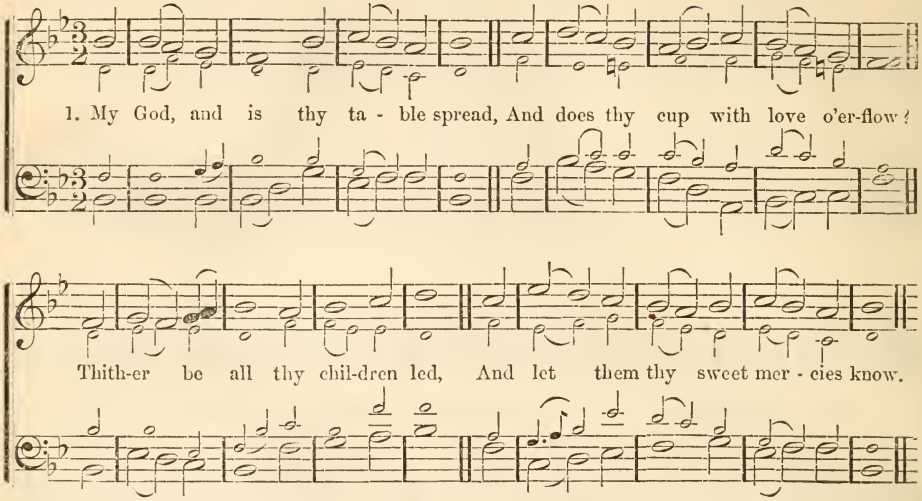
1 Thou, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeemed,
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

Hymn 94. All Saints. L. M.


1. My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And does thy cup with love o'er-flow?
Thith-er be all thy chil-dren led, And let them thy sweet mer - cies know.

1 My God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

Hymn 95. St. Martin's. C. M.

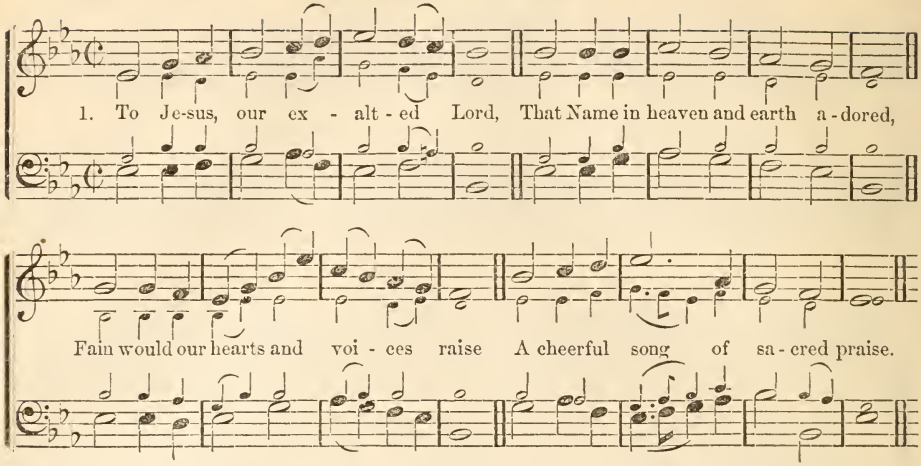
1 And are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above:
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heav'nly choirs,
To praise our heav'nly King:
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

Hymn 96. Duke Street. L. M.


1. To Je-sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, That Name in heaven and earth a - dored,
Fain would our hearts and voi - ces raise A cheerful song of sa - cred praise.

1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That Name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet, whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

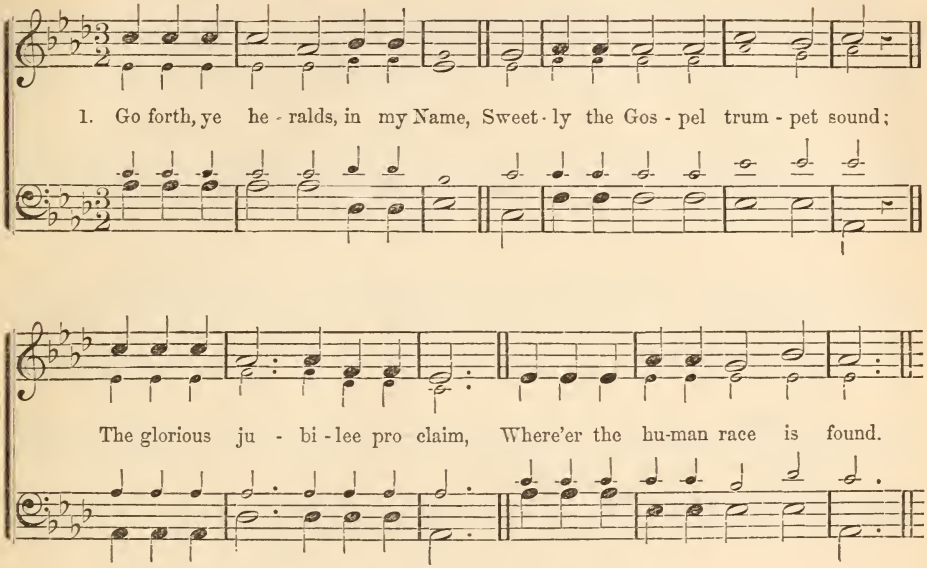
4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Hymn 97. Missionary Chant. L. M.

St. Matthew x.


1. Go forth, ye he - ralds, in my Name, Sweet - ly the Gos - pel trum - pet sound;
The glorious ju - bi - lee pro claim, Where'er the hu-man race is found.

1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

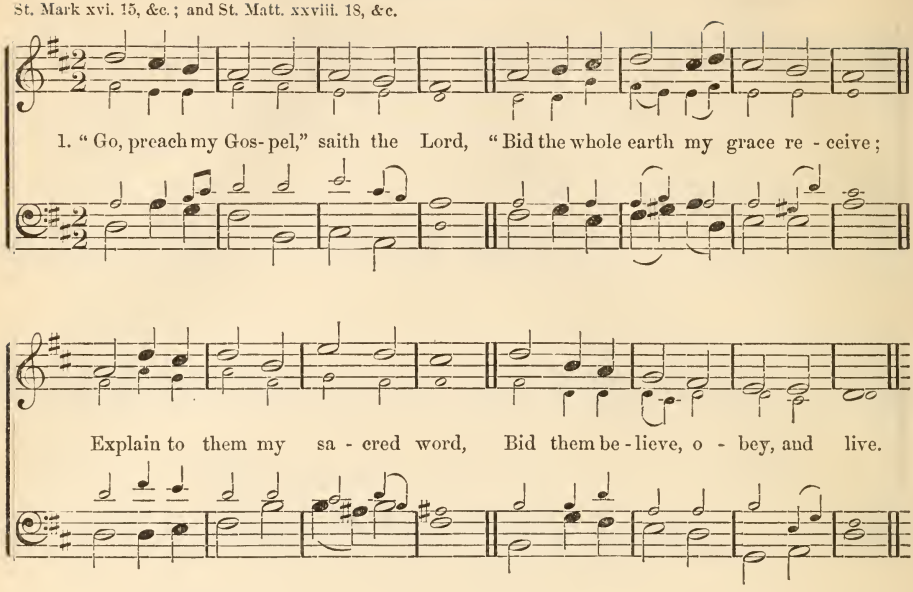
2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

Hymn 98. Command. L. M.

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c.; and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.


1. "Go, preach my Gos-pel," saith the Lord, "Bid the whole earth my grace re - ceive;
Explain to them my sa - cred word, Bid them be-lieve, o - bey, and live.

1 "Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

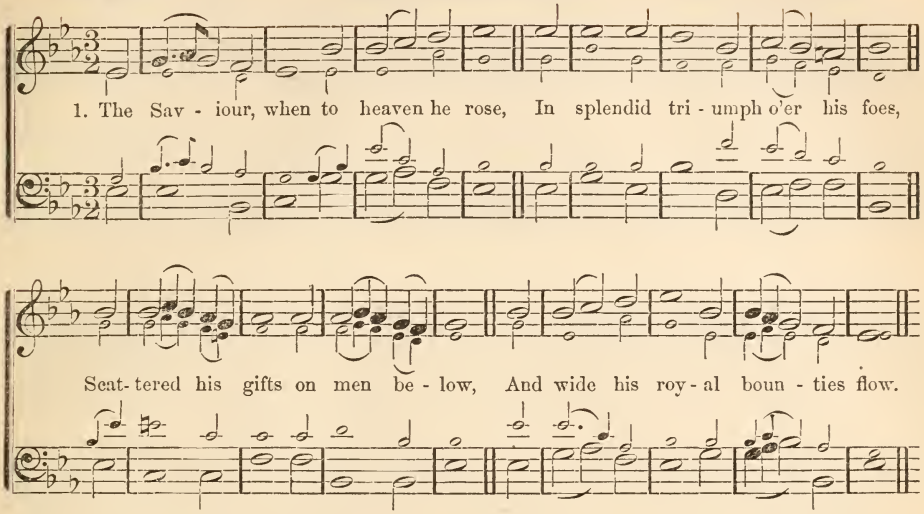
2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in my Name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.

4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shown round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Hymn 99. Stonefield. L. M.


1. The Sav - iour, when to heaven he rose, In splendid tri - umph o'er his foes,
Scat - tered his gifts on men be - low, And wide his roy - al boun - ties flow.

1 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the Apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.

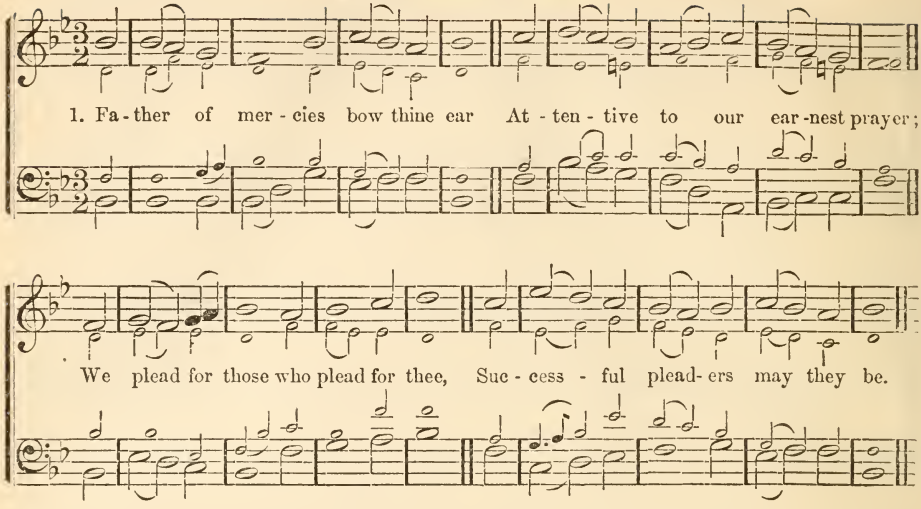
3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and Teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long-extended line.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
While, guarded by his potent hand,
Amid the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright Succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

Hymn 100. All Saints. L. M.


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies bow thine ear At - ten - tive to our ear - nest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee, Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be.

1 Father of mercies! bow thine ear
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

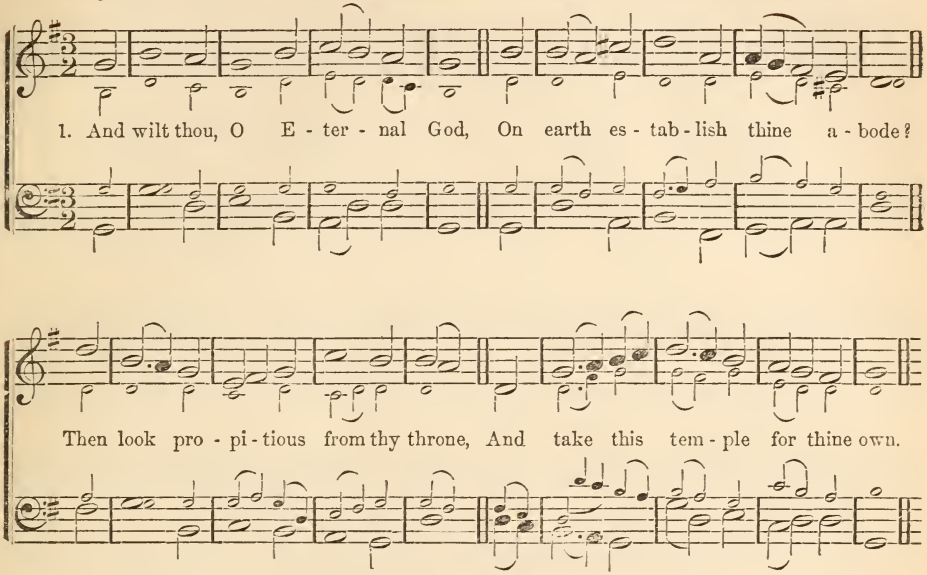
3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massive chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

Hymn 101. St. Peter's. L. M.


1. And wilt thou, O E - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish thine a - bode?
Then look pro - pi - tious from thy throne, And take this tem - ple for thine own.

1 And wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

Hymn 102. Luton. L. M.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

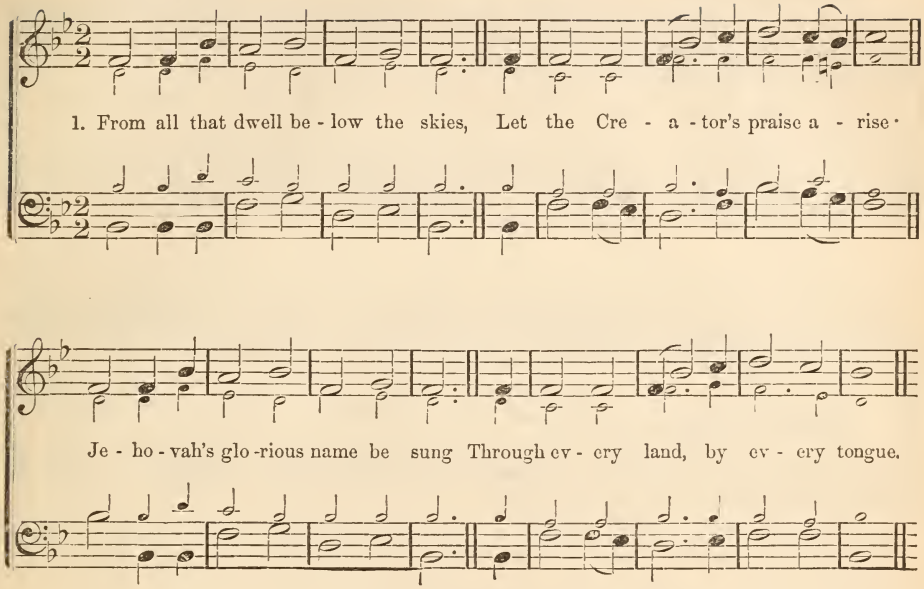
5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Hymn 103.

Psalm cxvii.

Ward. L. M.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise·
Je - ho - vah's glo - rious name be sung Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Hymn 104. Warrington. L. M.

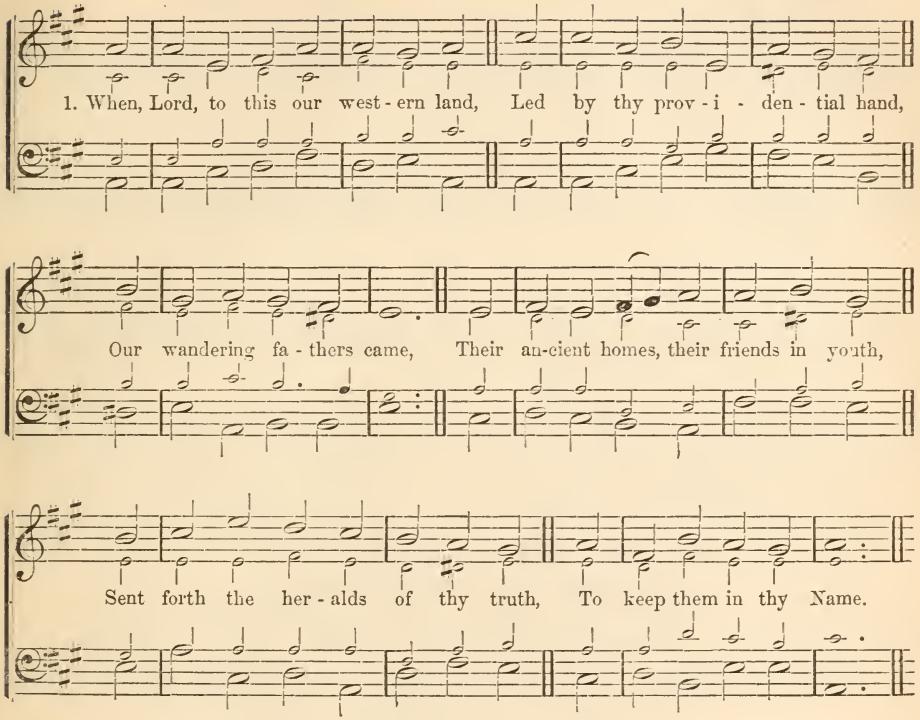
1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

Hymn 105. Exmouth. II. 1.


1. When, Lord, to this our west - ern land, Led by thy prov - i - den - tial hand,
Our wandering fa - thers came, Their an-cient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the her - alds of thy truth, To keep them in thy Name.

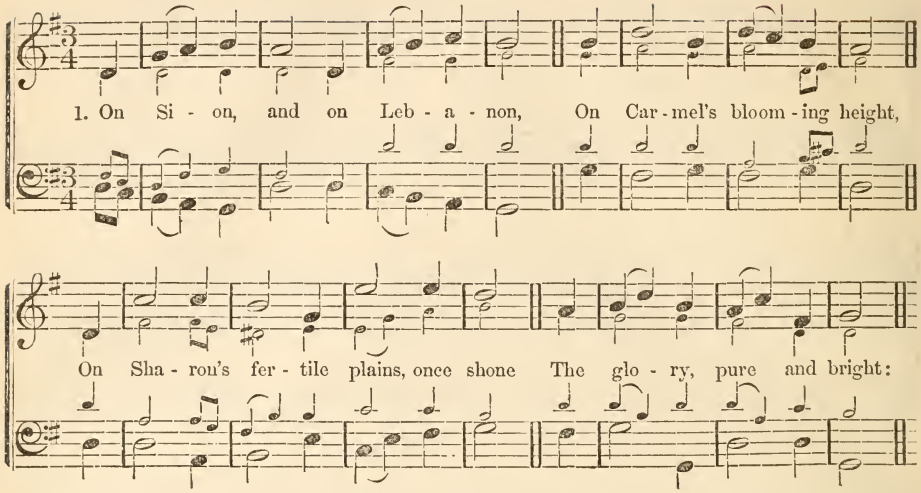
2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost ;
Thy temples there arose ;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land :
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love :
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast ;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy Name,
Through all our desert west.

Hymn 106. Deseret. C. M.

Isaiah xxxv. 2.



1 On Sion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:

2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Streamed forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:

4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild,
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

Hymn 107. Missionary Hymn. II. 6.

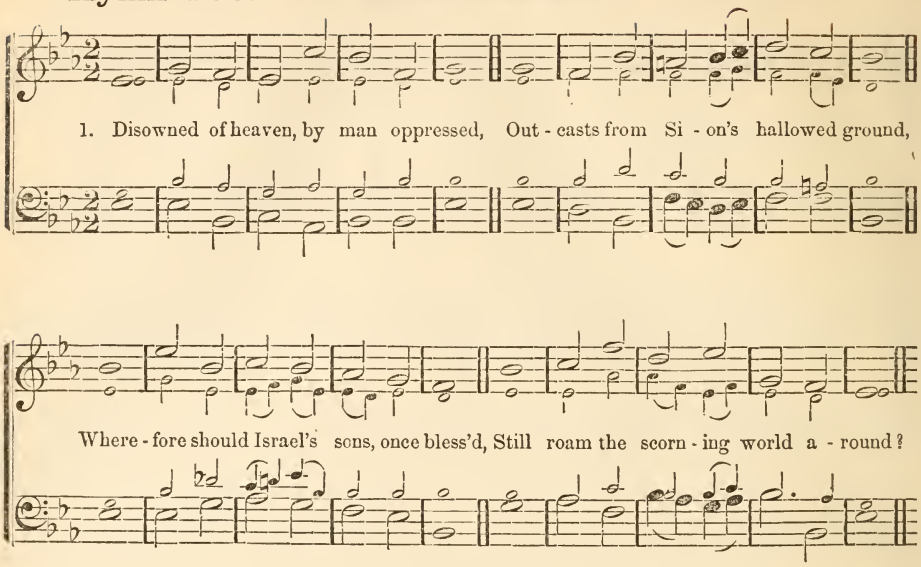
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand.
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 108. St. Paul's. L. M.


1. Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed, Out - casts from Si - on's hallowed ground,
Where - fore should Israel's sons, once bless'd, Still roam the scorn - ing world a - round?

1 Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around?

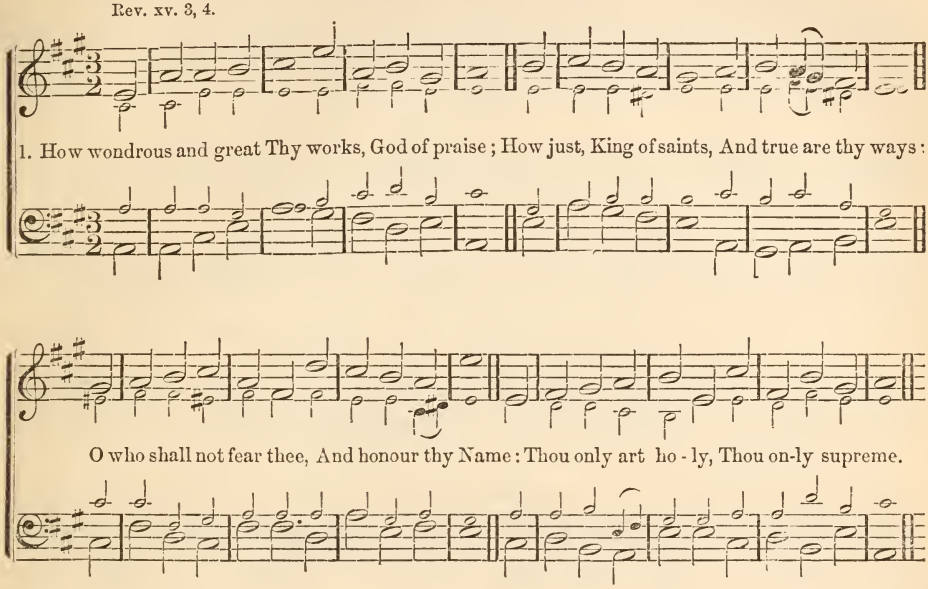
2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

Hymn 109. St. Michael's. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.


1. How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise; How just, King of saints, And true are thy ways:
O who shall not fear thee, And honour thy Name: Thou only art ho - ly, Thou on-ly supreme.

1 How wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise;
How just, King of saints,
And true are thy ways:
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy Name:
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne;
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

Hymn 110. Zundel. II. 4.

Children.
1. Come let our voi - ces join In one glad song of praise;
To God the God of love, Our grate - ful hearts we raise:
Congregation.
To God a - lone the praise be - longs; His love de - mands your
ear - liest songs, His love de - mands your ear - liest songs.

Children.

1 COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallowed walls,
Our wandering feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'T is all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crowned with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

Hymn 111. Beulah. III. 1.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
Chil - dren's prayers he deigns to hear; Chil - dren's songs de - light his ear.
2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Proph-et, Priest, and King:
Chil - dren, raise your sweet-est strain To the Lamb, for he was slain.

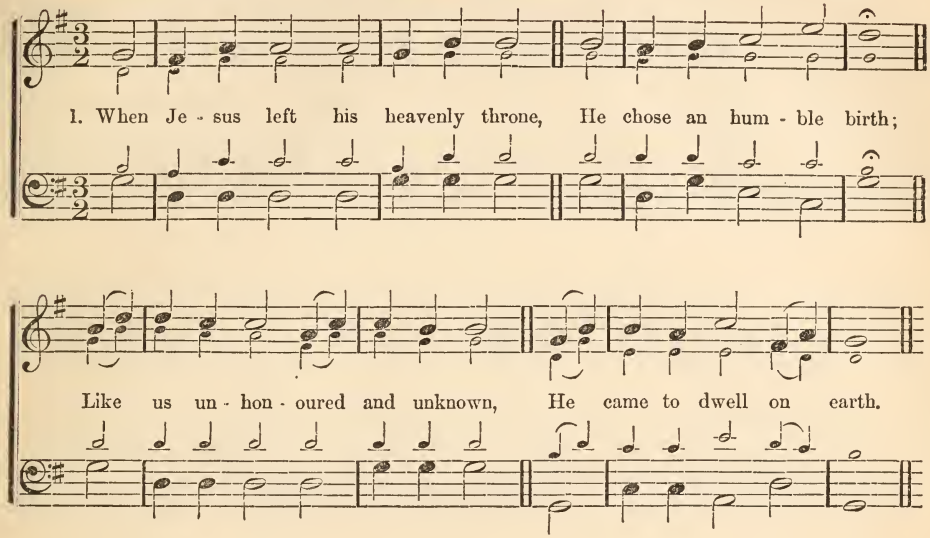
1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

Hymn 112. Belief. C. M.



1 When Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words and kind his look
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed:

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie.

Hymn 113. Duke Street. L. M.

1. Lord, how de- light- ful 't is to see A whole as sem- bly wor- ship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray; They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

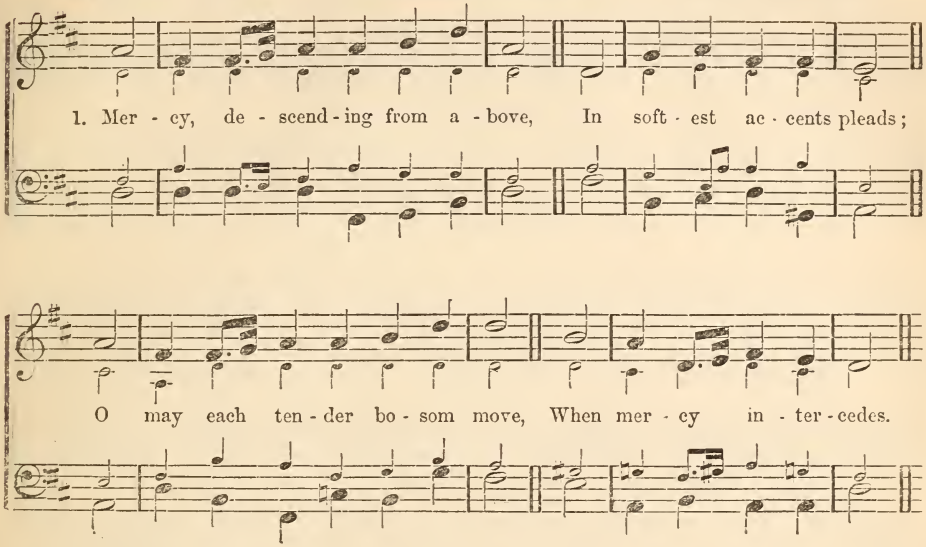
1 Lord, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'T is like a little heaven below;
Nor all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Hymn 114. Preston. C. M.



1 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honour of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Hymn 115. Brattle Street. C. M.

1. Blest is the man whose soft-ening heart Feels all an - oth - er's pain;
To whom the sup - pli - cat - ing eye Is nev - er raised in vain:
2. Whose breast re-sponds with gen-erous warmth, A stran-ger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pit - y o'er the wound He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

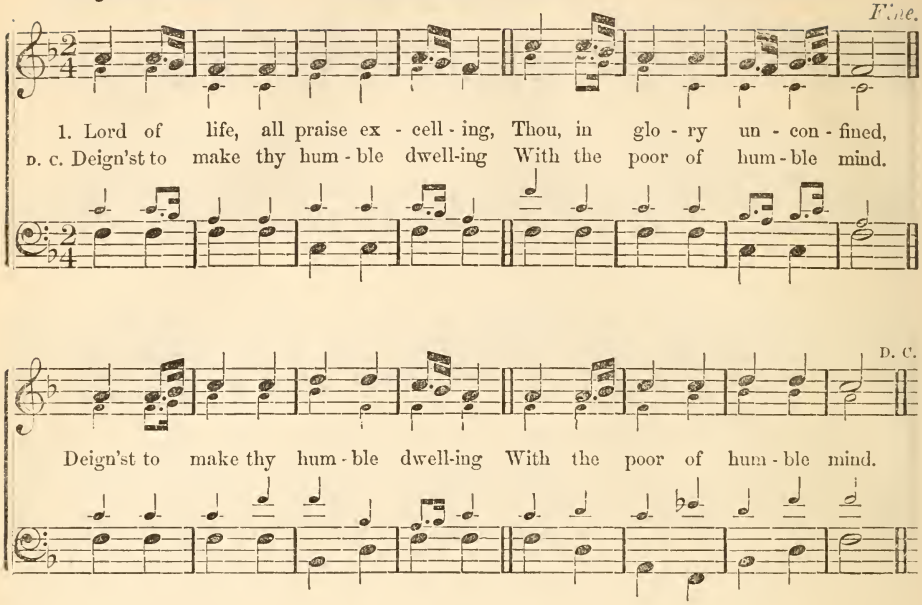
Hymn 116. Heath. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1 Rich are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

Hymn 117. Greenville. III. 3.


Fine.
1. Lord of life, all praise ex - cell - ing, Thou, in glo - ry un - con - fined,
D. C. Deign'st to make thy hum - ble dwell-ing With the poor of hum - ble mind.
D. C.
Deign'st to make thy hum - ble dwell-ing With the poor of hum - ble mind.

1 Lord of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind:

Chorus.

These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive-plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again:

Chorus. These, etc.

6 When thy favoured vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

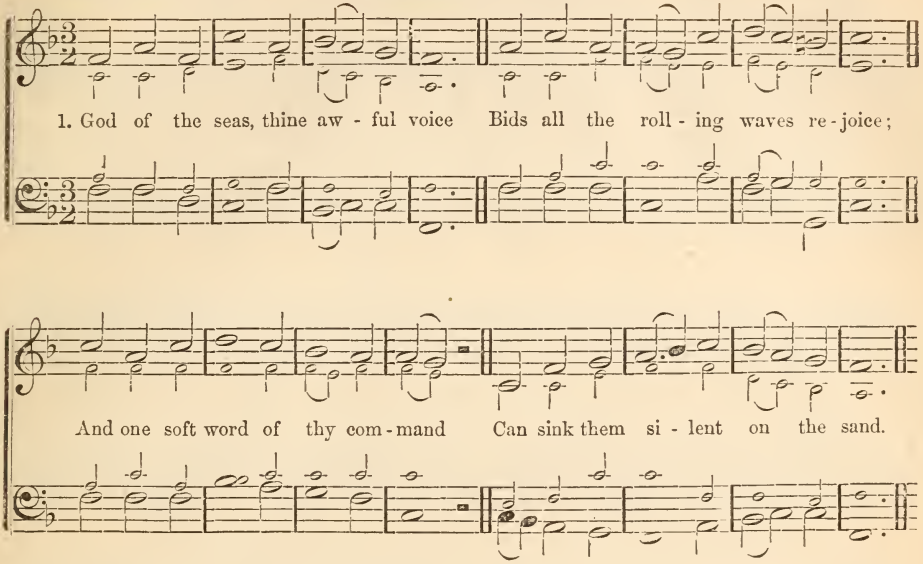
Chorus. These, etc.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screened by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Hallelujah Amen.

Hymn 118. Worcester. L. M.


1. God of the seas, thine aw - ful voice Bids all the roll - ing waves re - joice;
And one soft word of thy com - mand Can sink them si - lent on the sand.

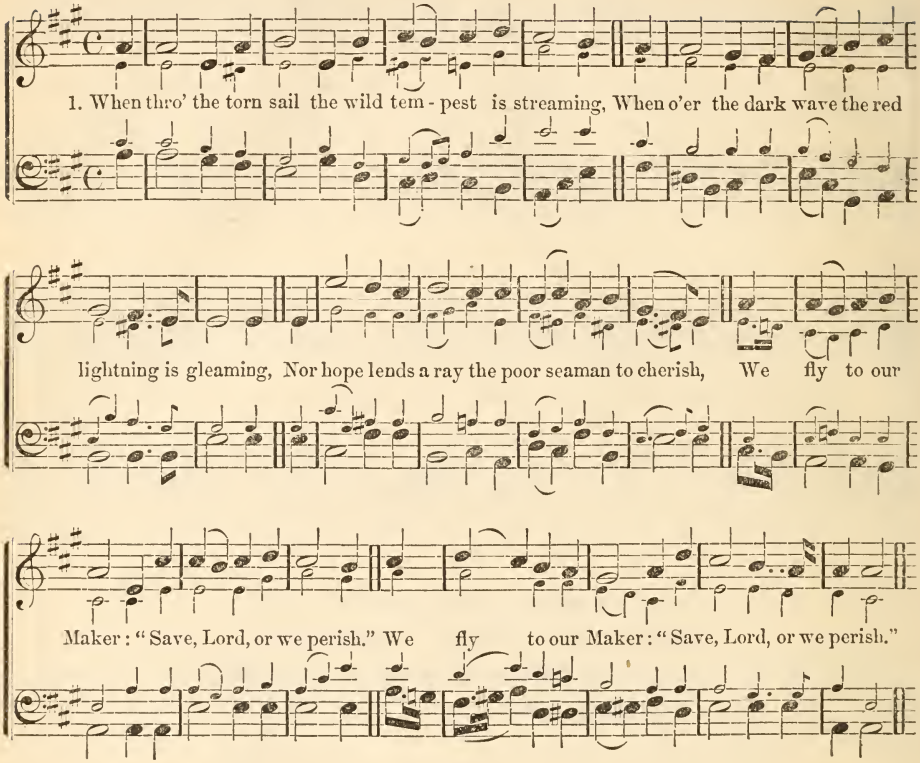
1 God of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus in thy glorious power adored
Among the watery nations, Lord;
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

Hymn 119. Portuguese Hymn. IV. 5.

"*Save, Lord, or we perish.*"—Matthew viii. 25.

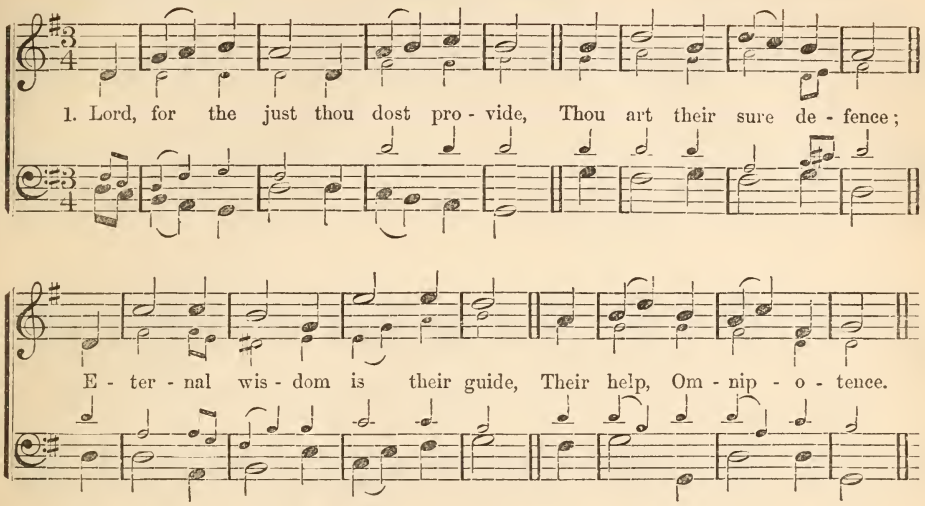

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red
lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our
Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish." We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

Hymn 120. Deseret. C. M.



2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

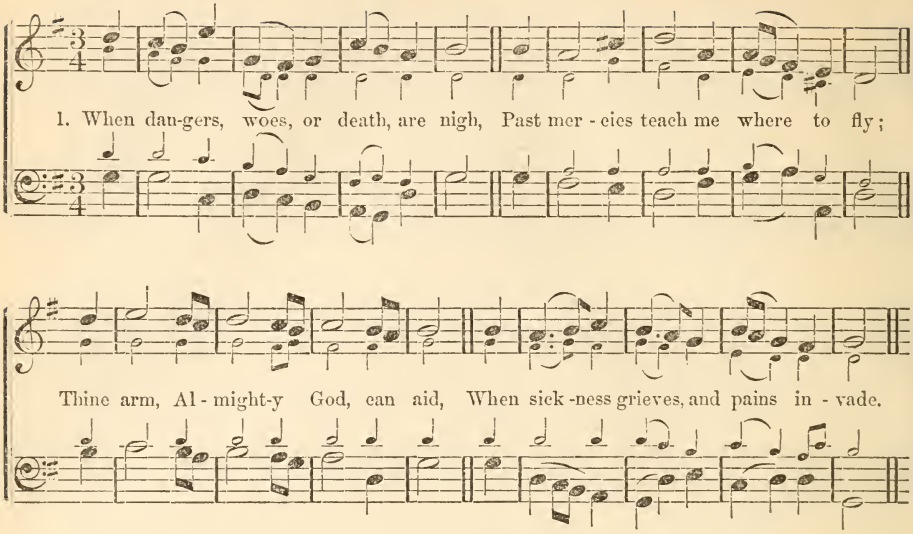
4 When waves on waves, to heaven upreared,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appeared,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obeyed thy will,
The raging sea was hushed in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Hymn 121. Carey. L. M.


1. When dan-gers, woes, or death, are nigh, Past mer - cies teach me where to fly;
Thine arm, Al - might-y God, can aid, When sick -ness grieves, and pains in - vade.

2 To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save
Unless an angel blessed the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains
But teems with health when heaven ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will,
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes, arise in view;
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

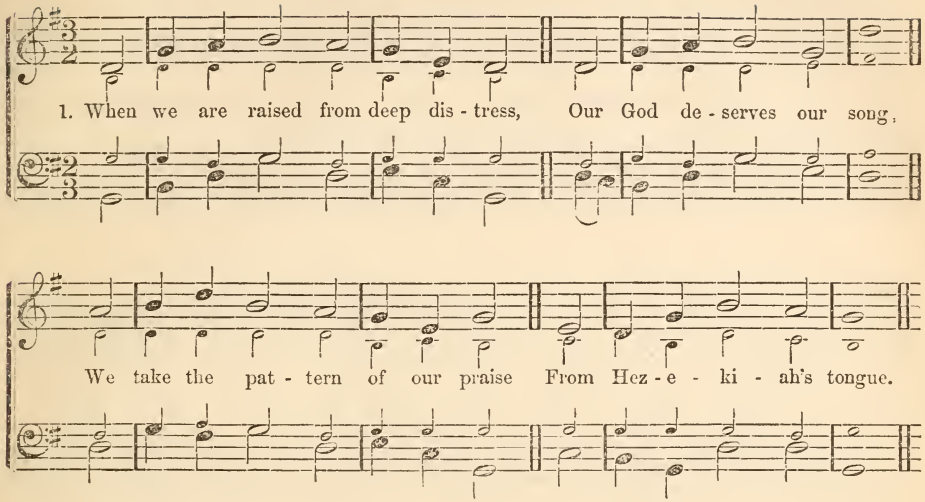
8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poisoned dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 O, if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

Hymn 122. Knox. C. M.



1 When we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

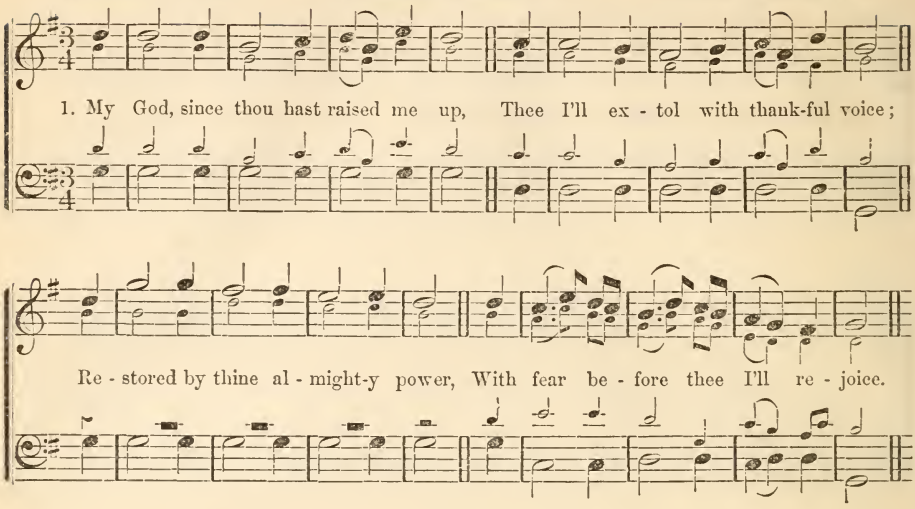
3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

Hymn 123. Howardsmith. L. M. *For the Choir.*


1. My God, since thou hast raised me up, Thee I'll ex - tol with thank-ful voice;
Re - stored by thine al - might-y power, With fear be - fore thee I'll re - joice.

1 My God, since thou hast raised me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restored by thine almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppressed,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

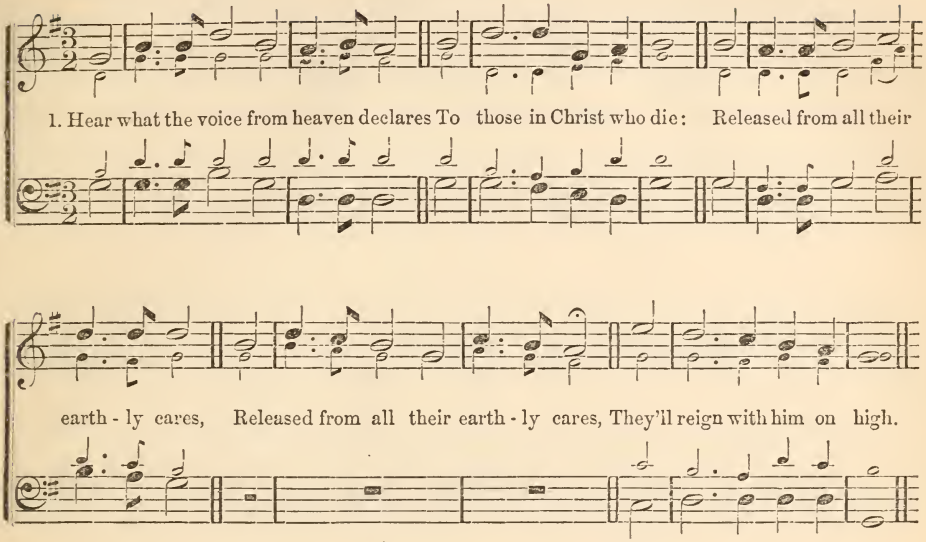
3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vowed in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided three,
The one sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

Hymn 124. Woodland. C. M.


1. Hear what the voice from heaven declares To those in Christ who die: Released from all their
earth - ly cares, Released from all their earth - ly cares, They'll reign with him on high.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high.

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardoned, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power;
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

Hymn 125. China. C. M.

1. When those we love are snatched a - way By death's re - sist - less hand,
Our hearts the mourn-ful trib - ute pay That friend-ship must de - mand.

1 When those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

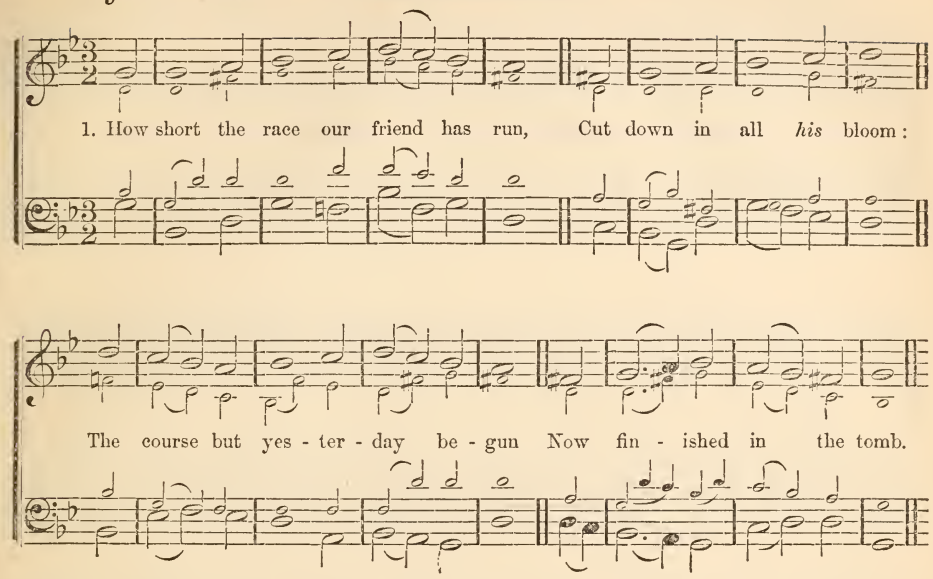
2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power imprest;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high
And triumph o'er the grave.

Hymn 126. Burford. C. M.



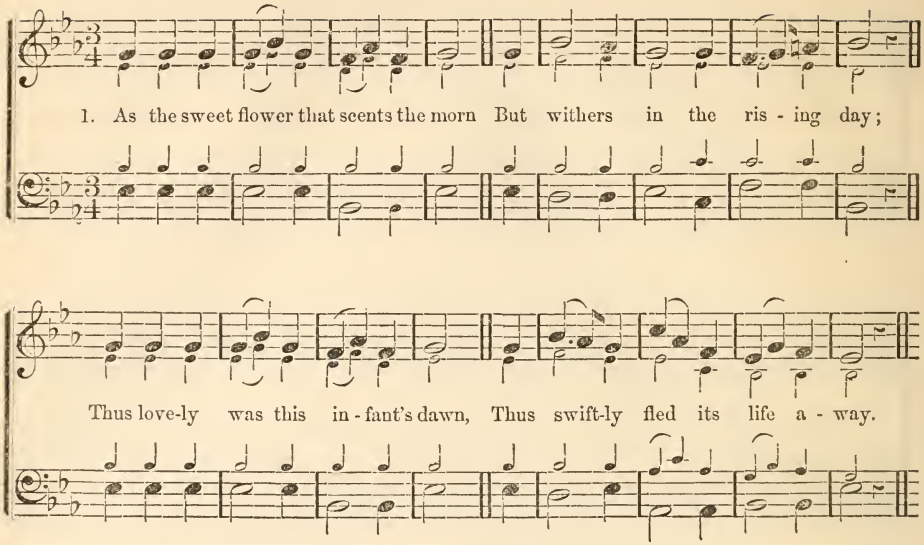
1 How short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom:
The course but yesterday begun
Now finished in the tomb.

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight:
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be for ever barred.

4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain:
The soul that early seeks my face,
Shall never seek in vain.

Hymn 127. Rosedale. L. M.

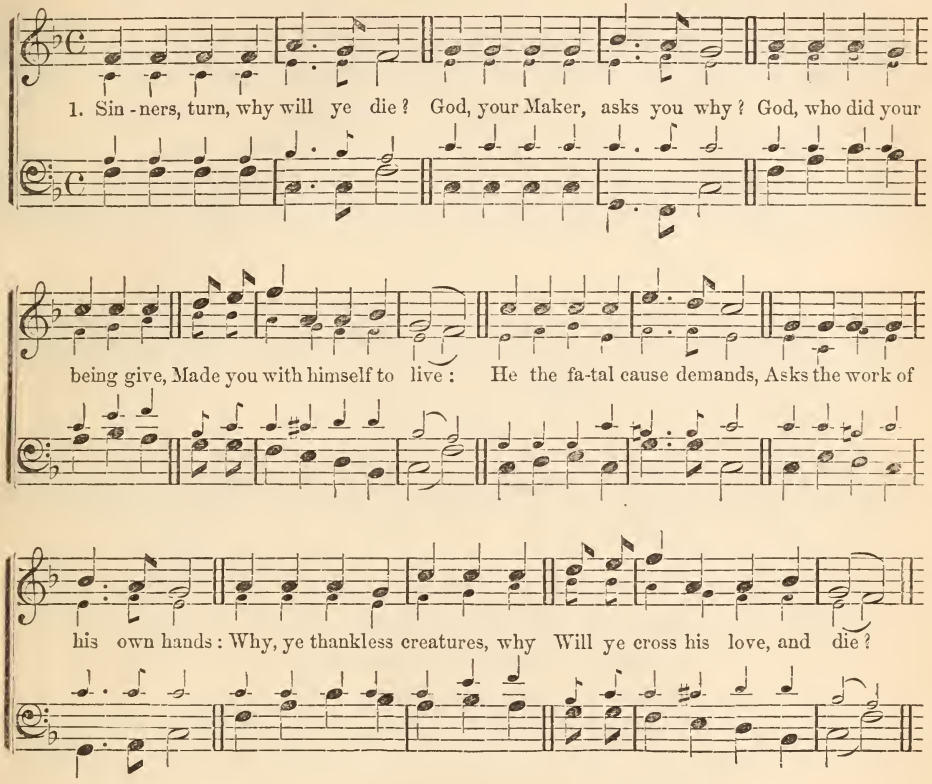

1. As the sweet flower that scents the morn But withers in the ris - ing day;
Thus love-ly was this in - fant's dawn, Thus swift-ly fled its life a - way.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn
But withers in the rising day;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

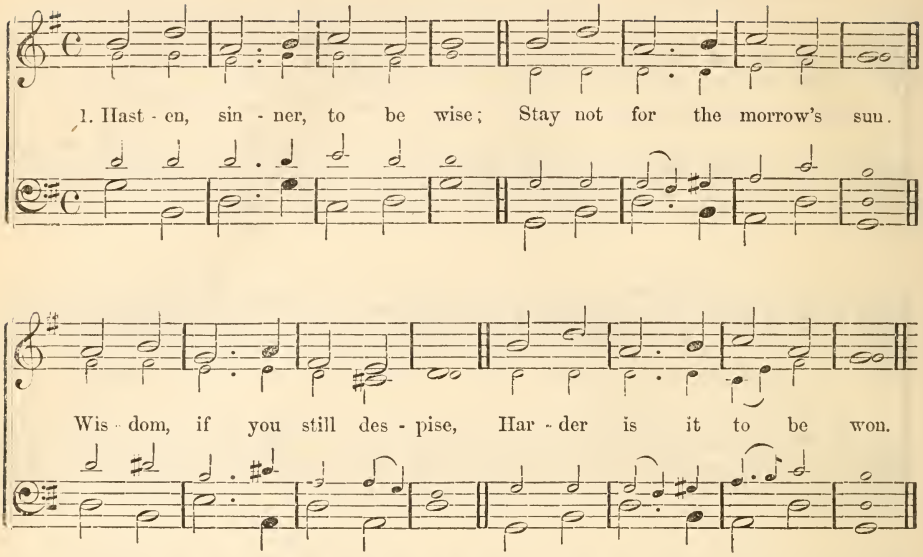
Hymn 128. Benevento. III. 1.


1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your
being give, Made you with himself to live: He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of
his own hands: Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

Hymn 129. Pleyel's Hymn. III. 1.



1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

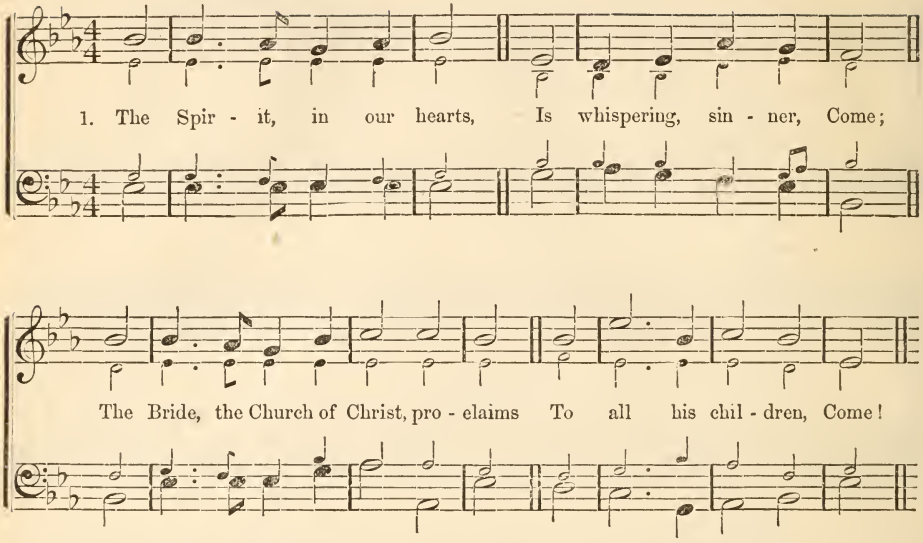
Hymn 130. Palestrina. II. 3. *For the Choir.*

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain - tive moan Hath taught each scene the
note.... of woe; Cease thy com - plaint, sup - press thy groan, And
let..... thy tears for - get to flow: Be - hold, the pre - cious
balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word:
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

Hymn 131. Olney. S. M.

Rev. xxii. 17-20.



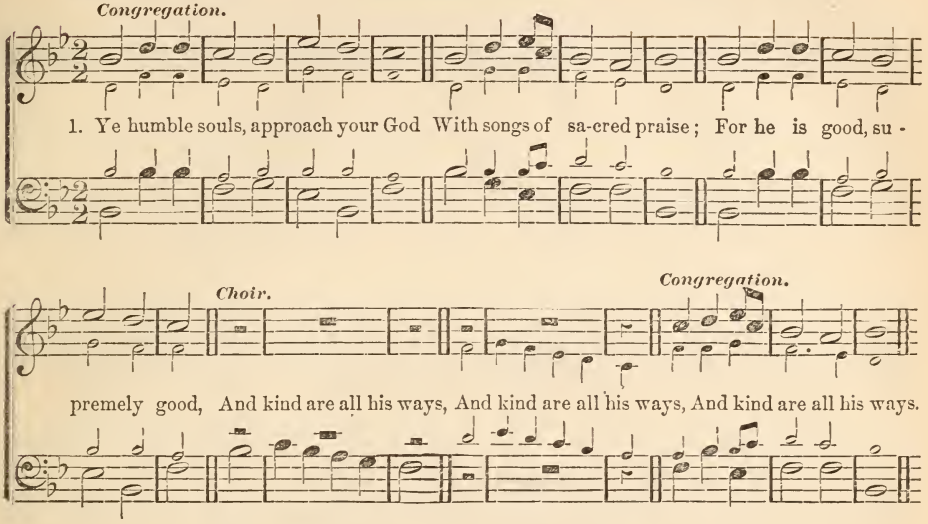
1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come;
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, Come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so: I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

Hymn 132. Cambridge. C. M.


Congregation.
1. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sa-cred praise; For he is good, su -
Choir.
Congregation.
premely good, And kind are all his ways, And kind are all his ways, And kind are all his ways.

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'T is here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise;
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

Hymn 133. Naomi. C. M.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

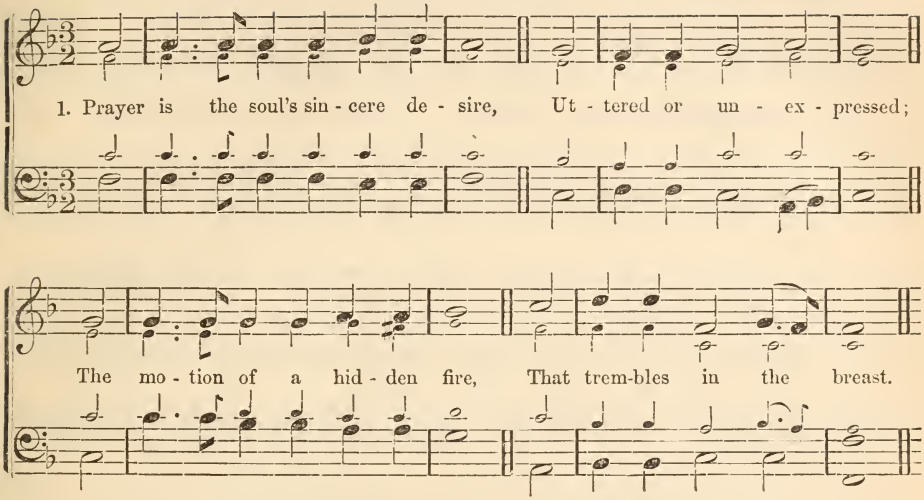
2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered, near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 Oh! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

Hymn 134. Byefield. C. M.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

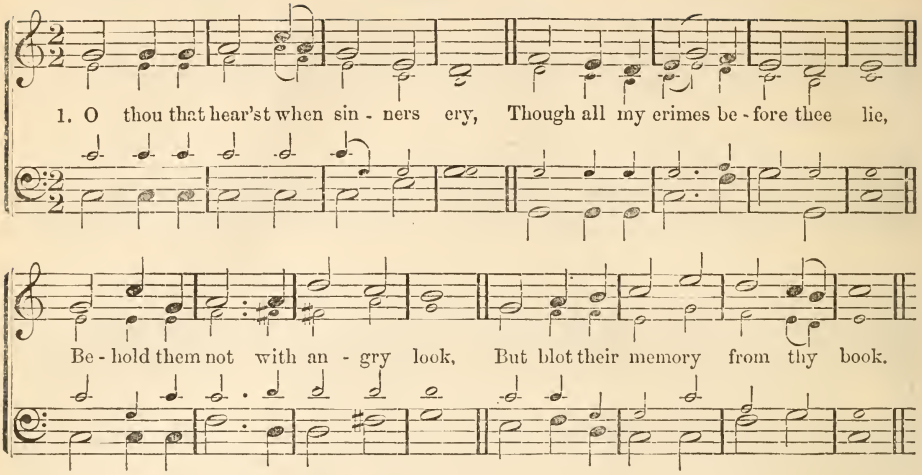
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Hymn 135. Zephyr. L. M.


1. O thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore thee lie,
Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

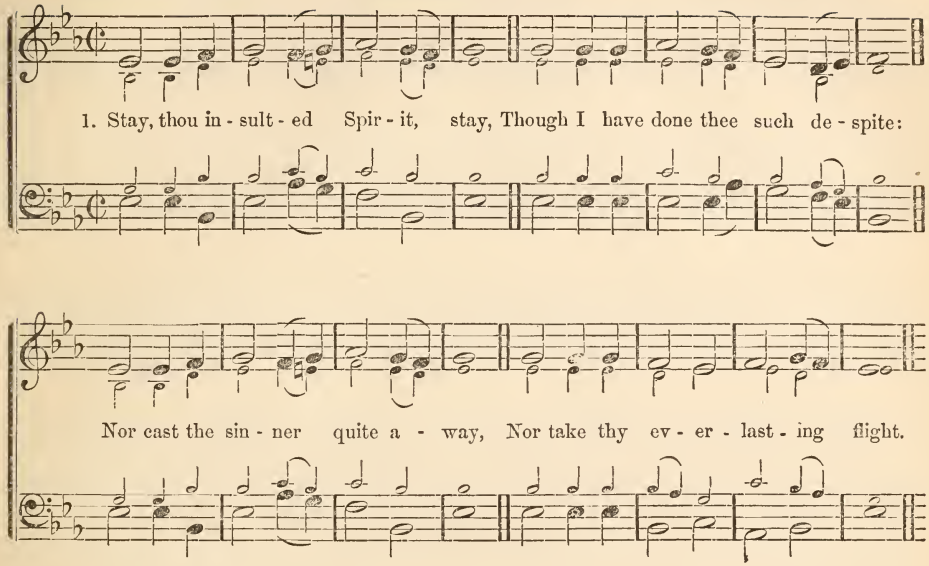
5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Hymn 136. Hamburg. L. M.


1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done thee such de - spite:
Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thy ev - er - last - ing flight.

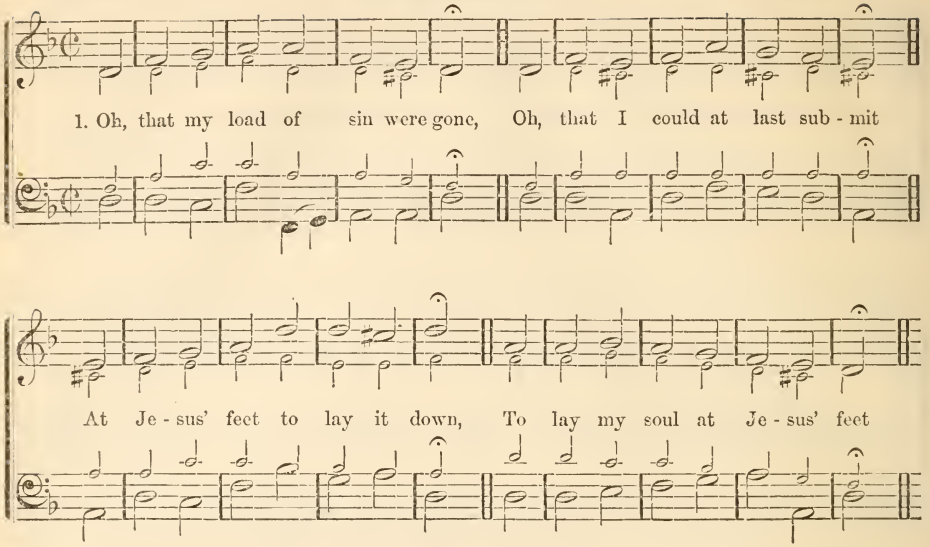
1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thy everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Hymn 137. Windham. L. M. s



1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

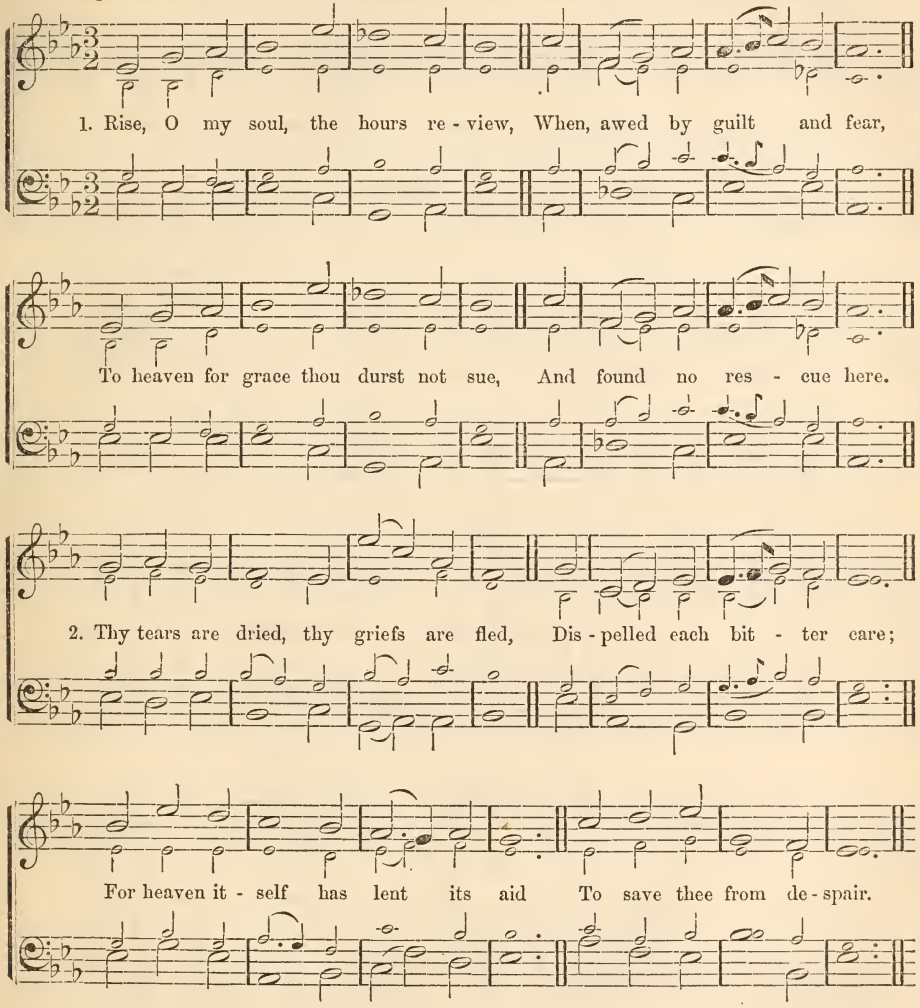
2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Hymn 138. Brunswick. C. M.


1. Rise, O my soul, the hours re - view, When, awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue, And found no res - cue here.
2. Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled, Dis - pelled each bit - ter care;
For heaven it - self has lent its aid To save thee from de - spair.

3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own :

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore ;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One pardoned sinner more.

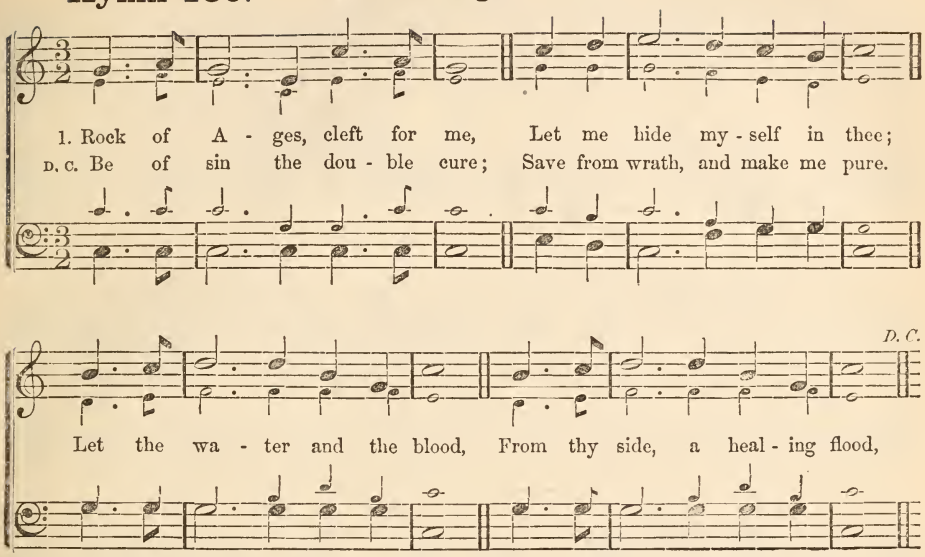
Hymn 138. Howe. C. M. *For the Choir.*

p
1. Rise, O my soul, the hours review, When, awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue, And found no res - cue here.
2. Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled, Dis - pelled each bit - ter care;
For heaven it - self has lent its aid To save thee from de - spair.

3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own.

4 So shall my soul each power employ,
Thy mercy to adore;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy—
"One pardoned sinner more."

Hymn 139. Rock of Ages. III. 2.

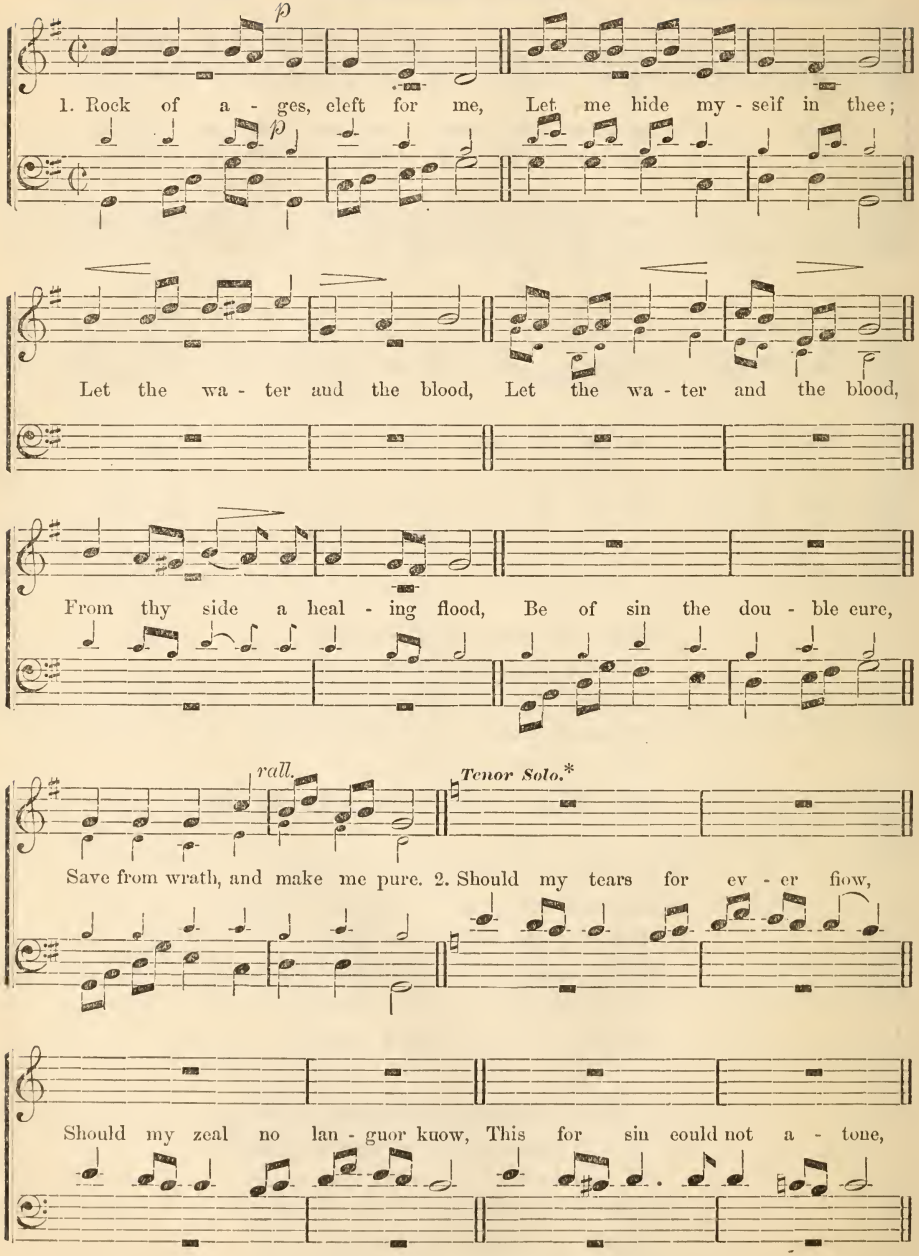

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

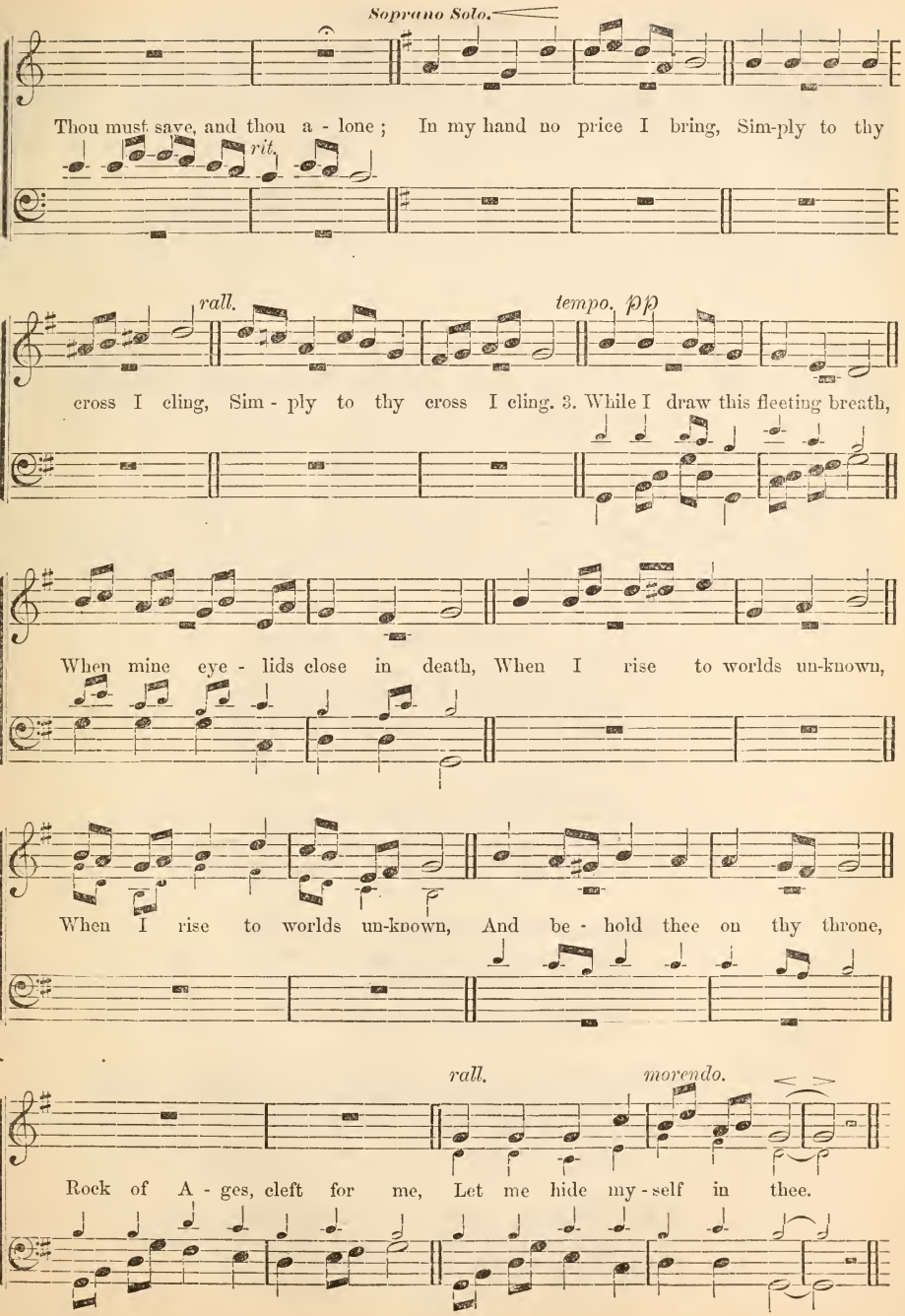
2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

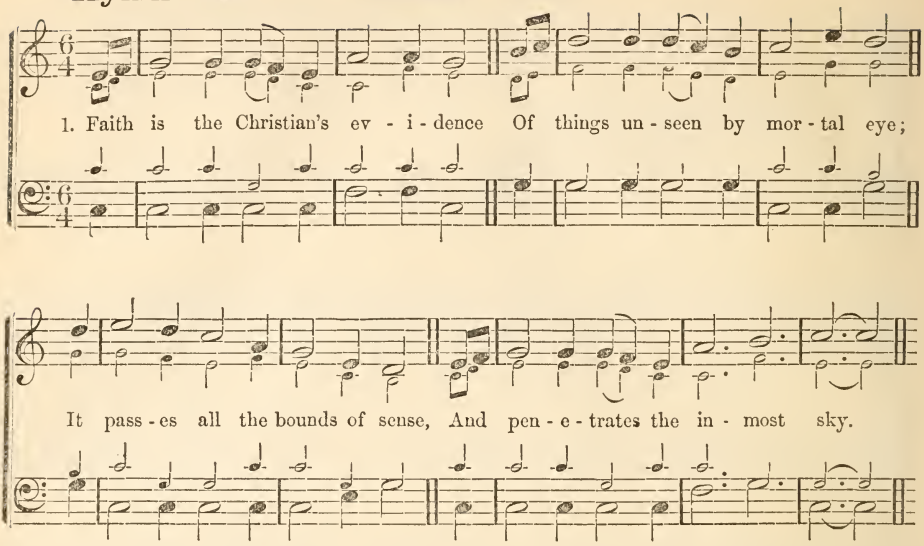
Hymn 139. Ingraham. III. 2. *For the Choir.*


p
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy side a heal - ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure,
rall.
Tenor Solo.*
Save from wrath, and make me pure. 2. Should my tears for ev - er flow,
Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,

* This can be sung with good effect by the Contralto.


Soprano Solo.
Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy
rit.
rall.
tempo. pp
cross I cling, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling. 3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known,
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,
rall.
morendo.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

Hymn 140. Retreat. L. M.


1. Faith is the Christian's ev - i - dence Of things un - seen by mor - tal eye;
It pass - es all the bounds of sense, And pen - e - trates the in - most sky.

1 Faith is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long passed it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith we pass the vale of tears,
Safe and serene, though oft distressed;
By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

Hymn 141. Dundee. C. M.

Rom. viii. 31–34.

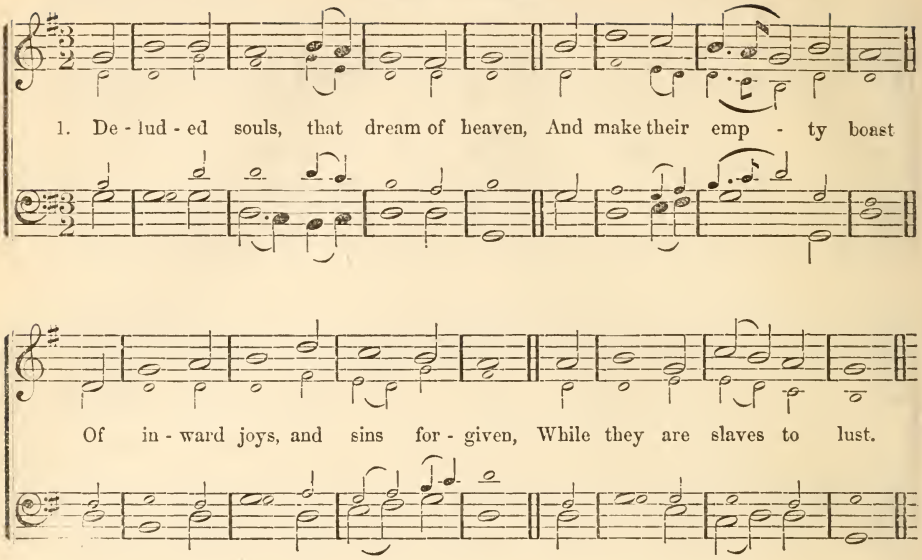
1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe:
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'T is God hath justified;
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

Hymn 142. Barby. C. M.


1. De - lud - ed souls, that dream of heaven, And make their emp - ty boast
Of in - ward joys, and sins for - given, While they are slaves to lust.

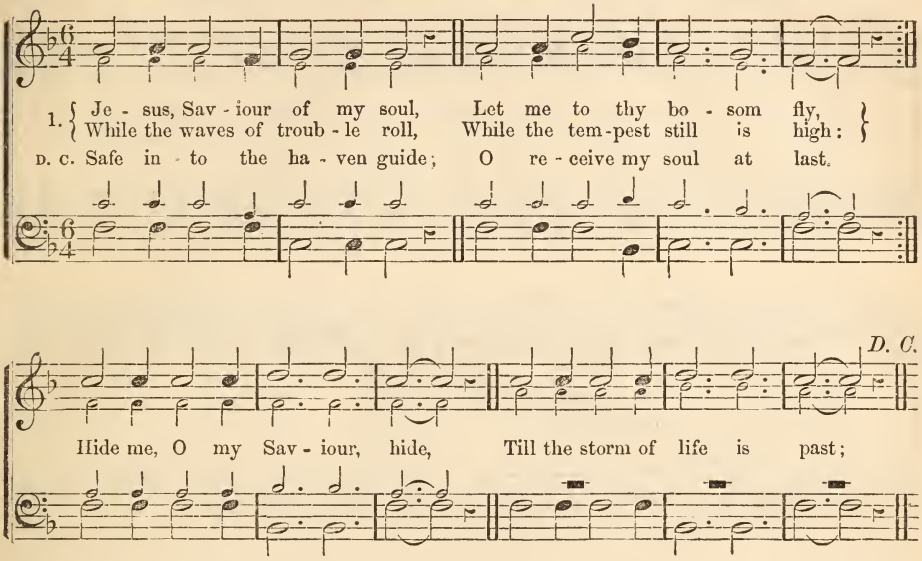
1 Deluded souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

Hymn 143. Martyn. III. 1.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the waves of troub - le roll, While the tem-pest still is high:
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Hymn 144. Goshen. IV. 4.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
D. S. You who un - to
Fine.
D.S.
faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Je - sus for ref - uge have fled:

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

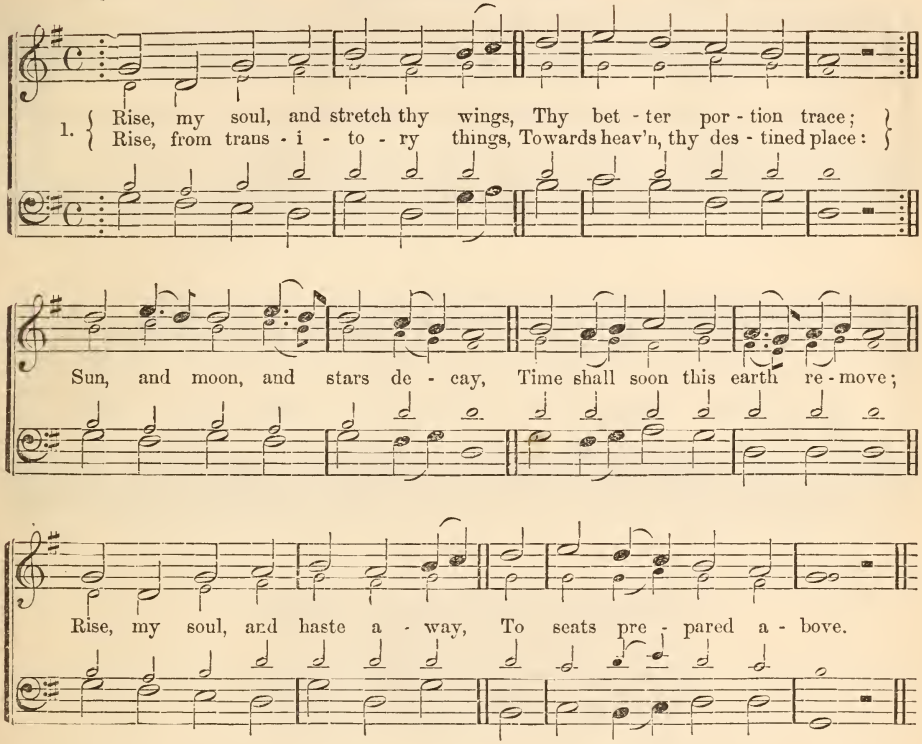
2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake
I'll never—no, never—no never forsake.

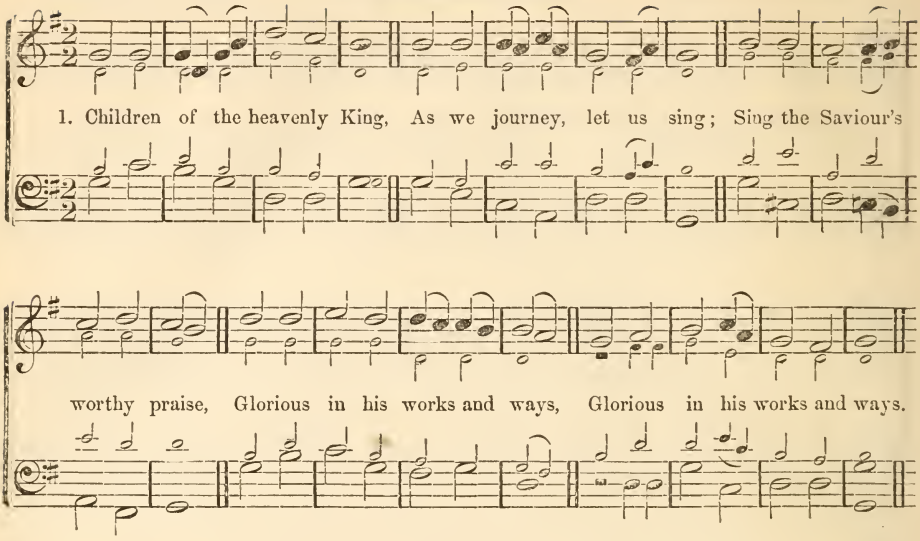
Hymn 145. Amsterdam. P. M.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise, from trans - i - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy des - tined place:
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd:
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

Hymn 146. Hendon. III. 1.


1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, let us sing; Sing the Saviour's
worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardoned now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Hymn 147. Brown. C. M.

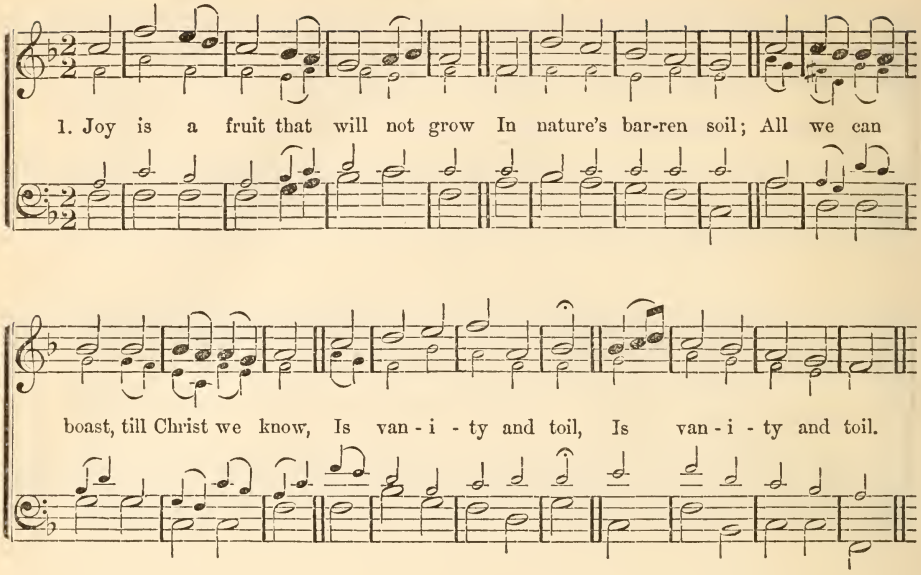
1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes,

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There, anchored safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Hymn 148. St. Mark's. C. M.


1. Joy is a fruit that will not grow In nature's bar-ren soil; All we can
boast, till Christ we know, Is van - i - ty and toil, Is van - i - ty and toil.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those that know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

Hymn 149. Ain. S. M.

Congregation.
1 Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, But
Choir.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our
chil - - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.
God, But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

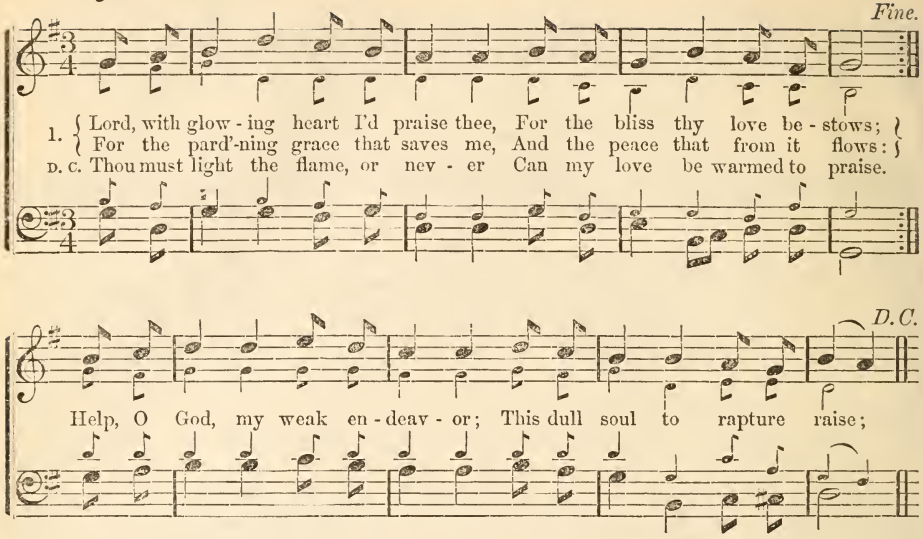
5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Hymn 150. Bavaria. III. 3.


Fine.
1. { Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be - stows; }
{ For the pard'-ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: }
D. C. Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
D.C.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rapture raise;

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear;
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Hymn 151. Fulton. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

1 Lord, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

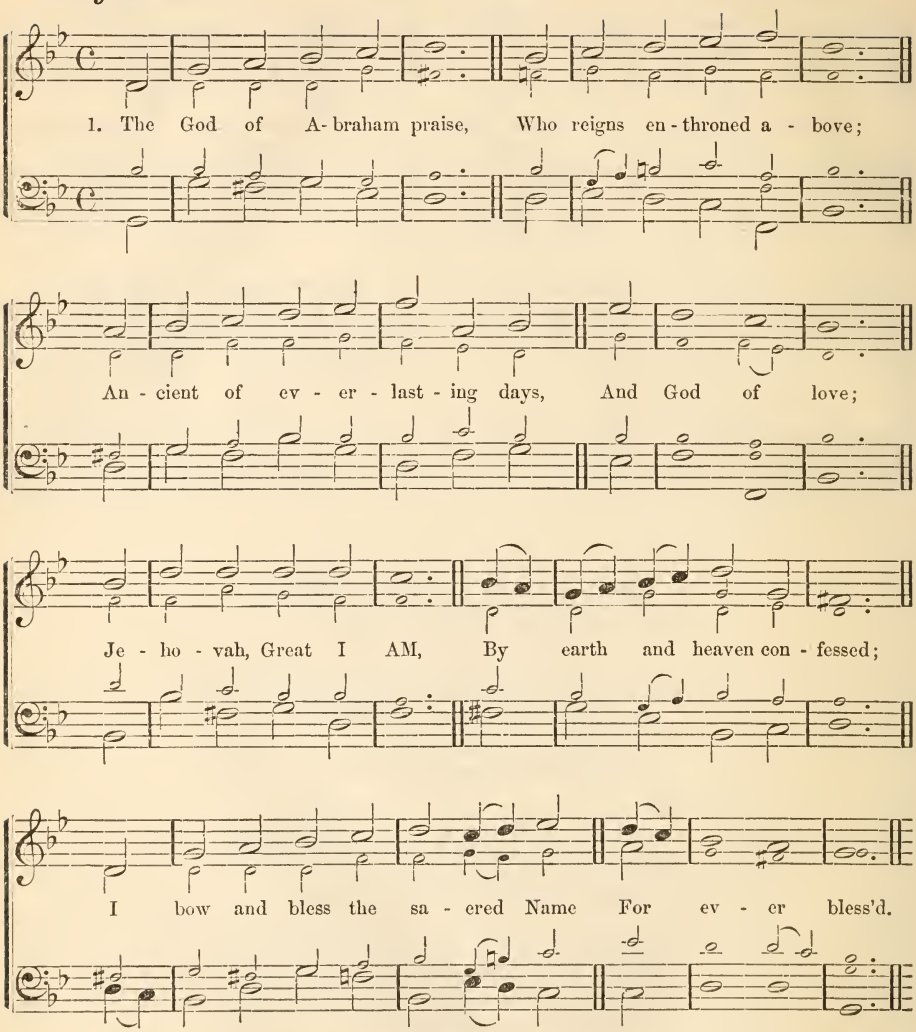
3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Hymn 152. Leoni. P. M.


1. The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-throned a-bove;
An-cient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love;
Je-ho-vah, Great I AM, By earth and heaven con-fessed;
I bow and bless the sa-cred Name For ev-er bless'd.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore:
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

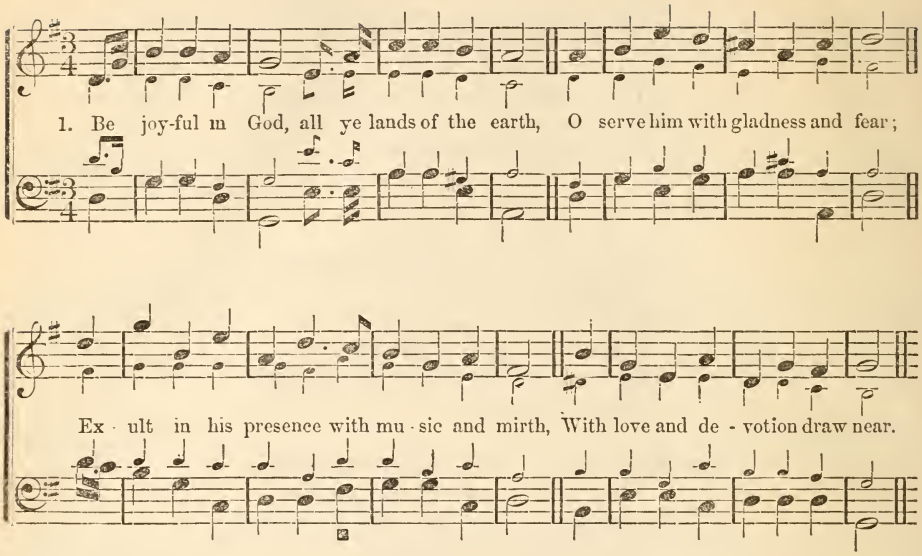
4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Hymn 153. Chittenden. IV. 3. *For the Choir.*

Psalm c.


1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear;
Ex - ult in his presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - votion draw near.

1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable Name.

5 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

Hymn 154. Old Hundred. L. M.

Psalm c.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

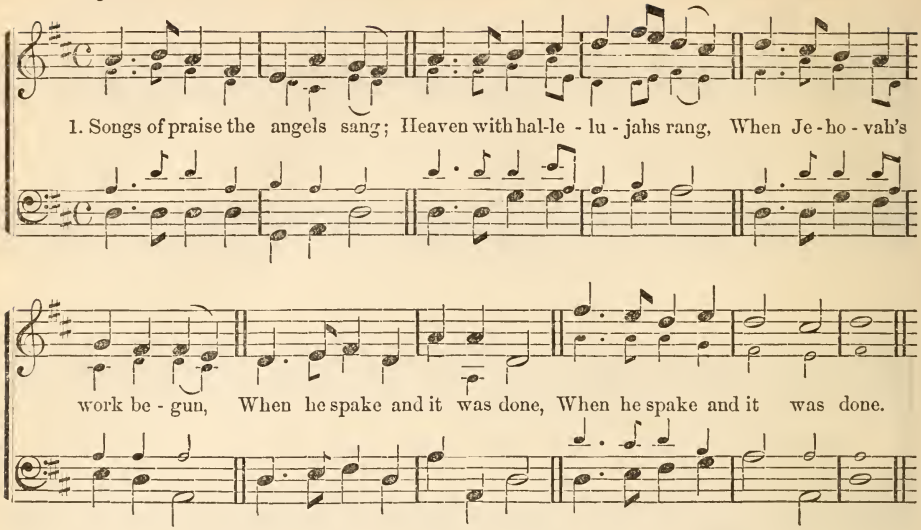
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Hymn 155. Clark. III. 1. *For the Choir.*


1. Songs of praise the angels sang; Heaven with hal-le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's
work be - gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

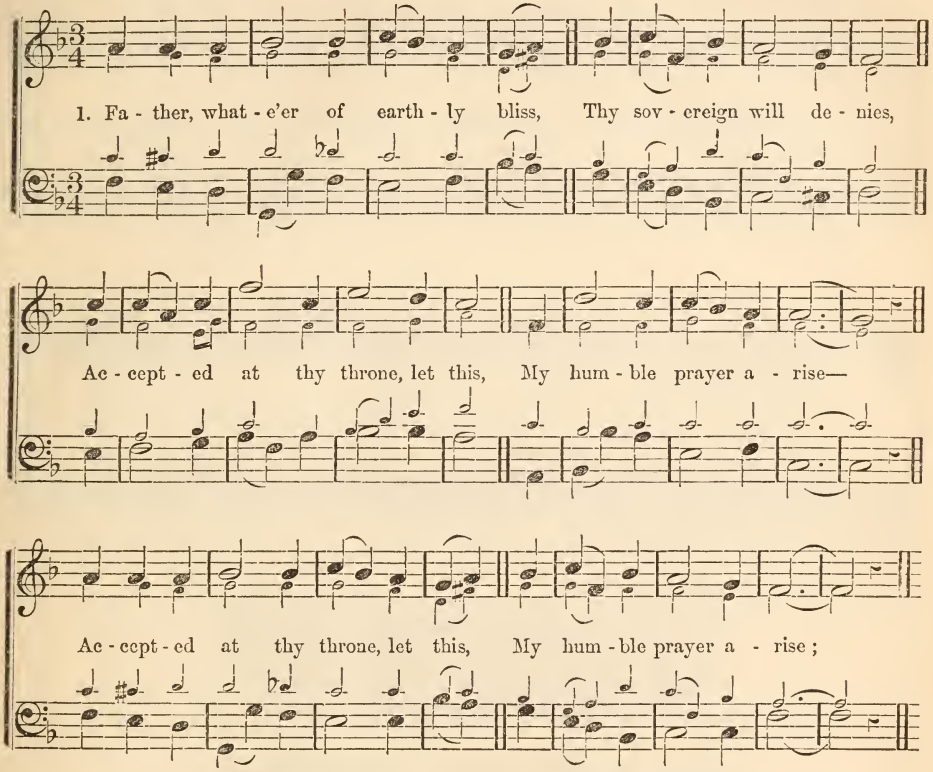
3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Hymn 156. Feltus. C. M.


1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss, Thy sov - ereign will de - nies,
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer a - rise—
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer a - rise ;

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise ;

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee :

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Hymn 157. Brooke. L. M.

1. Be still, my heart, these anx - ious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dis - hon- our on thy Lord, And con - tra - dict his gra -cious word.

1 Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

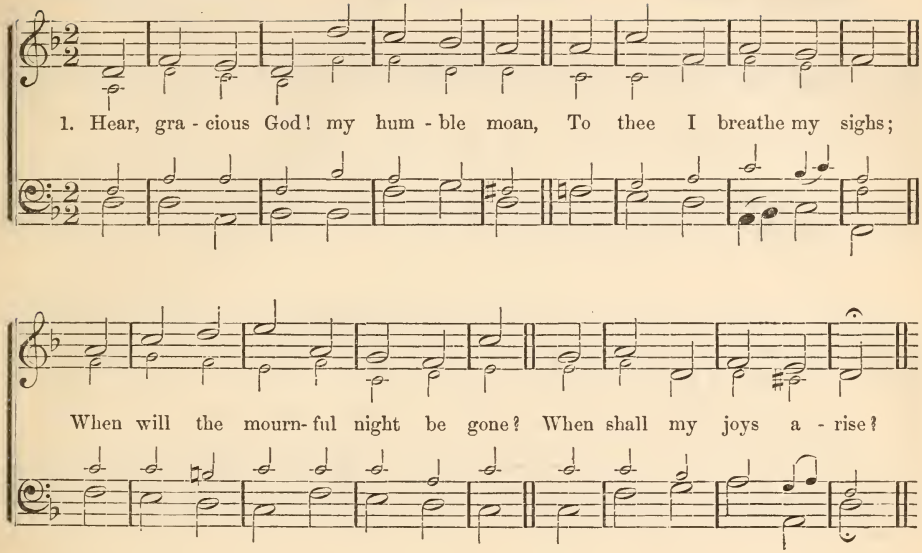
2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

Hymn 158. Playford. C. M.



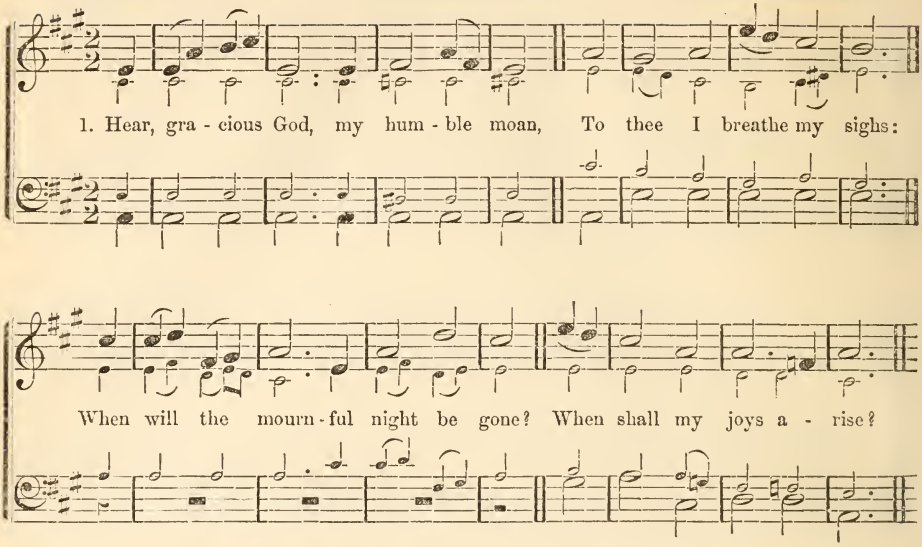
1 Hear, gracious God! my humble moan,
To Thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

Hymn 158. **Horne. C. M.** *For the Choir.*



Soprano. 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs:
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

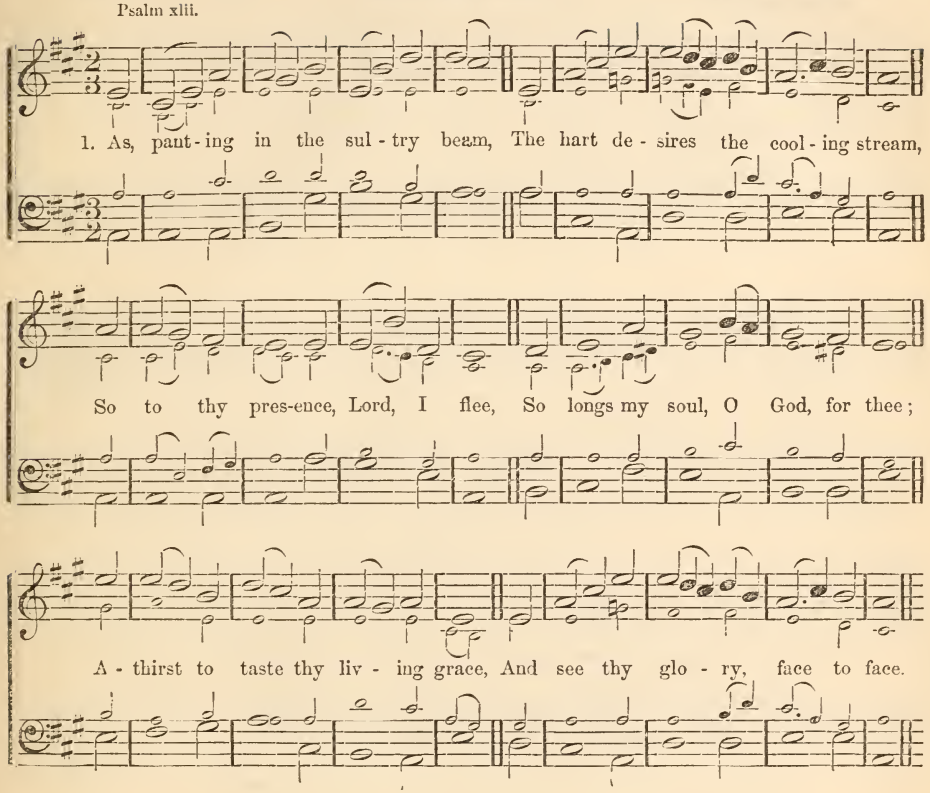
Choir. 2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

Hymn 159. Brownell. II. 3. *For the Choir.*

Psalm xlii.


1. As, pant - ing in the sul - try beam, The hart de - sires the cool - ing stream,
So to thy pres-ence, Lord, I flee, So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
A - thirst to taste thy liv - ing grace, And see thy glo - ry, face to face.

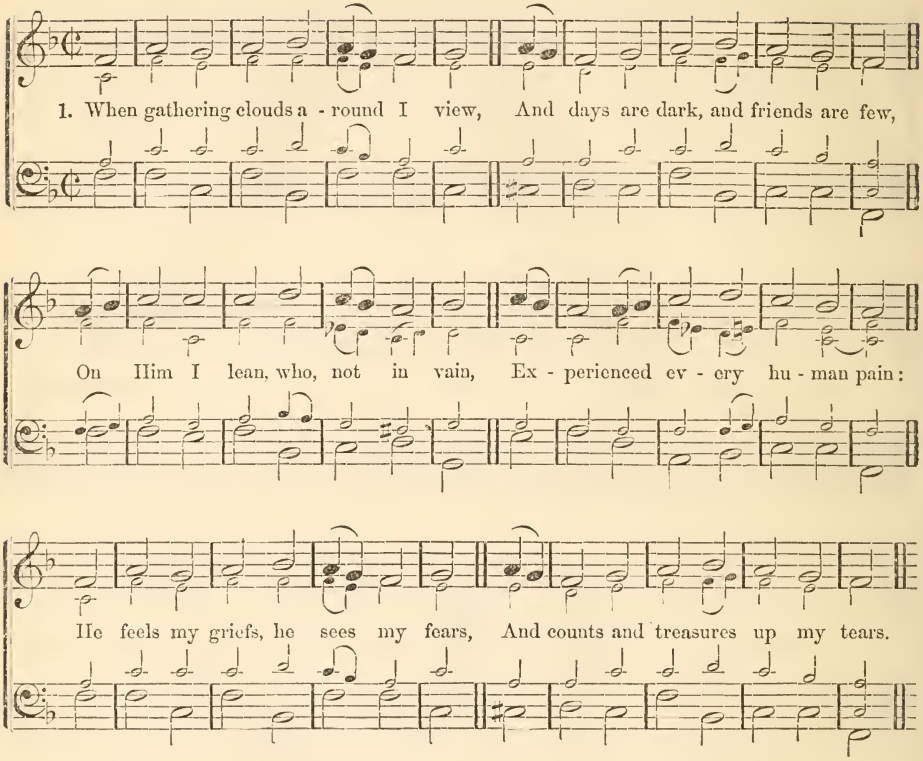
2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round,
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallowed arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

Hymn 160. Dresden. II. 3.

Hebrews iv. 15.


1. When gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain, Ex - perienced ev - ery hu - man pain:
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

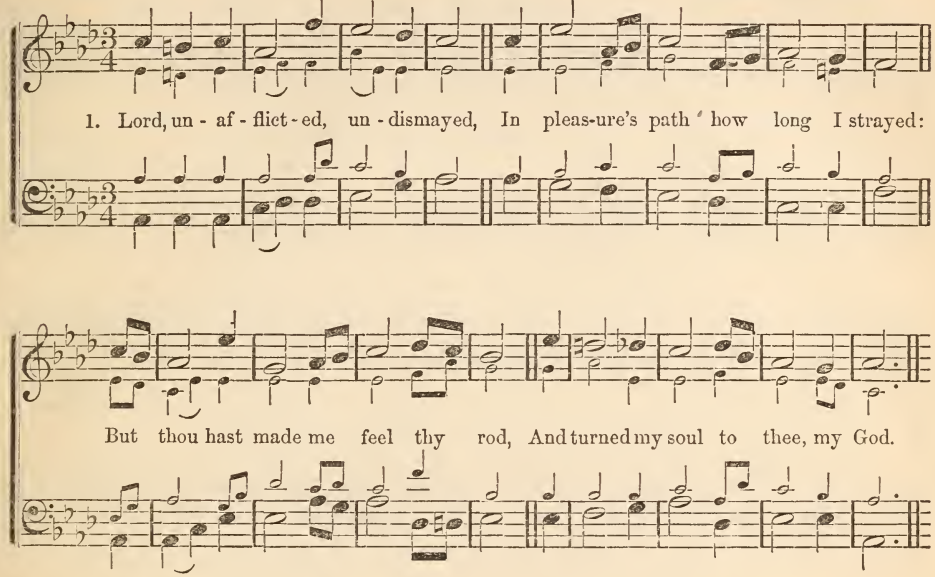
2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Hymn 161. Britton. L. M.


1. Lord, un - af - flict - ed, un - dismayed, In pleas-ure's path how long I strayed:
But thou hast made me feel thy rod, And turned my soul to thee, my God.

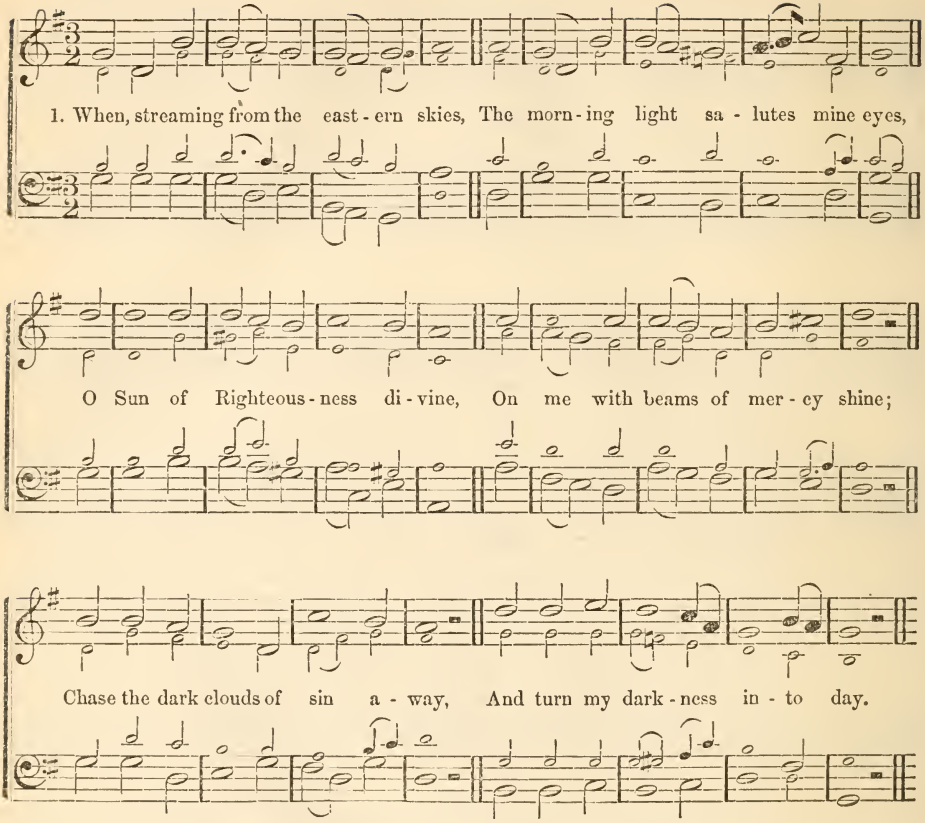
1 Lord, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path how long I strayed:
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turned my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

Hymn 162. Salisbury. II. 3.


1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa - lutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteous - ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

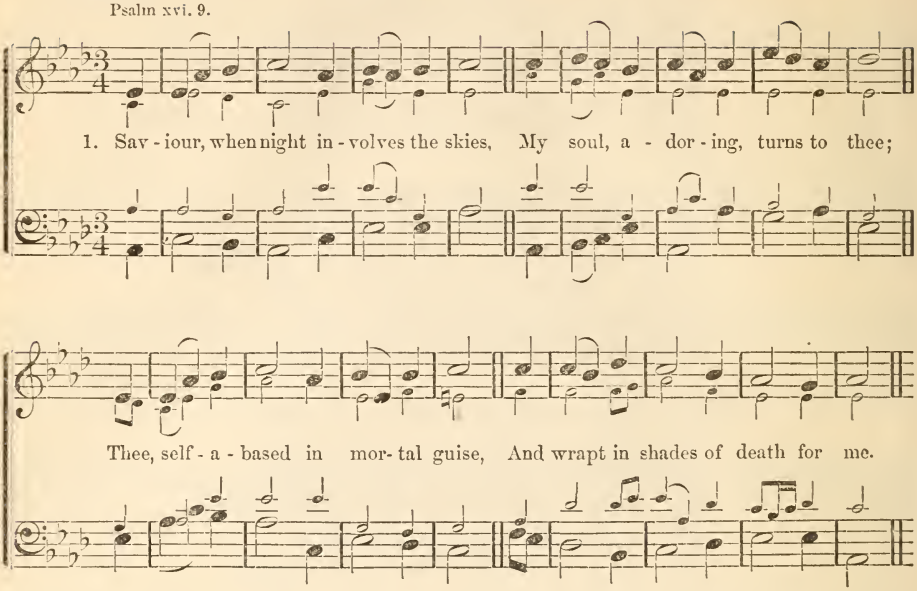
6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings on my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

Hymn 163. Louvan. L. M.

Psalm xvi. 9.


1. Sav - iour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to thee;
Thee, self - a - based in mor- tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

1 Saviour, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs,
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

Hymn 164. Kenn. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to thee, eternal King."

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
Oh, may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 165. Stonefield. L. M.

1. A - rise, my soul, with rap - ture rise, And, filled with love and fear, a - dore
The aw - ful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mer - cy lends me one day more.

1 Arise, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, filled with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

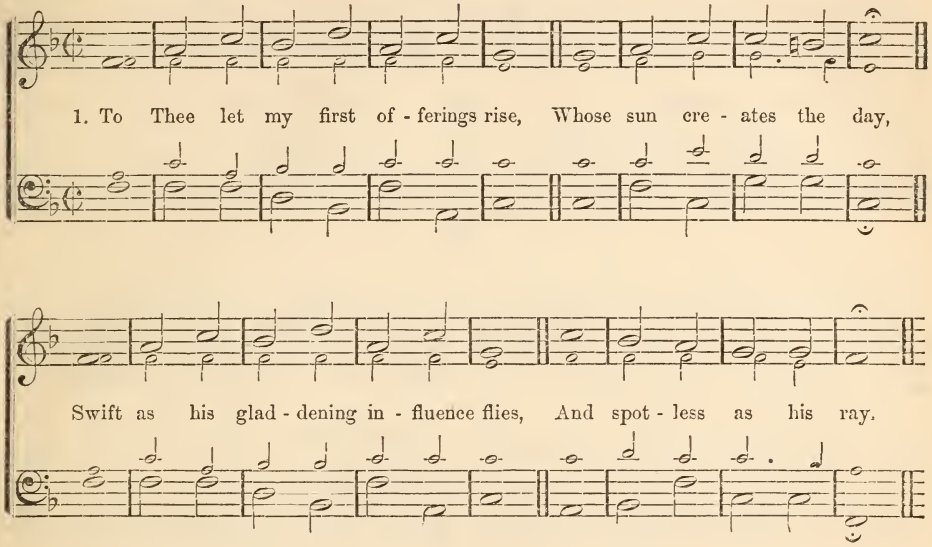
2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise—

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

Hymn 166. York. C. M.


1. To Thee let my first of - ferings rise, Whose sun cre - ates the day,
Swift as his glad - dening in - fluence flies, And spot - less as his ray.

1 To Thee let my first offerings rise,
  Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
  And spotless as his ray.

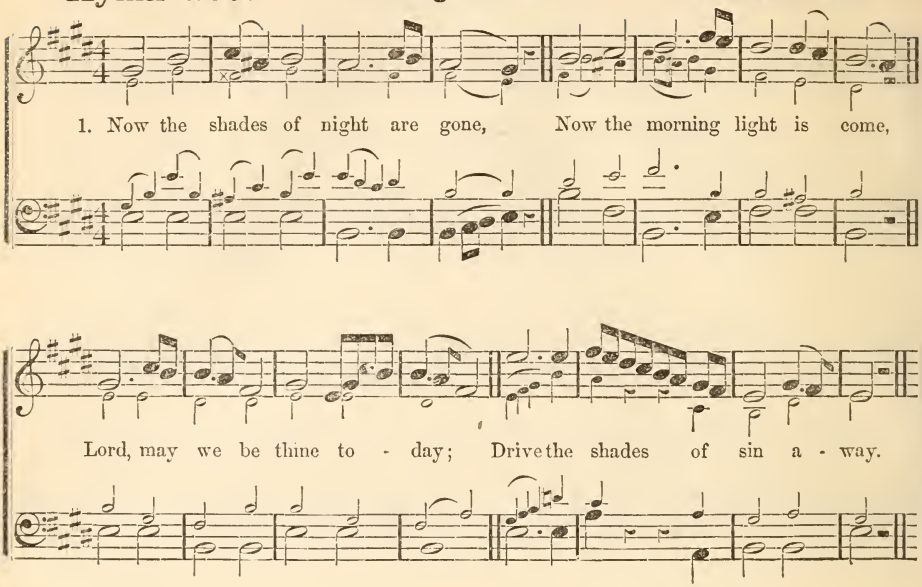
2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
  So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
  And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
  For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
  And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
  As vice or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
  May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
  Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
  May grace sustain at last.

Hymn 167. Worthington. III. 1. *For the Choir.*



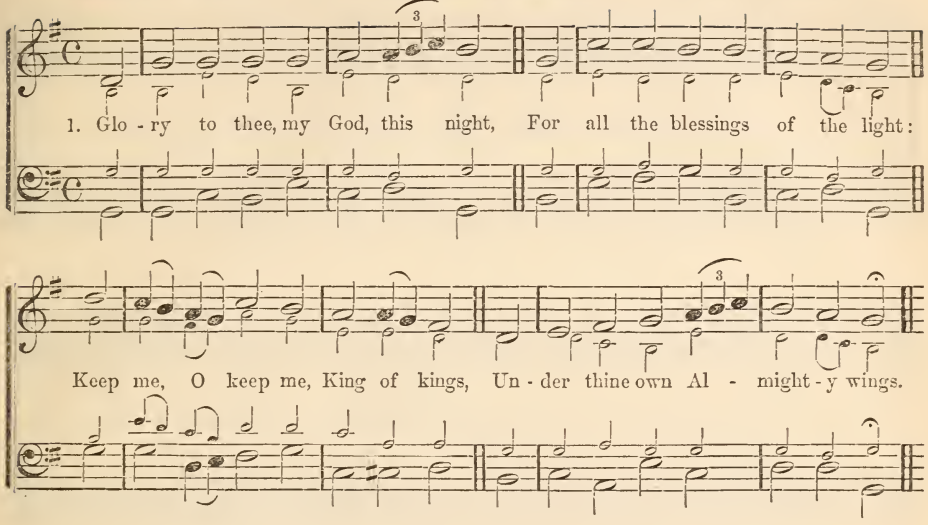
1 Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come,
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labor, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Hymn 168. Tallis. L. M.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der thine own Al - might - y wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

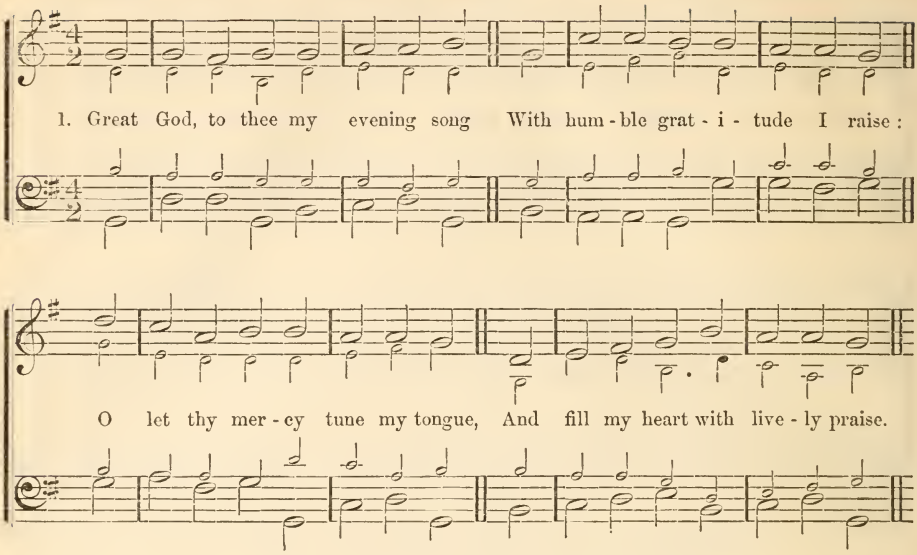
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 169. Tallis' Canon. L. M.


1. Great God, to thee my evening song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise:
O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name

Hymn 169. Whiteland. L. M. *For the Choir.*

1. Great God, to thee my eve - ning song With hum-ble grat - i - tude I raise;
O let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

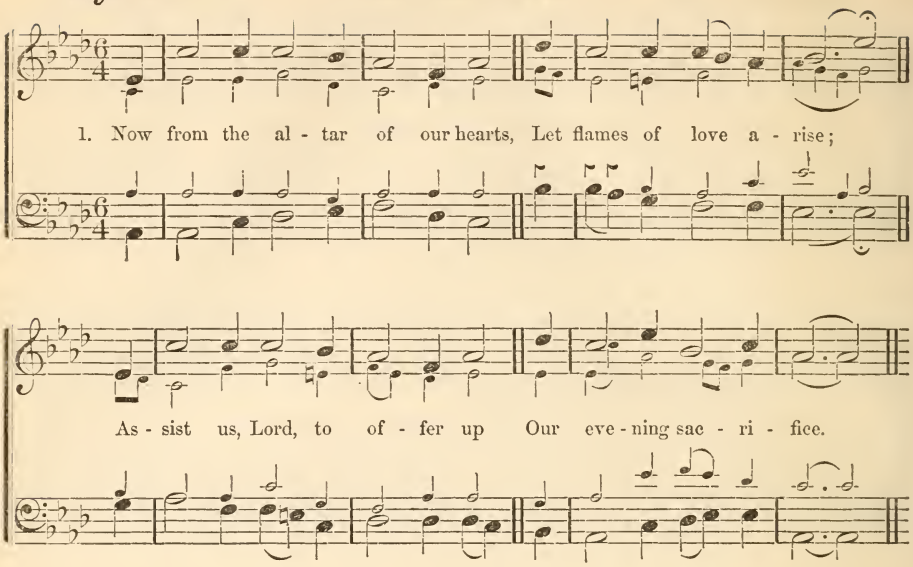
2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

Hymn 170. Remsen. C. M.

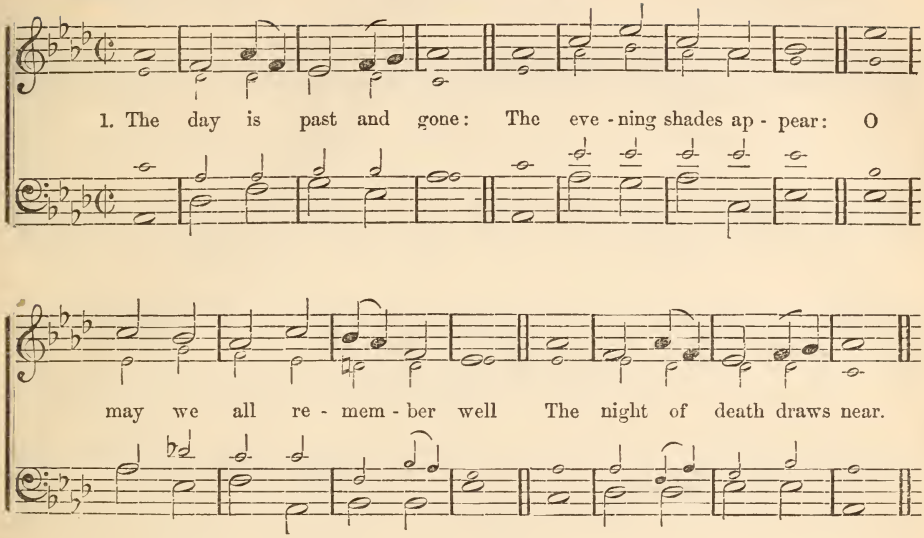


1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

Hymn 171. Dalrymple. S. M.



1 The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

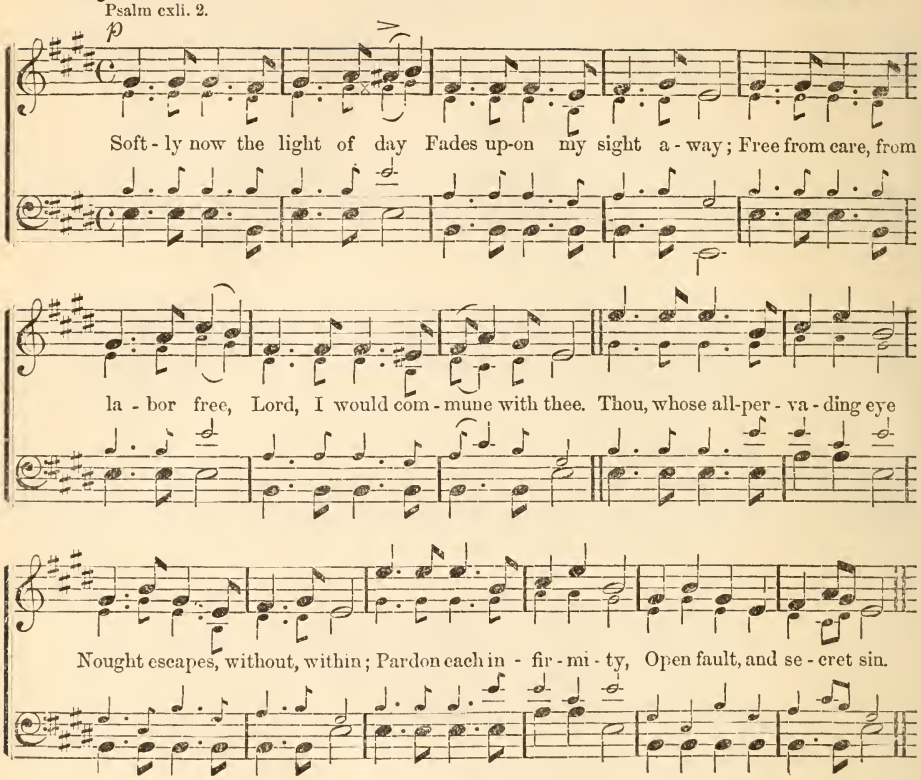
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

Hymn 172. Meade. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

Psalm cxli. 2.


Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a - way; Free from care, from
la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee. Thou, whose all-per - va - ding eye
Nought escapes, without, within; Pardon each in - fir - mi - ty, Open fault, and se - cret sin.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within;
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Hymn 172. Packard. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

Psalm cxli. 2.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away,
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee:

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee:

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

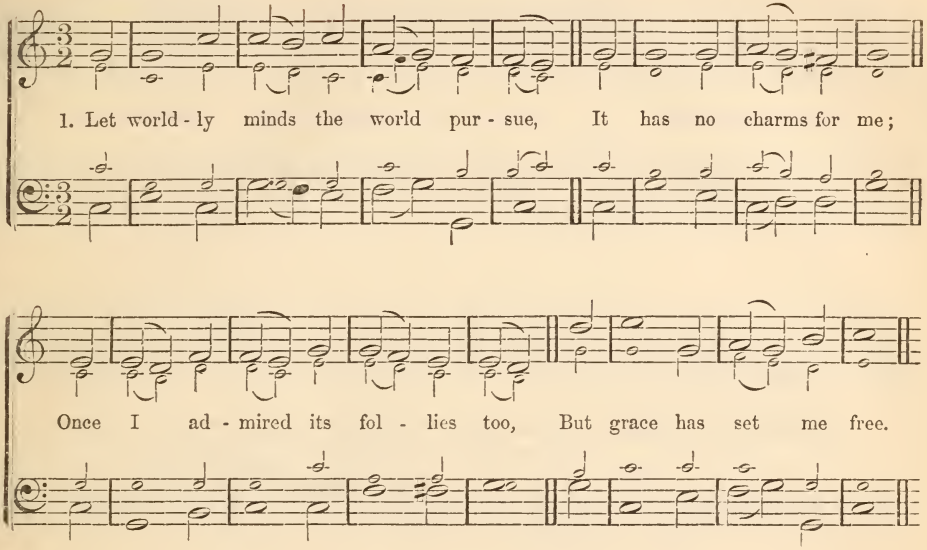
Hymn 173. Ryle. IV. 2.

1. In - spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleeping or wak - ing, re - sign.
2. If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no darkness to me.
And, fast as my min - utes roll on, They bring me but near - er to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Hymn 174. Coventry. C. M.



1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

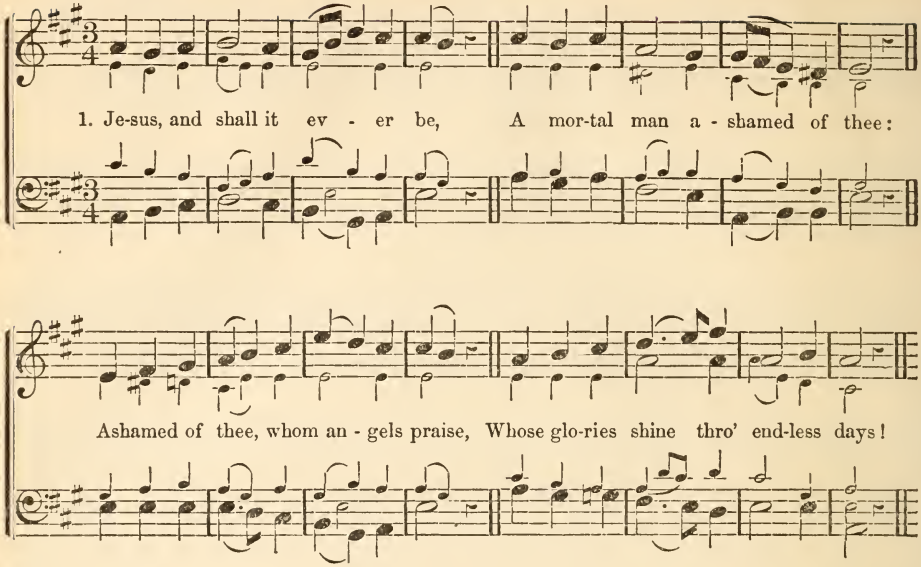
2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His Name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

Hymn 175. Bowen. L. M.


1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end-less days!

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

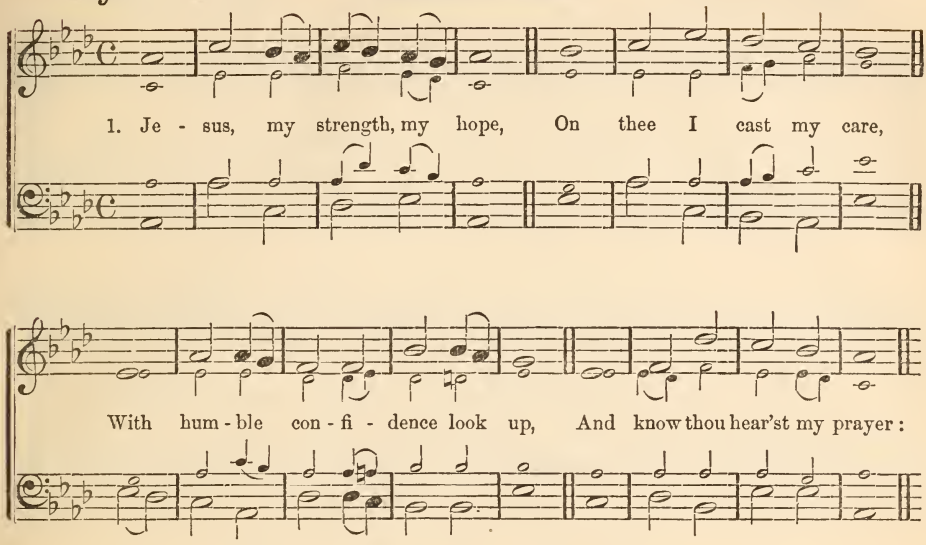
2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

Hymn 176. Harrison. S. M.



1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Hymn 177. Autumn. III. 3.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand.
D. S. Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through.
Fine.
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountains Whence the liv - ing wa-ters flow;
D. S.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Hymn 178. Cutler. L. M.

1. When-e'er the an - gry pas - sions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Je - sus let us lift our eyes, Bright pat-tern of the Chris - tian life.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive:
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

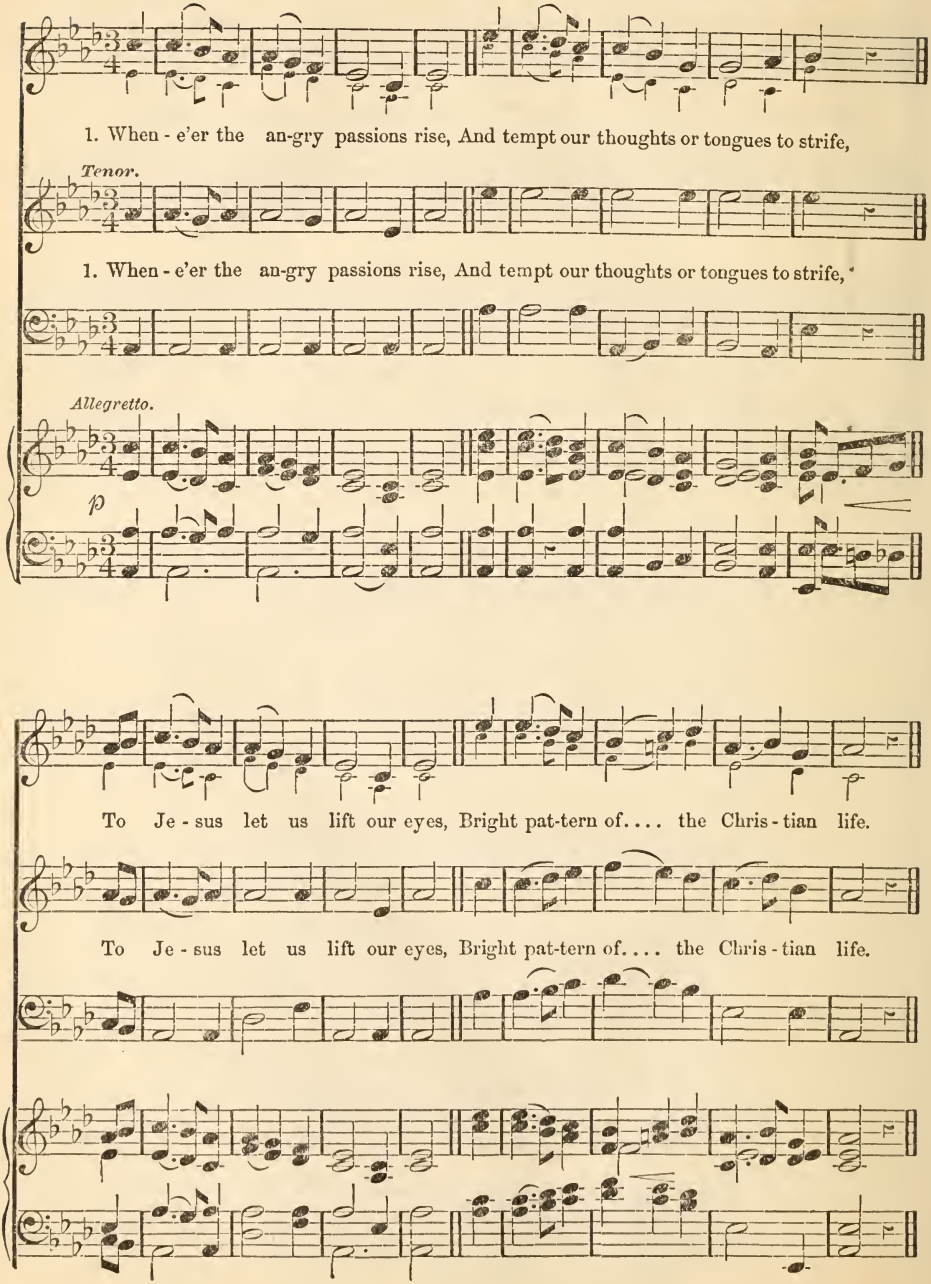
3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight,
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

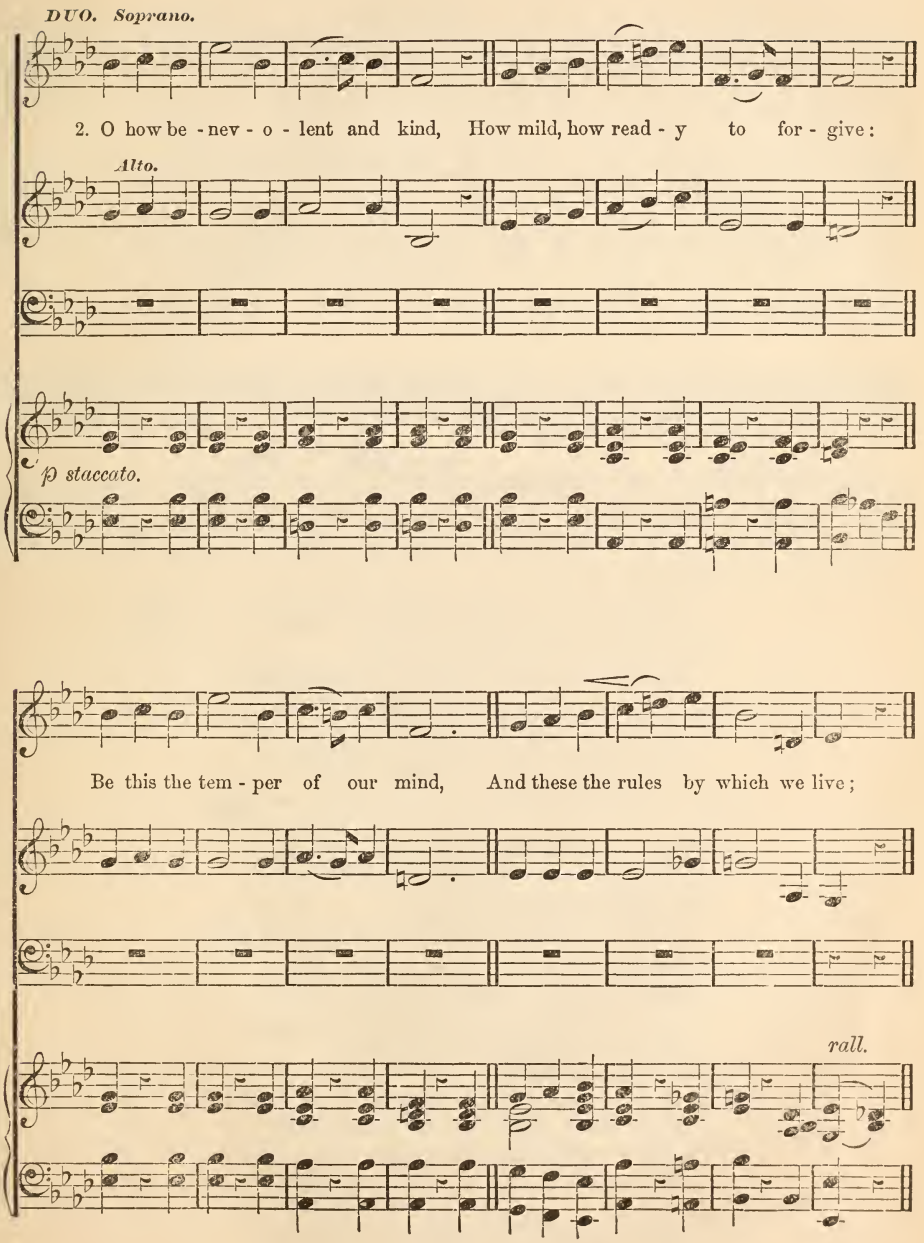
4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

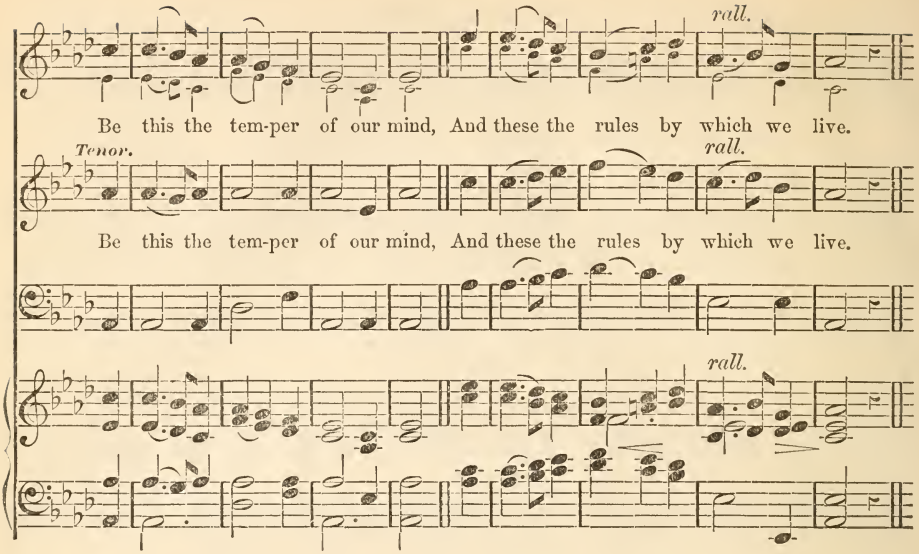
5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Hymn 178. Schenck. L. M. *For the Choir.*


1. When - e'er the an-gry passions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
Tenor.
1. When - e'er the an-gry passions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
Allegretto.
p
To Je - sus let us lift our eyes, Bright pat-tern of.... the Chris - tian life.
To Je - sus let us lift our eyes, Bright pat-tern of.... the Chris - tian life.


DUO. Soprano.
2. O how be - nev - o - lent and kind, How mild, how read - y to for - give:
Alto.
p staccato.
Be this the tem - per of our mind, And these the rules by which we live;
rall.


rall.
Be this the tem-per of our mind, And these the rules by which we live.
Tenor.
rall.
Be this the tem-per of our mind, And these the rules by which we live.
rall.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive:
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Hymn 179. Shirland. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

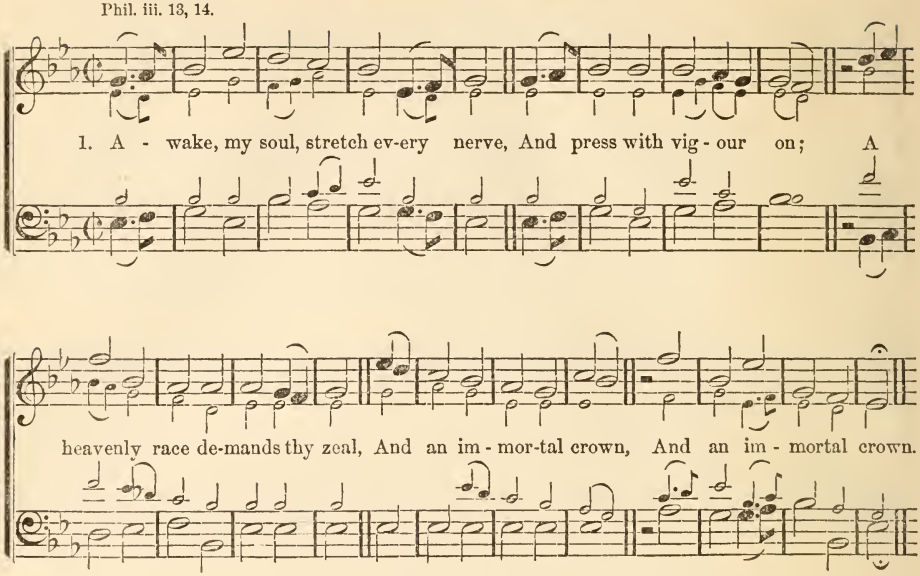
2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall for ever die.

Hymn 180. Christmas. C. M.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-ery nerve, And press with vig - our on; A
heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mortal crown.

1 AWAKE, my soul stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Hymn 181. Beames. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it if it be.

Hymn 182. Naomi. C. M.

1 Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

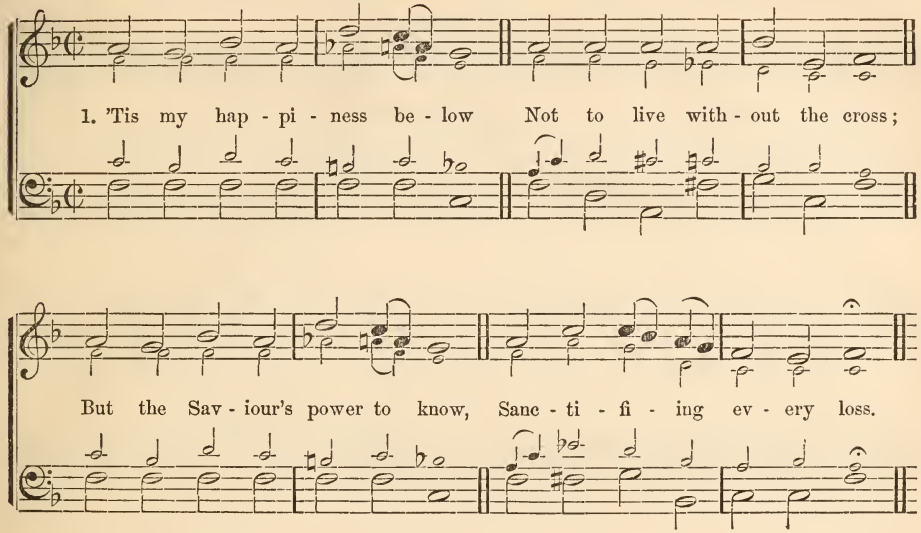
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still;
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymn 183. Chatham. III. 1.



1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Hymn 184. Brattle Street. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled,
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore.

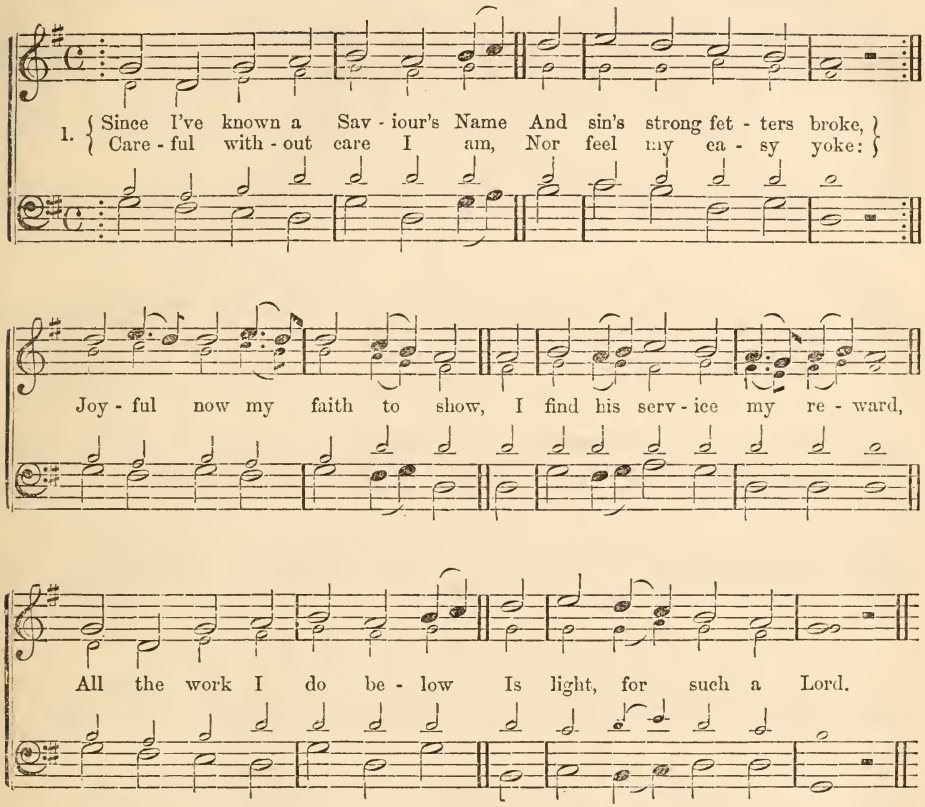
3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see :
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Hymn 185. Amsterdam. P. M.


1. { Since I've known a Sav - iour's Name And sin's strong fet - ters broke, }
{ Care - ful with - out care I am, Nor feel my ea - sy yoke: }
Joy - ful now my faith to show, I find his serv - ice my re - ward,
All the work I do be - low Is light, for such a Lord.

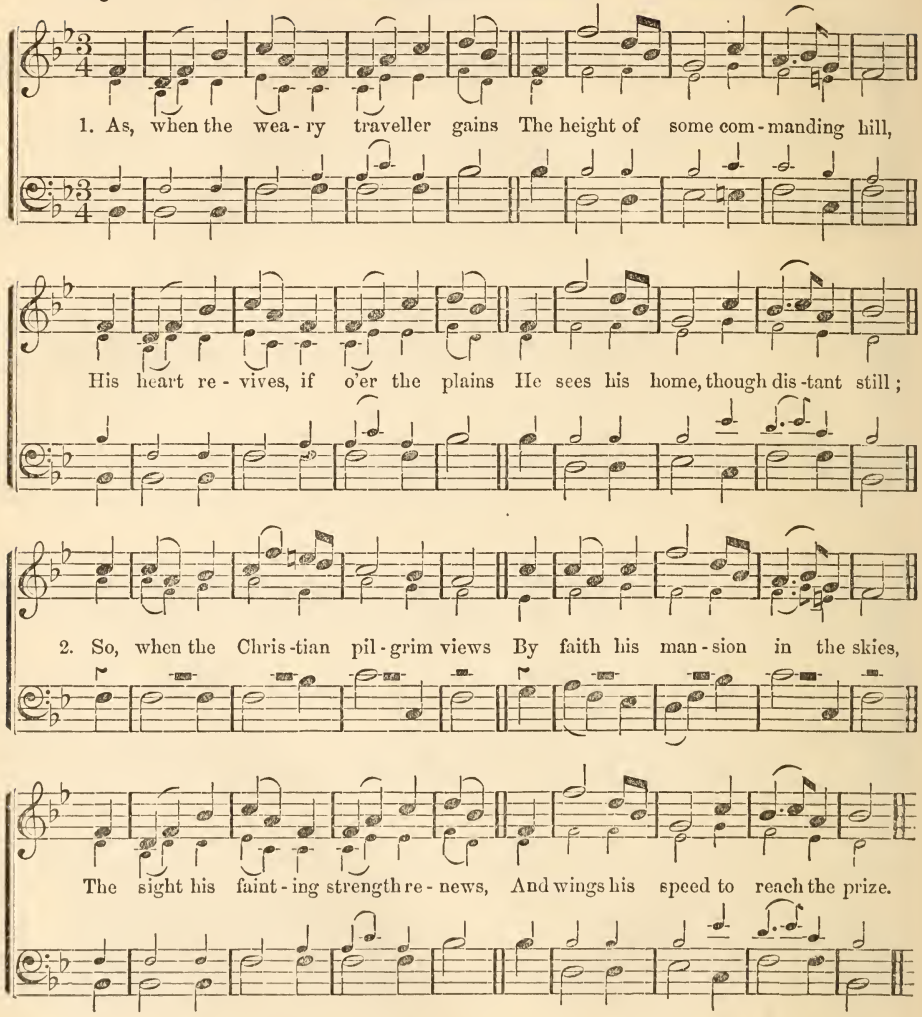
1 Since I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 Oh, that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd.
Praise from all above, below,
As was throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

Hymn 186. Bridgeport. L. M. *For the Choir.*

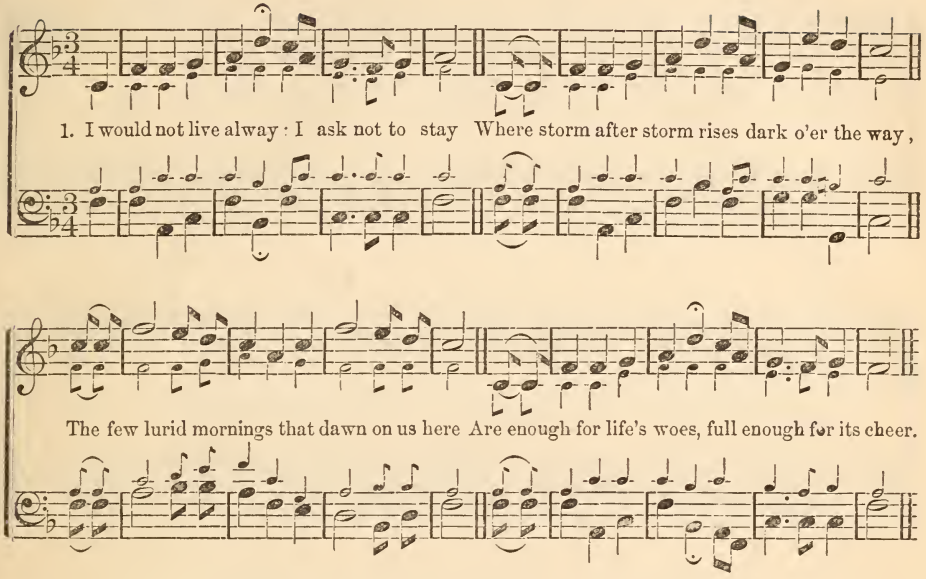

1. As, when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some com - manding hill,
His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still;
2. So, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views By faith his man - sion in the skies,
The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

Hymn 187. Muhlenburg. IV. 4.

Job vii. 16.


1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Hymn 188. Blackburn. C. M.

Job xiv. 1–6.

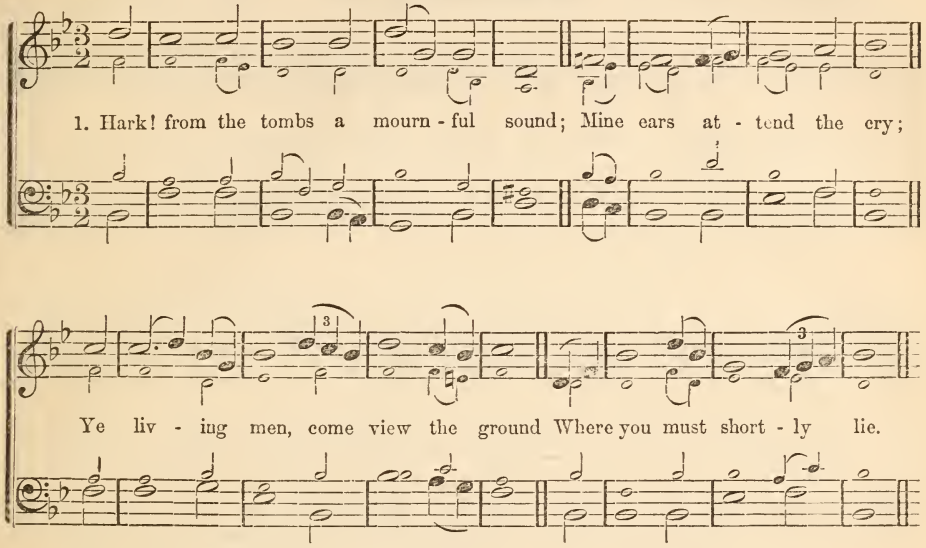
1 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath,
The short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

Hymn 189. China. C. M.


1. Hark! from the tombs a mourn - ful sound; Mine ears at - tend the cry;
Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie.

1 HARK! from the tombs a mournful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

Hymn 190. Greenwood. S. M.

Job xiv. 11-14.

1 The mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:

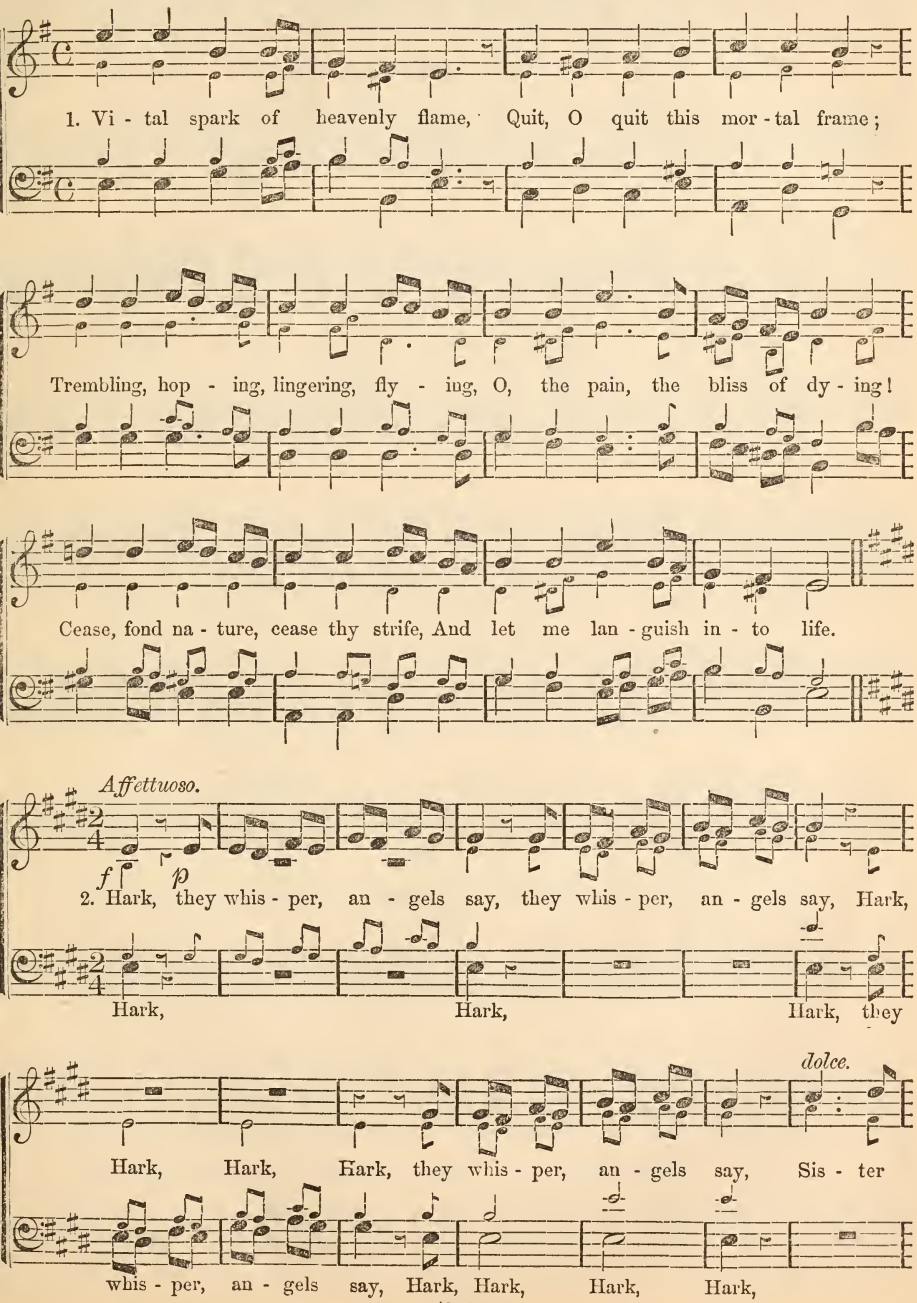
2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

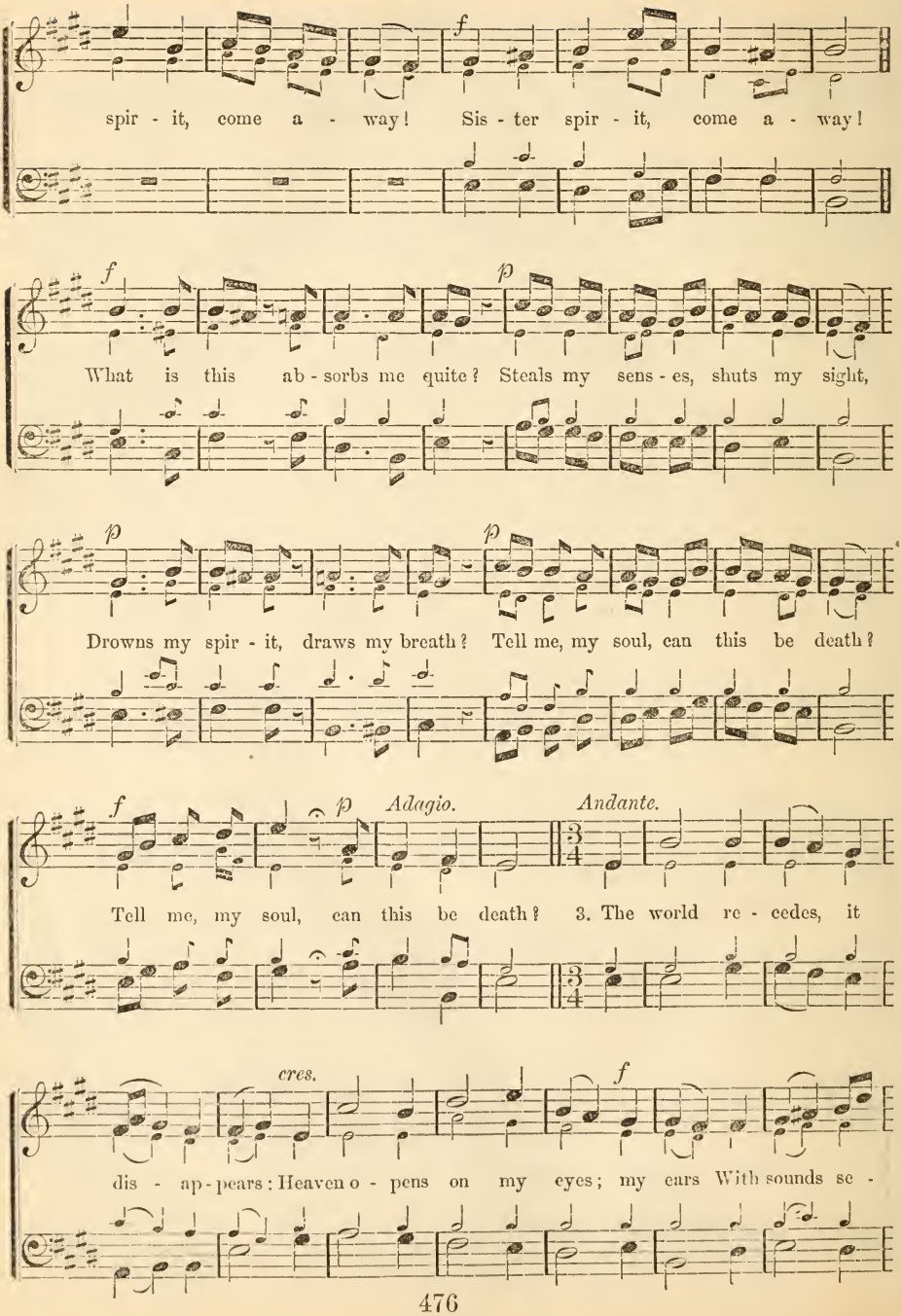
3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

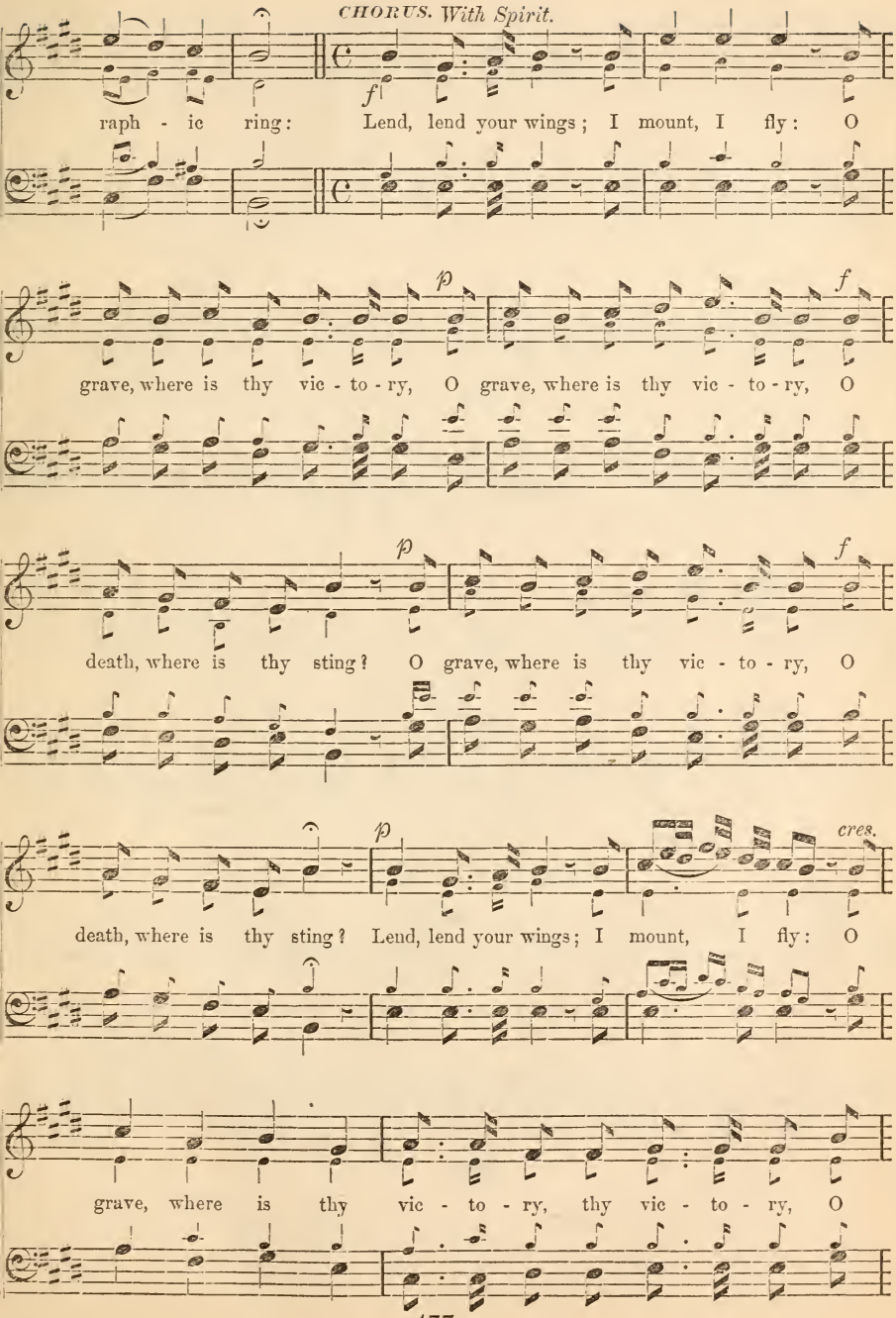
4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin; till called
To share his blest abode.

5 Cheered by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

Hymn 191. The Dying Christian. P. M. *For the Choir.*

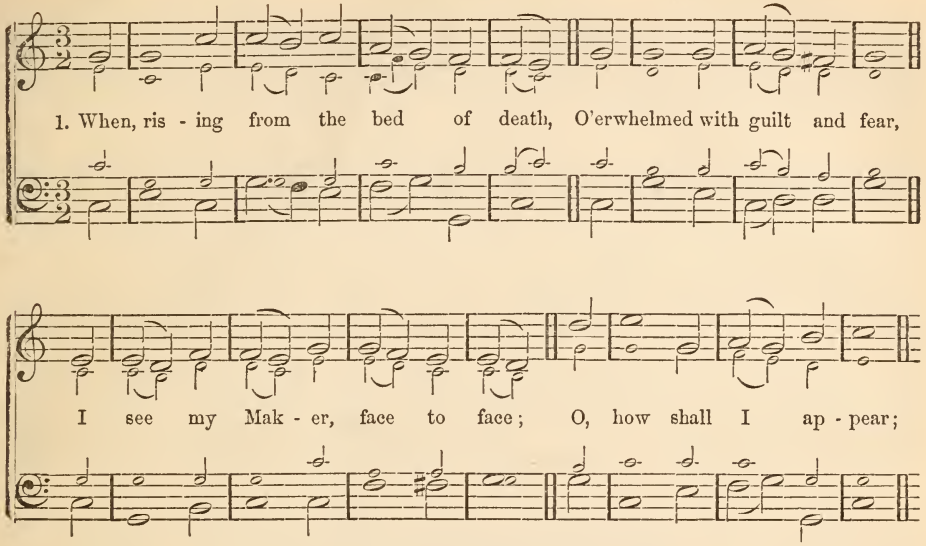

1. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame;
Trembling, hop - ing, lingering, fly - ing, O, the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!
Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life.
Affettuoso.
f p
2. Hark, they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, an - gels say, Hark,
Hark, Hark, Hark, they
dolce.
Hark, Hark, Hark, they whis - per, an - gels say, Sis - ter
whis - per, an - gels say, Hark, Hark, Hark, Hark,


spir - it, come a - way! Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!
What is this ab - sorbs me quite? Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
Adagio.
Andante.
Tell me, my soul, can this be death? 3. The world re - cedes, it
cres.
dis - ap - pears: Heaven o - pens on my eyes; my ears With sounds se -


CHORUS. With Spirit.
raph - ic ring: Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly: O
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O
death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O
death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly: O
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O
rall.
f
death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings; I
mount, I fly: O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy
p Adagio.
vic - to - ry, O death, O death, where is thy sting?

Hymn 192. Coventry. C. M.



1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

Hymn 193. Detroit. S. M.

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

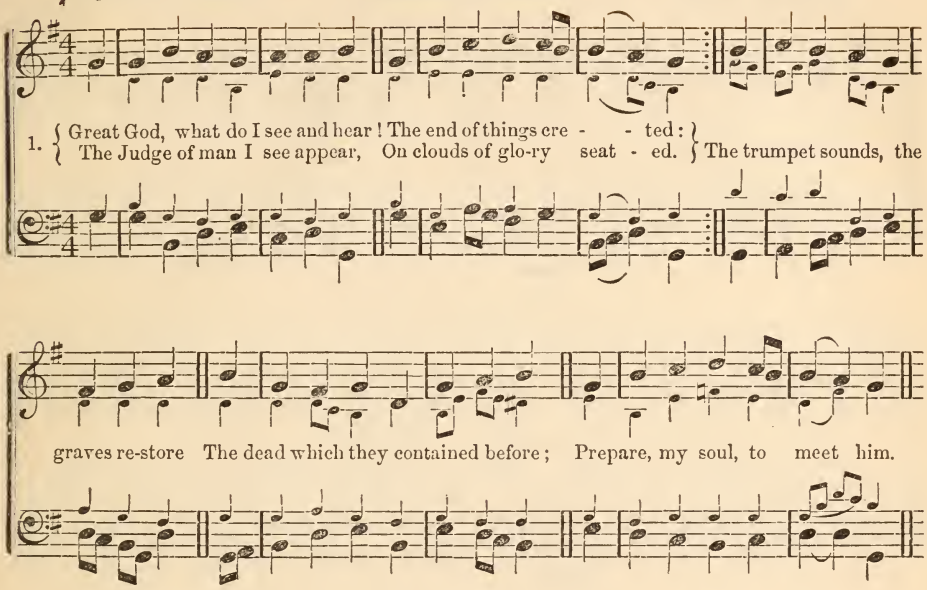
4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Hymn 194. Luther. II. 7.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - - ted:
The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glo-ry seat - ed. The trumpet sounds, the
graves re-store The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

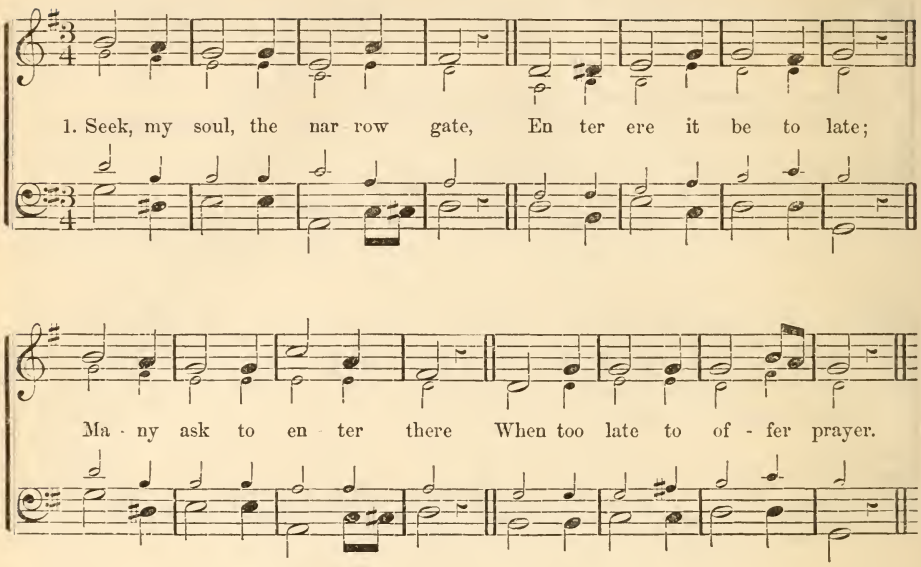
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Hymn 195. Littleton. III. 1.

St. Luke xiii. 24–27.



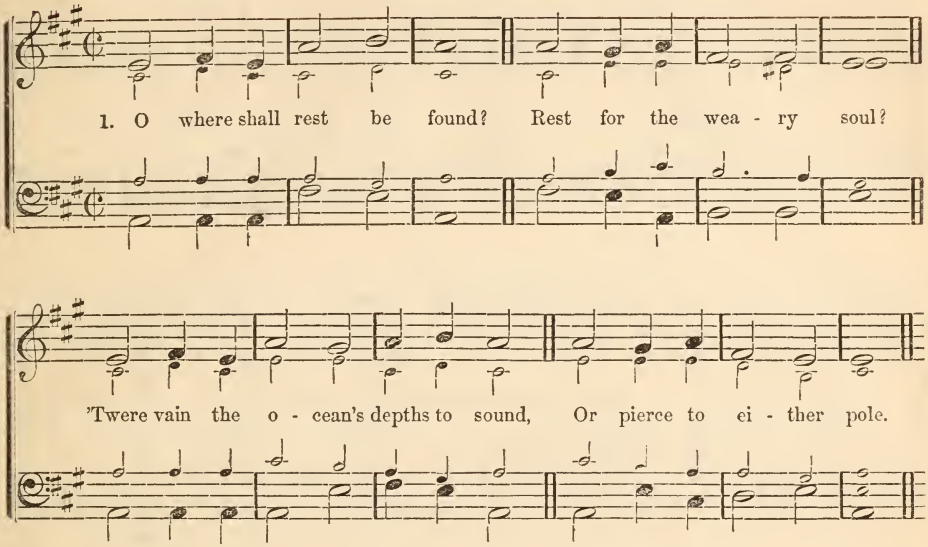
1 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim;
"Lord! we have professed thy Name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

Hymn 196. Olmutz. S. M.



1 O WHERE shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

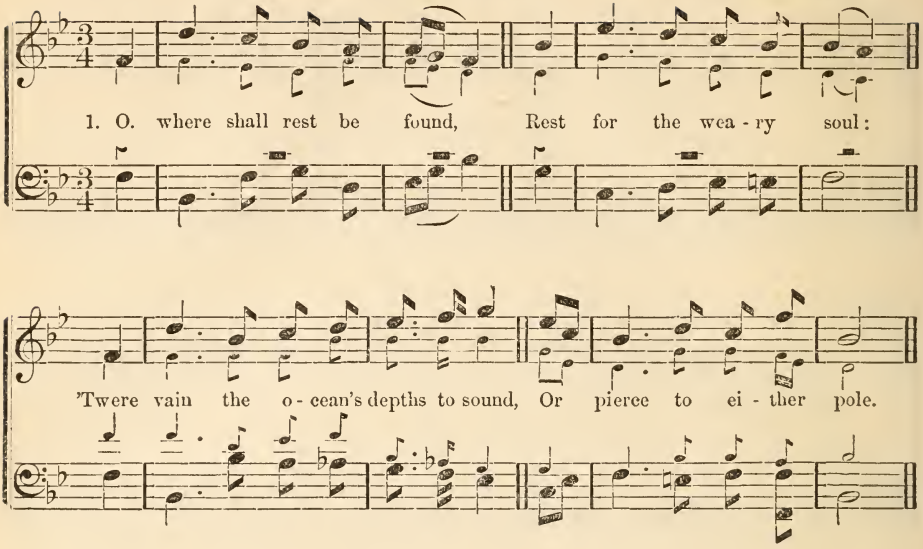
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

Hymn 196. St. Olaf. S. M. *For the Choir.*



1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul:
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

Hymn 197. Dungeness. C. M. *For the Choir.*

2 Cor. iv. 18.

1. How long shall earth's al - lur - ing toys De - tain our hearts and eyes,
Re - gard - less of im - mor - tal joys, And stran - gers to the skies?
2. These tran - sient scenes will soon de - cay, They fade up - on the sight;
And quick - ly will their bright-est day Be lost.... in end - less night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Hymn 198. St. Martin's. C. M.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan - guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue;
And let the joys... of heaven im - part Their in - fluence to our song.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on the throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There, shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

Hymn 199. Varina. C. M.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
2. There, ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver - fad - ing flowers;
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

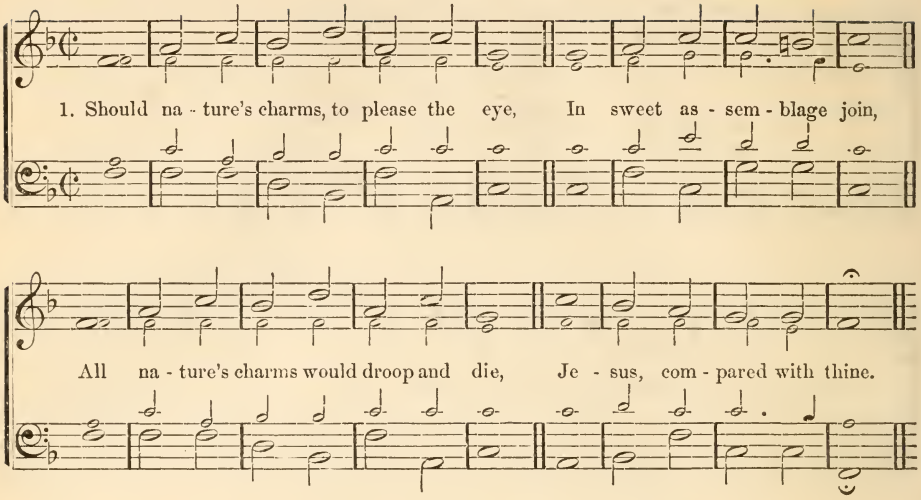
3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Hymn 200. York. C. M.


1. Should na - ture's charms, to please the eye, In sweet as - sem - blage join,
All na - ture's charms would droop and die, Je - sus, com - pared with thine.

1 Should nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams displayed,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells:
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 Oh, could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ,
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

Hymn 201. Beulah. III. 1.

Revelation vii : 9, &c.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray? This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
Round the al - tar night and day Tun - ing their tri - umph - ant song?
"Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry, power,
Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

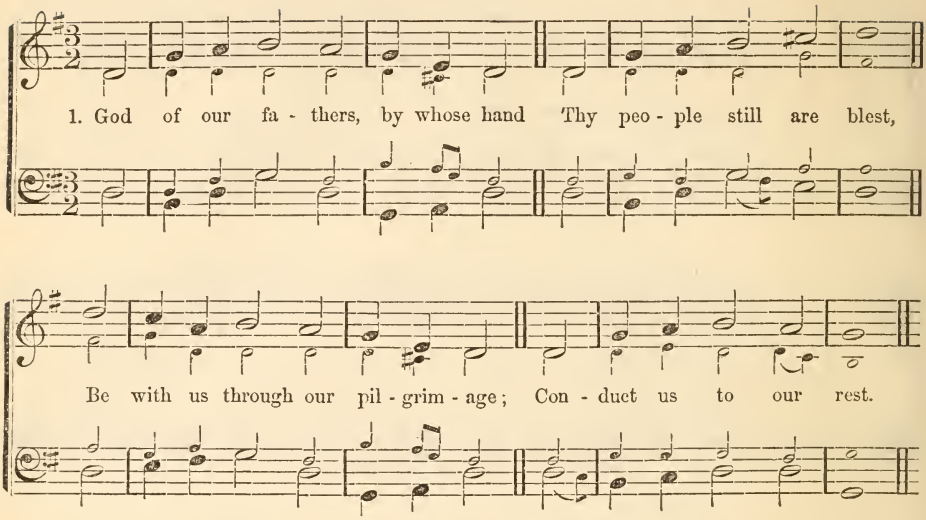
2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

Hymn 202.

Melody. C. M.

Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.



1 God of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage;
Conduct us to our rest.

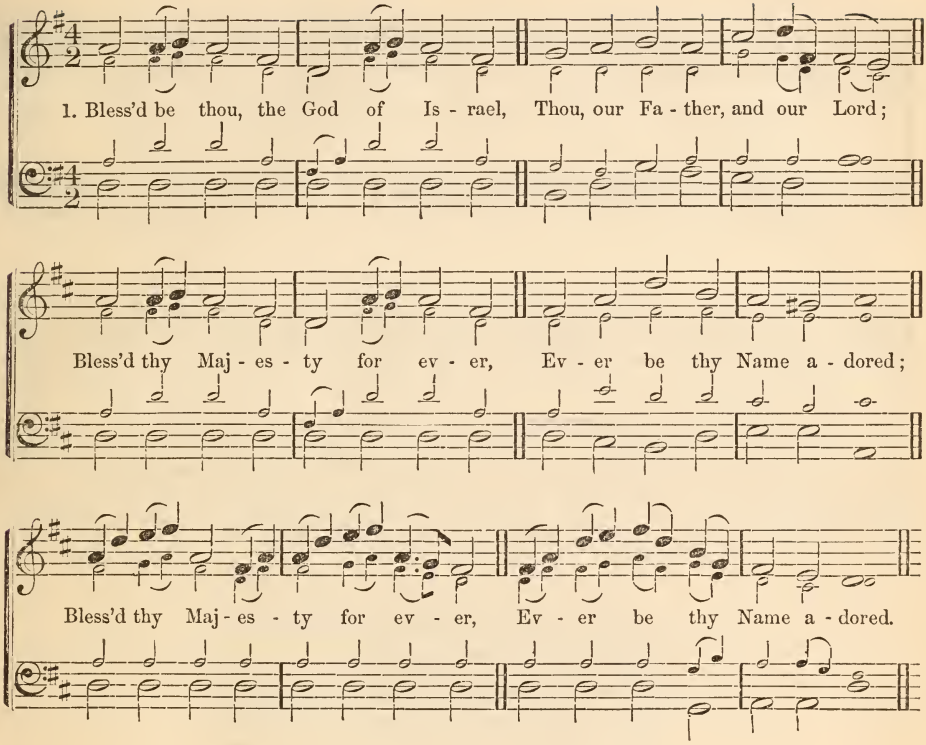
2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

Hymn 203. Oliphant. III. 3.

1 Chron. xxix. 10-13.


1. Bless'd be thou, the God of Is - rael, Thou, our Fa - ther, and our Lord;
Bless'd thy Maj - es - ty for ev - er, Ev - er be thy Name a - dored;
Bless'd thy Maj - es - ty for ev - er, Ev - er be thy Name a - dored.

Bless'd be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Bless'd thy Majesty for ever,
Ever be thy Name adored.

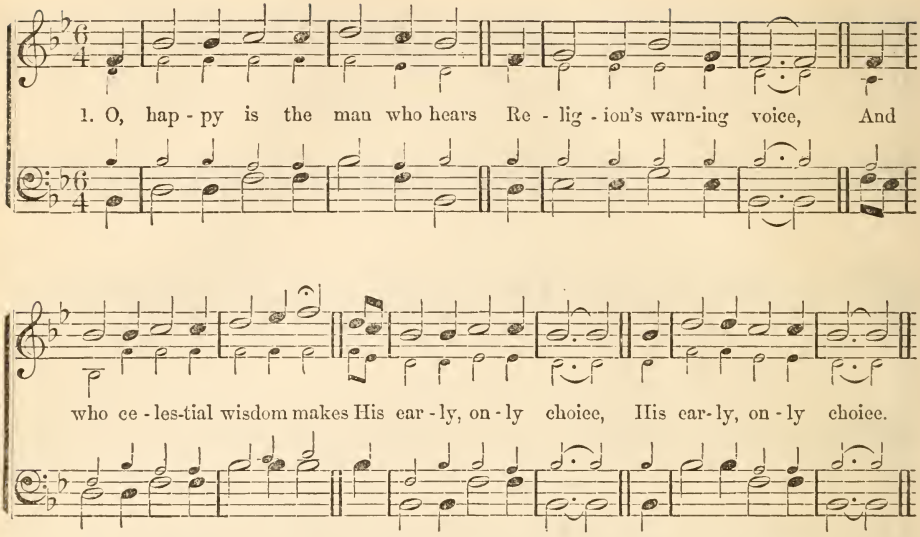
2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour;
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

Hymn 204. Ortonville. C. M.

Prov. iii. 13–17.


1. O, hap - py is the man who hears Re - lig - ion's warn-ing voice, And
who ce - les-tial wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice, His ear-ly, on - ly choice.

1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

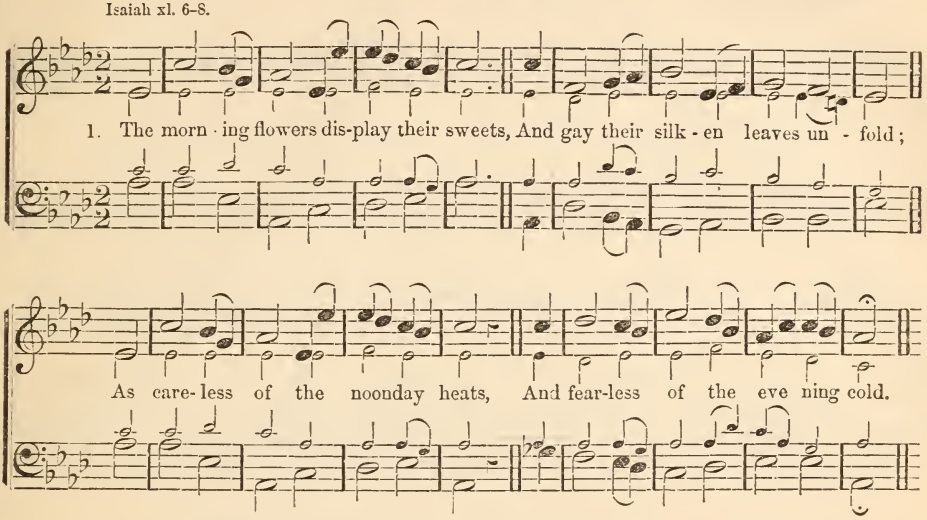
2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Hymn 205. Stratford. L. M. *For the Choir.*

Isaiah xl. 6–8.


1. The morn · ing flowers dis-play their sweets, And gay their silk - en leaves un - fold;
As care- less of the noonday heats, And fear-less of the eve ning cold.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noonday heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

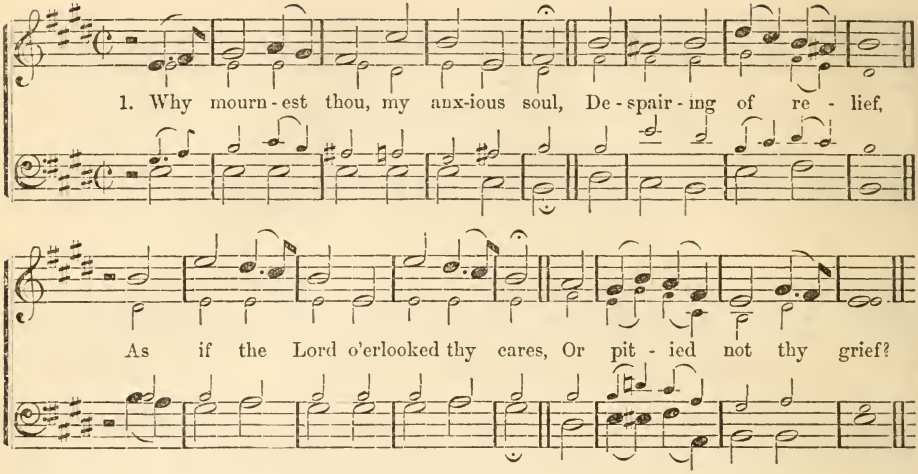
4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Hymn 206. Burlington. C. M.

Isaiah xl. 27–31.



2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of him
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

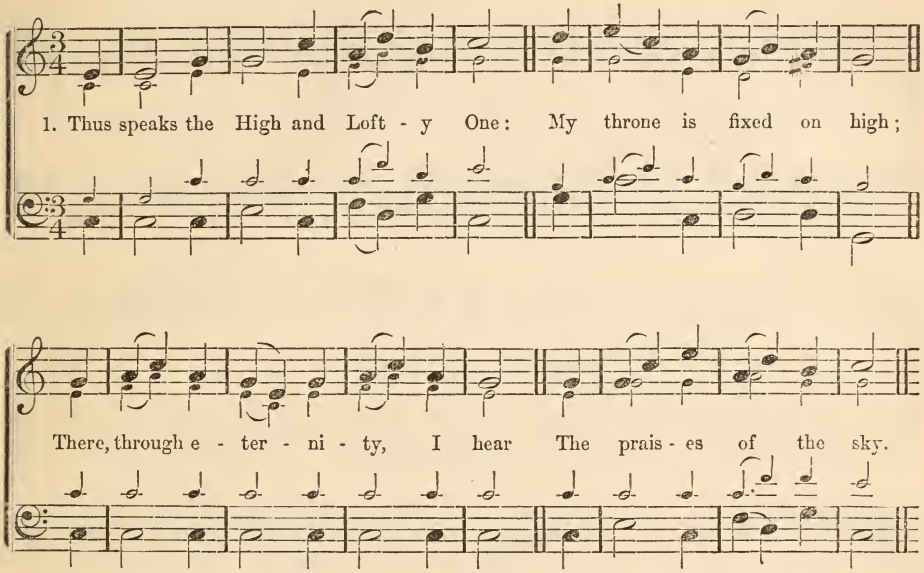
7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

Hymn 207.

Chimes. C. M.

Isaiah lvii. 15.



1 Thus speaks the High and Lofty One:
My throne is fixed on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky.

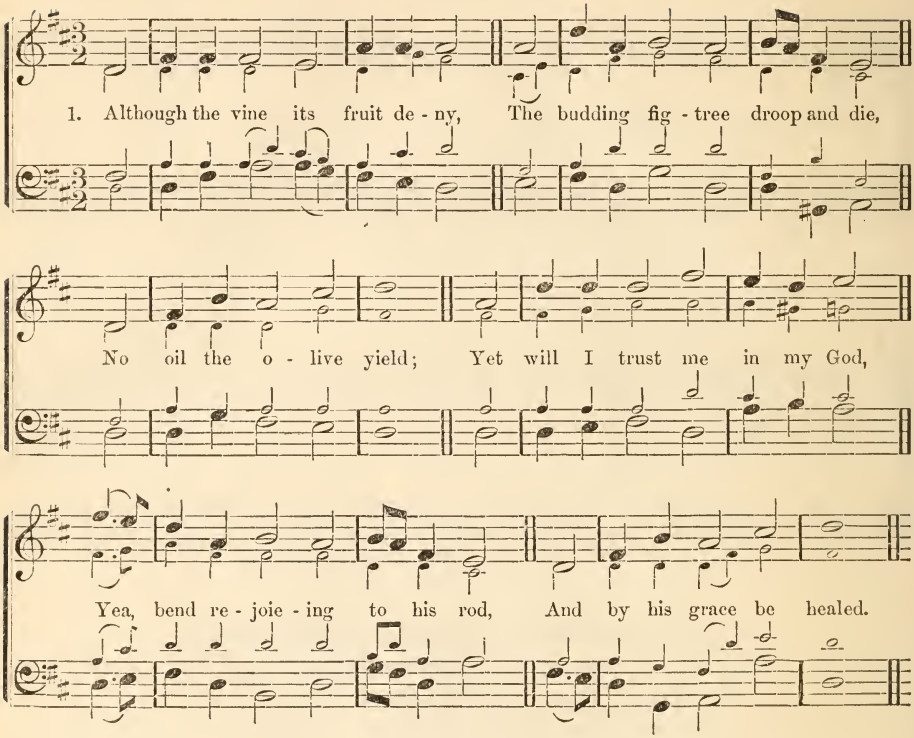
2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'T is my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

Hymn 208. Ganges. II. 1.

Habakkuk iii. 17–19.


1. Although the vine its fruit de - ny, The budding fig - tree droop and die,
No oil the o - live yield; Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend re - joie - ing to his rod, And by his grace be healed.

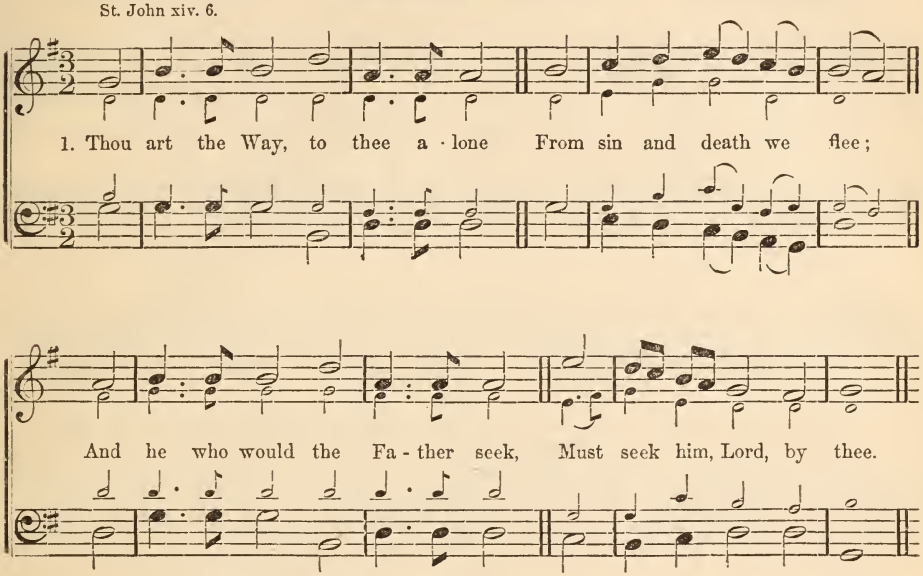
2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam ;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

Hymn 209. Woodstock. C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.



1 Thou art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

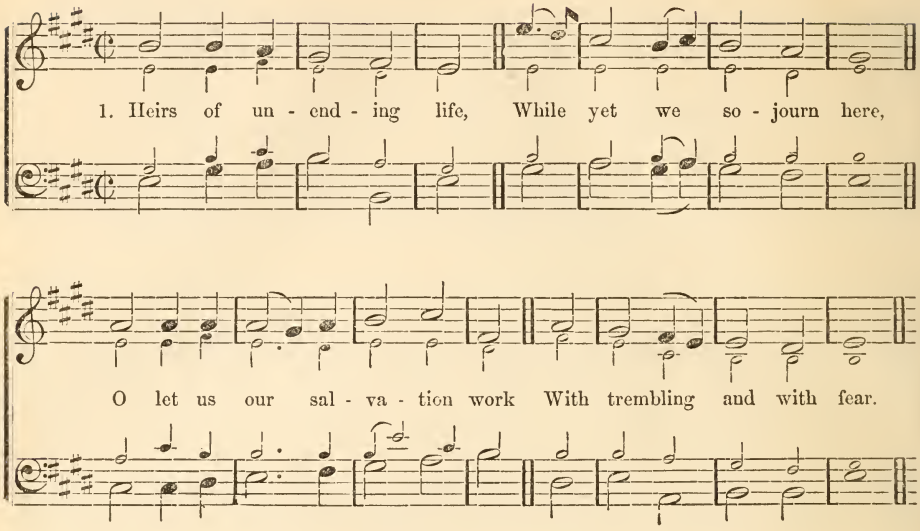
2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in the
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Hymn 210. Mornington. S. M.

Philippians ii. 12, 13.



1 Heirs of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

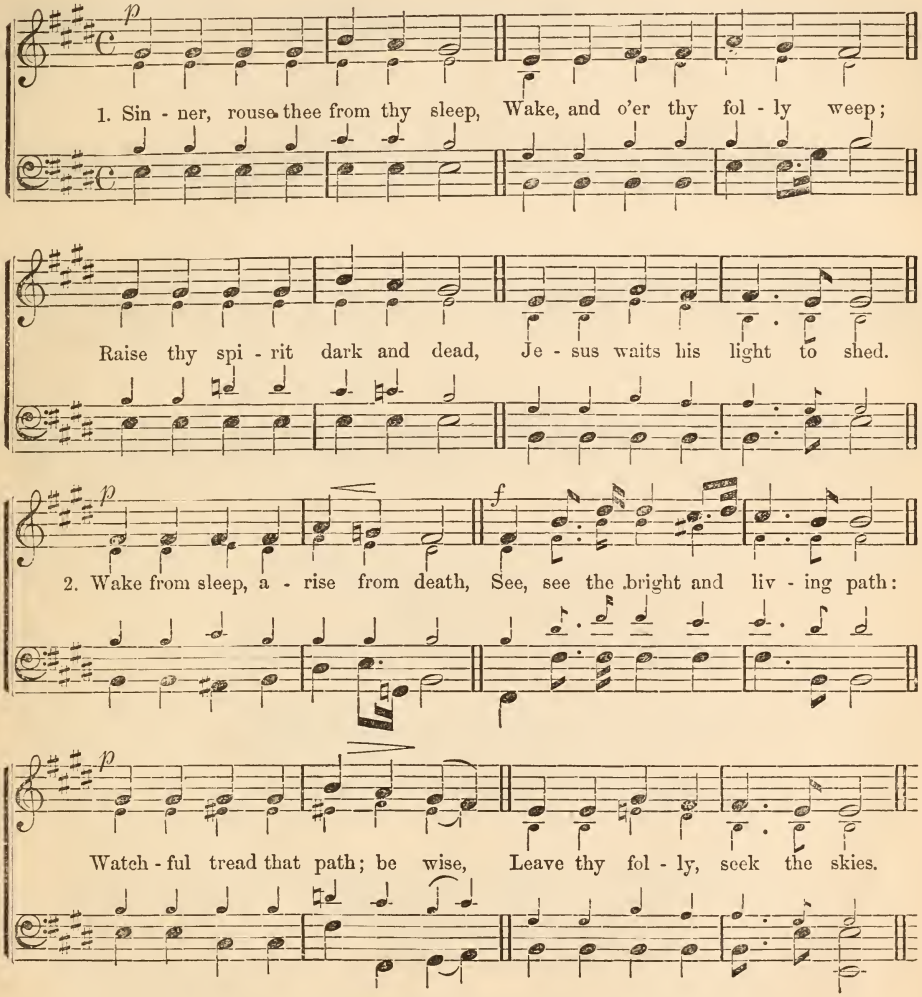
3 'T is he that works to will,
T' is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

Hymn 211.

Duane. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

Ephesians v. 14–17.

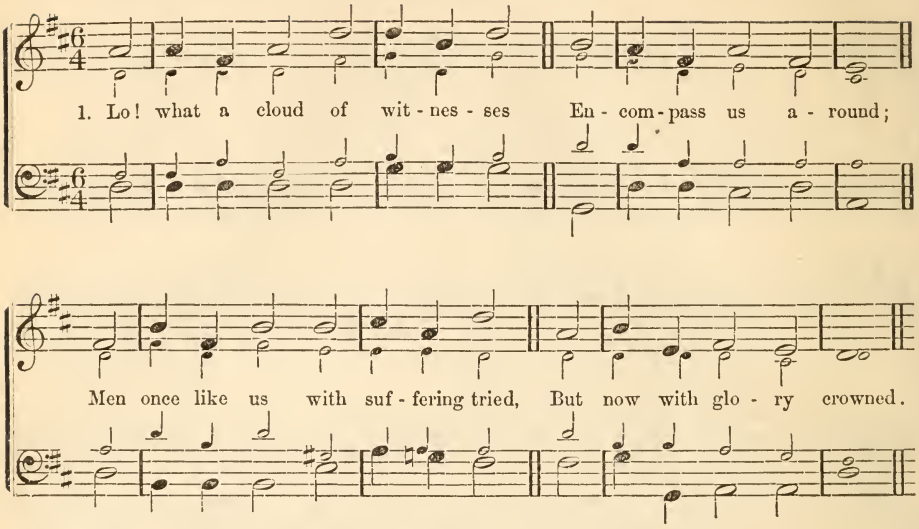

1. Sin - ner, rouse thee from thy sleep, Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep;
Raise thy spi - rit dark and dead, Je - sus waits his light to shed.
2. Wake from sleep, a - rise from death, See, see the bright and liv - ing path:
Watch - ful tread that path; be wise, Leave thy fol - ly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

Hymn 212. Alpheus. C. M.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.



1 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, free from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Hymn 213. Lenox. II. 4.

Congregation.
1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow; The glad-ly - sol - emn sound! Let all the na - tions
Choir.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re-
know, To earth's re-motest bound,
The
The year of ju - bi-
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed
turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - - - somed sin - ners, home.
sin - ners, home.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

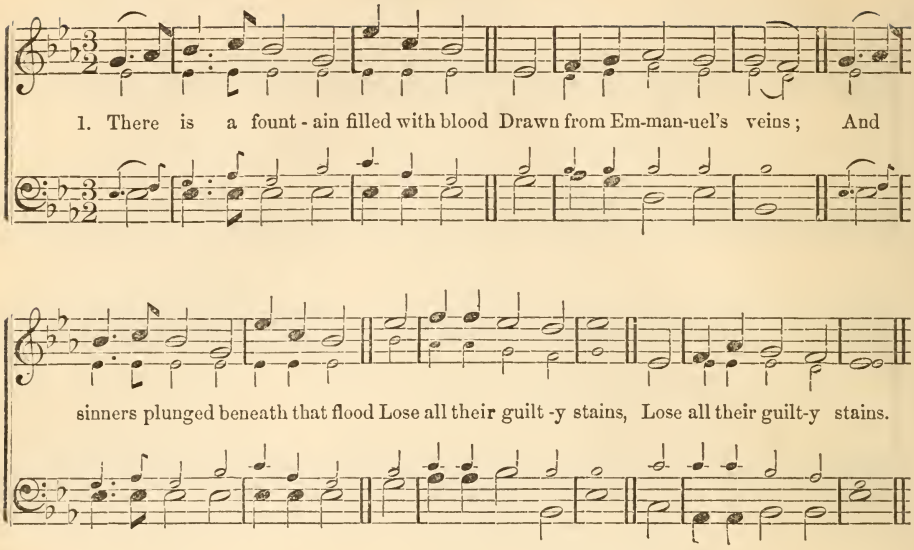
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Hymn 214. Cowper. C. M.


1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins; And
sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt -y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Hymn 215. Autumn. III. 3.

1. Glo - rious tl ings of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God:
𝄋
Fine.
He, whose word can-not be brok - en, Form'd thee for his own a - bode;
D. S. With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
D. S.
On the rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

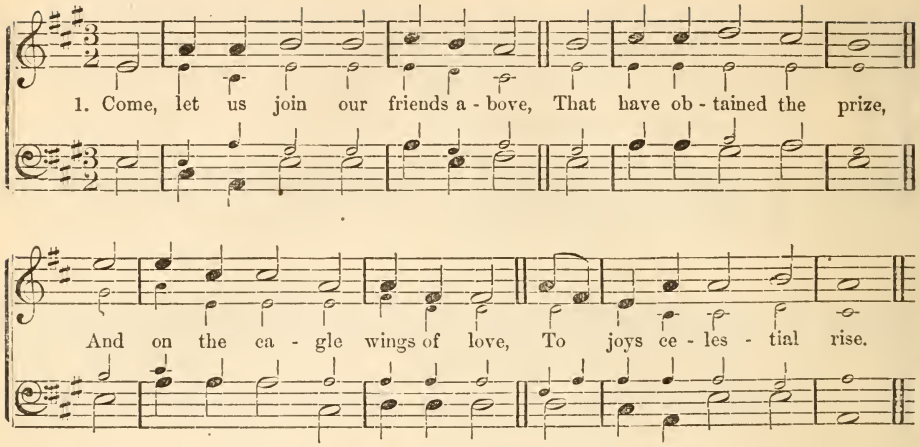
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

Hymn 216. Azmon. C. M.



1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise:

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

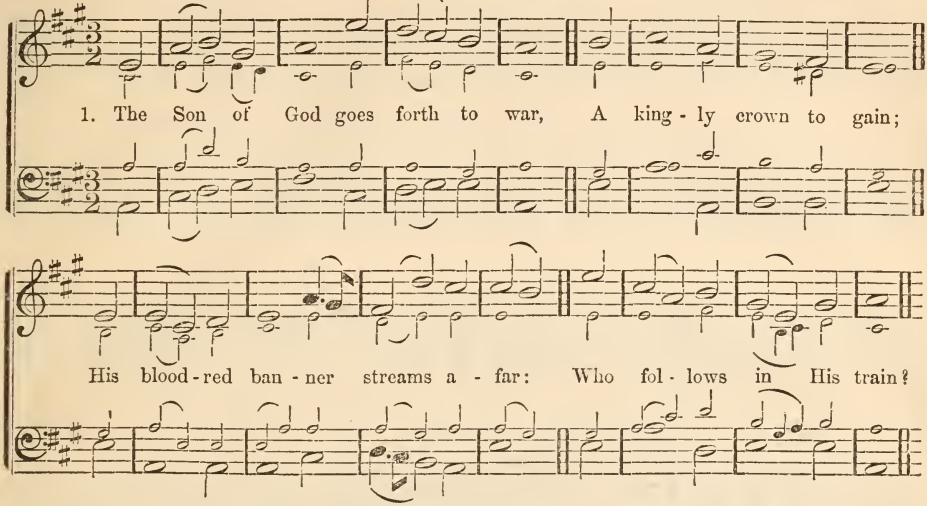
3 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 Then, Lord of Hosts, be Thou our Guide,
And we, at Thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach Thy blessed land.

Hymn 217. Newton. C. M.



2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below,
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

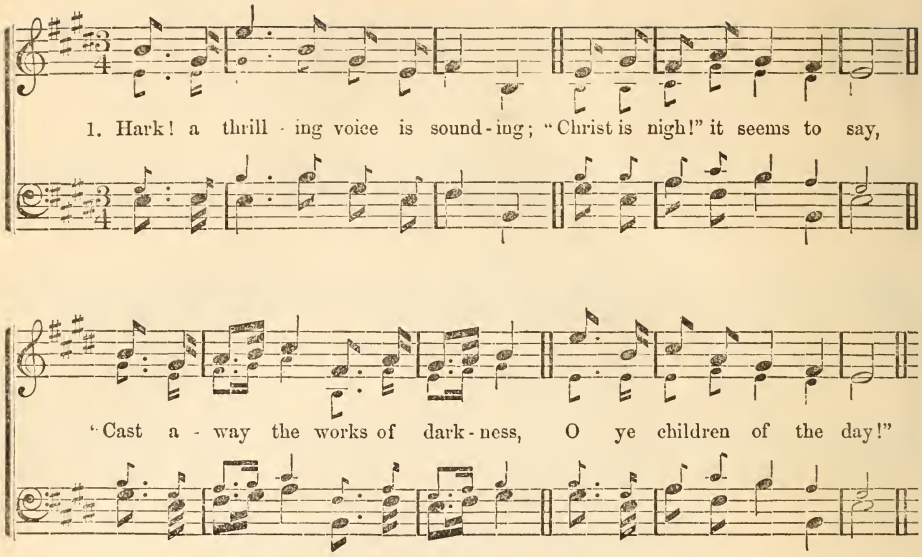
5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
Oh God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Hymn 218. Tamworth. III. 3.



1 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say,
"Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Rises in the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste, in godly sorrow,
Through His blood to be forgiven.

4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May we by His love be shielded!
May He to forgive draw near!

Hymn 219. Vesper. III. 3.

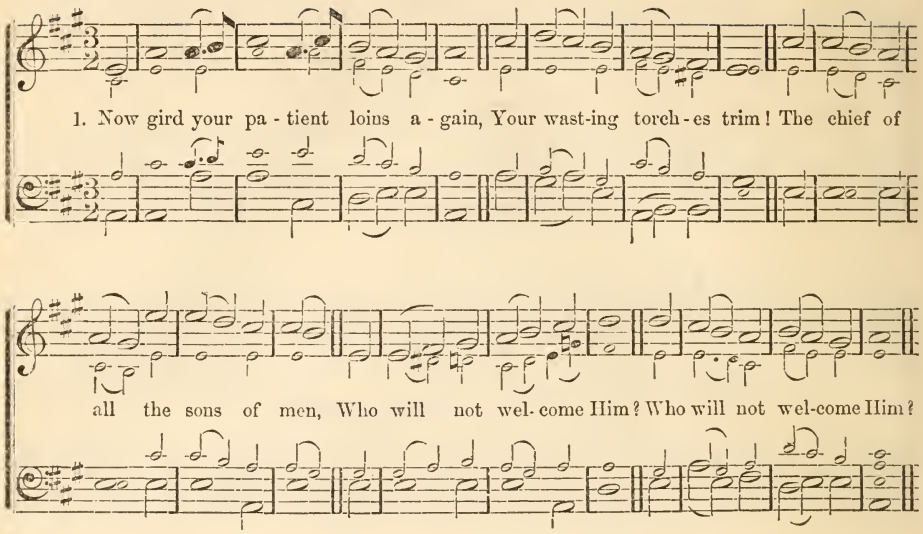
1. See, He comes! whom every nation, Taught of God, desired to see,
Filled with hope and ex-pectation That He would their Saviour be. Sing! oh sing, with exul -
tation! Haste we to our Father's home! Now from heaven to earth are come!
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,

Soprano. 1 See, He comes! whom every nation,
Taught of God, desired to see,
Choir. Filled with hope and expectation
That He would their Saviour be.
Cong. Sing! oh sing, with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Choir. Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!

Soprano. 2 See, He comes! whom kings and sages,
Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Choir. Distant climes, and countless ages,
Waited eager to behold.
Cong. Sing! oh sing with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Choir. Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!

Soprano. 3 See! the Lamb of God appearing!
God of God, from heaven above!
Choir. See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering
His own Bride with words of love!
Cong. Glory to the Eternal Father,
Glory to the Incarnate Son,
Choir. Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One!

Hymn 220. Swanwick. C. M.


1. Now gird your pa - tient loins a - gain, Your wast-ing torch - es trim! The chief of
all the sons of men, Who will not wel- come Him? Who will not wel-come Him?

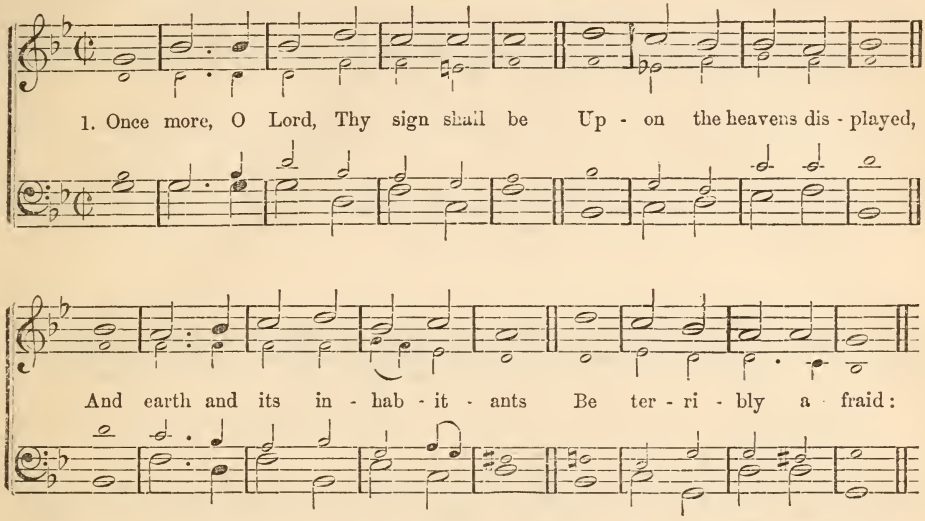
1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Who will not welcome Him?

2 Rejoice, the hour is near! At length
The Journeyer, on His way,
Comes in the Greatness of His strength,
To keep His festal day.

3 Oh, let the streams of solemn thought
Which in His temples rise,
From deeper sources spring, than aught
Born of the changing skies.

4 Then, though the summer's pride departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

Hymn 221. Wrexham. C. M.



1 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid:
For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh, who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

Hymn 222. St. Louis. L. M.

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word!
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, ho - san - na sing.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this, Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy spirit rest!
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Hymn 222. Darley. L. M. *For the Choir.*

1. Ho-san-na to the living Lord! Hosan-na to th' in-car-nate Word! To Christ, Crea-tor,
Saviour, King, Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing, Let earth, let heaven, ho-san-na sing.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

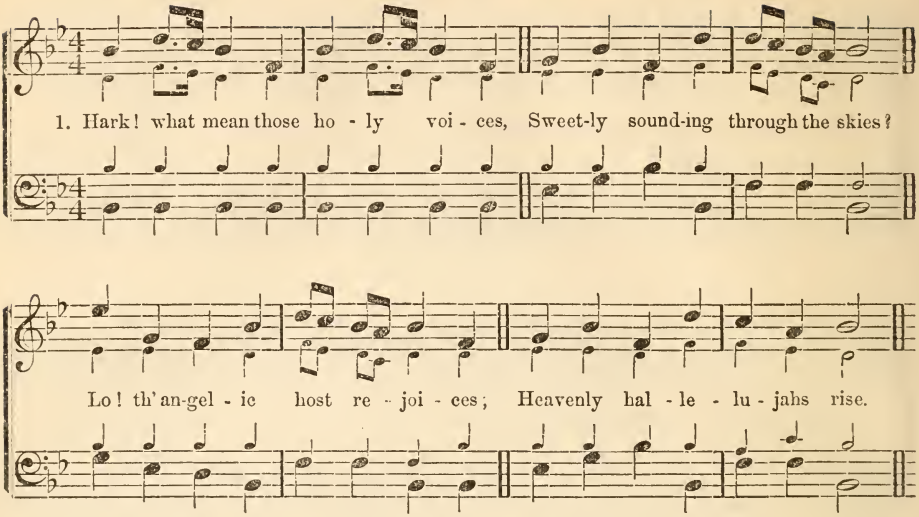
2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this, Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy spirit rest!
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Hymn 223. Wilmot. III. 3.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

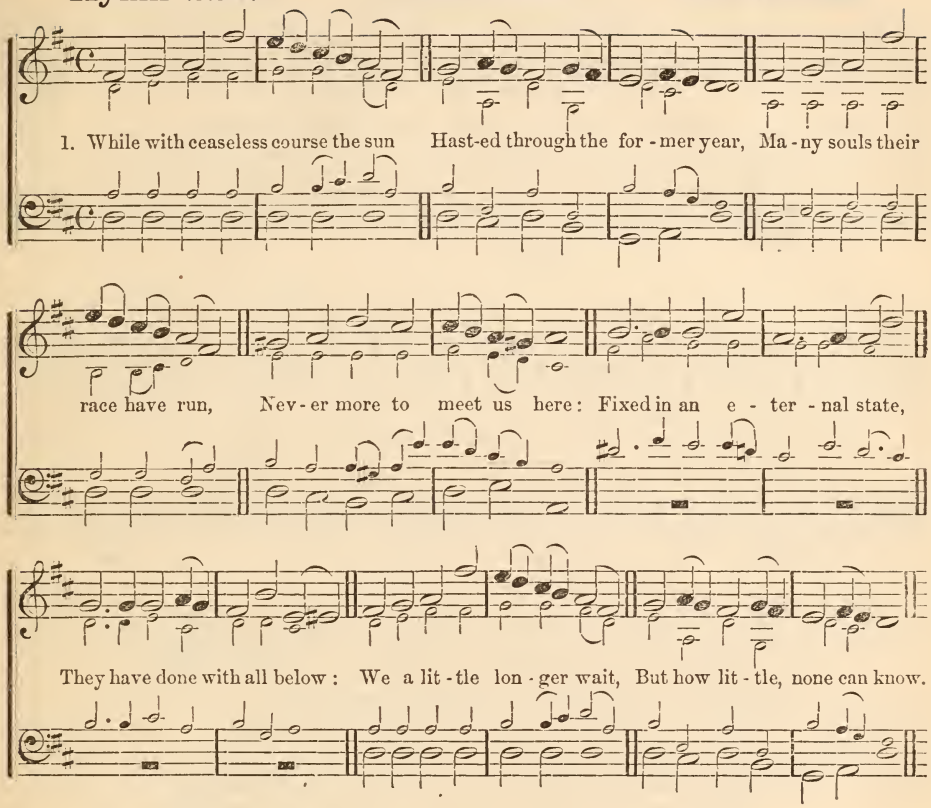
2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
Joyous seraphim reply,
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

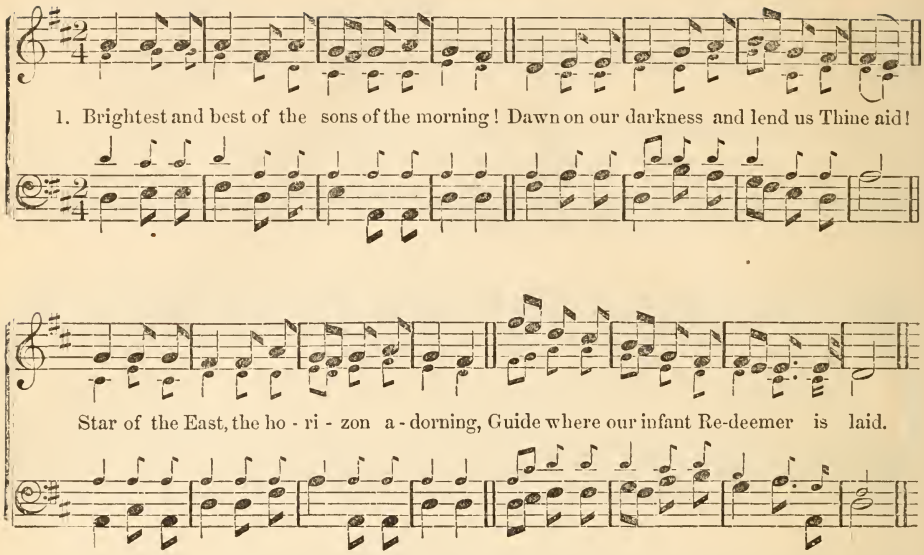
Hymn 224. Juxon. III. 1. *For the Choir.*


1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year, Ma-ny souls their
race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here: Fixed in an e-ter-nal state,
They have done with all below: We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Hymn 225. Folsom. P. M.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our infant Re-deemer is laid.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

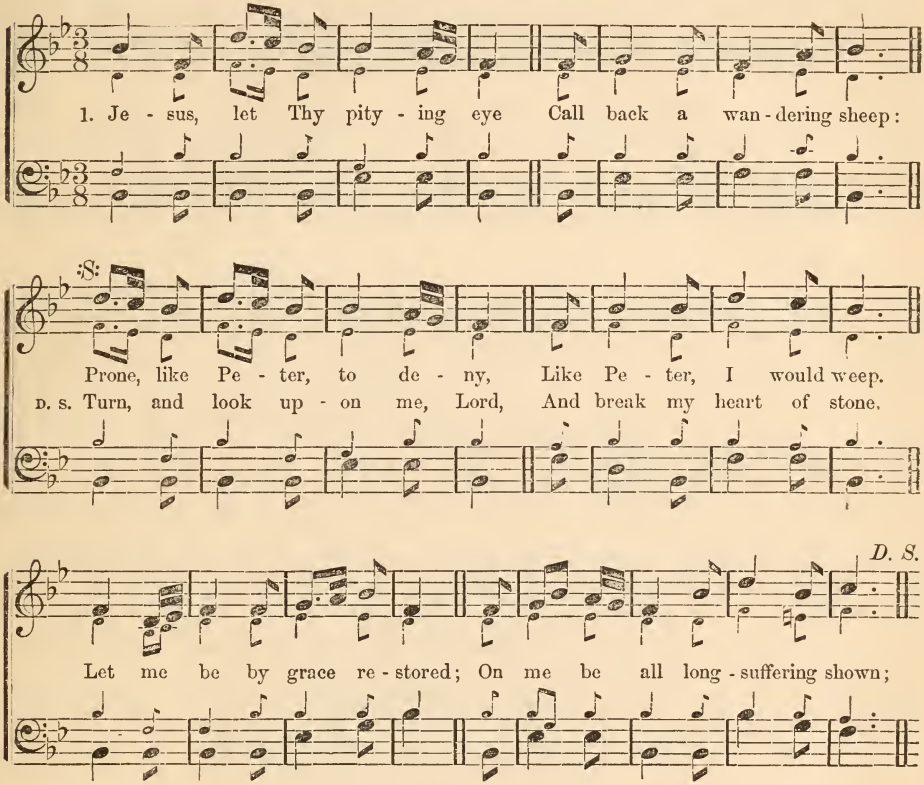
2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

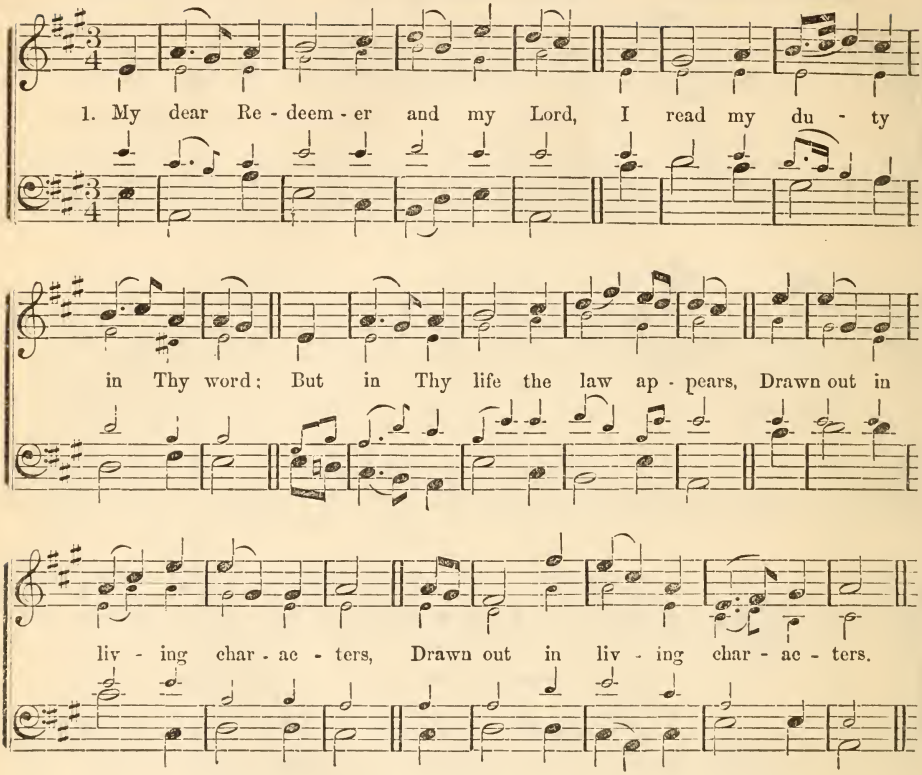
Hymn 226. Penitence. P. M.


1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan - dering sheep:
Prone, like Pe - ter, to de - ny, Like Pe - ter, I would weep.
D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
D. S.
Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long - suffering shown;

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
Let Thy pity help afford,
And while I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Hymn 227. St. Gabriel. L. M. *For the Choir.*


1. My dear Re - deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty
in Thy word; But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in
liv - ing char - ac - ters, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

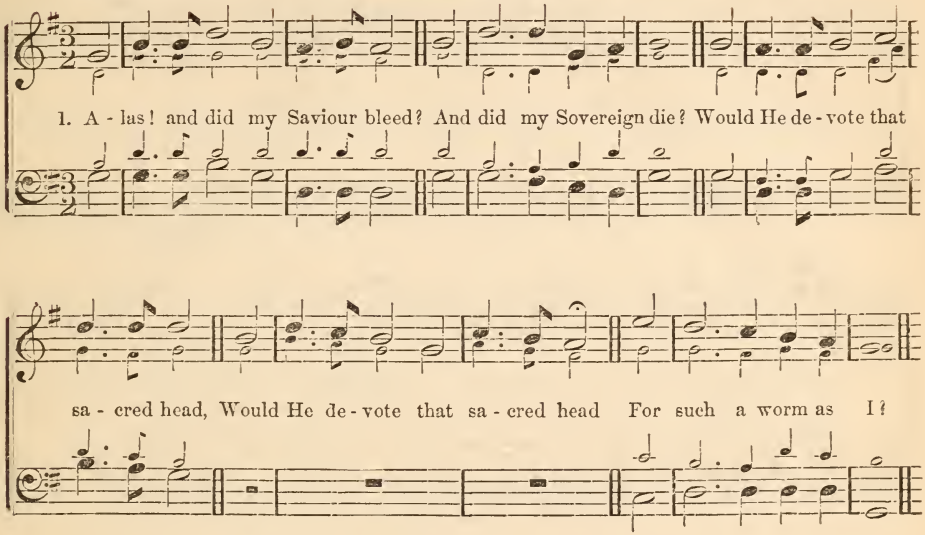
1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Hymn 228. Woodland. C. M.


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de - vote that
sa - cred head, Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Hymn 229. Solney. III. 3.

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King;
Hail, Thou ag - o - ni - zing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring;
By Thy mer - it find we fa - vour: Life is giv - en through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, low we bow before Thee,
Mediator glorified!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, never ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Hymn 230. Heidelberg. III. 2.

1. Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall;
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!"—hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Hymn 231. Angelica. II. 6.

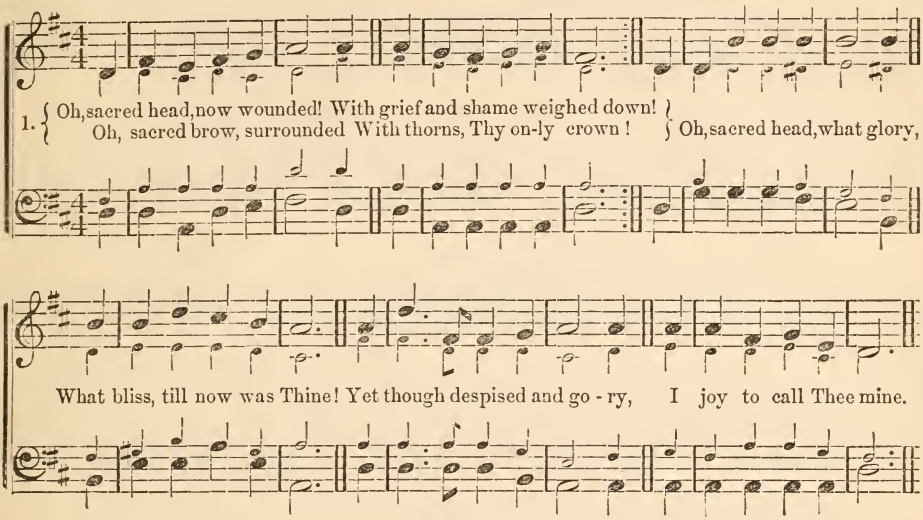
1. Oh, sa - cred head, now wound - ed! With grief and shame weighed down!
Oh, sa - cred brow, sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown!
Oh, sa - cred head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 On me, as Thou art dying,
Oh turn Thy pitying eye!
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before Thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Thine eyes shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

Hymn 231. Gilead. II. 6. *For the Sunday School.*


1. Oh, sacred head, now wounded! With grief and shame weighed down!
Oh, sacred brow, surrounded With thorns, Thy on-ly crown!
Oh, sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine! Yet though despised and go - ry,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 On me, as Thou art dying,
Oh turn Thy pitying eye!
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before Thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Thine eyes shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

Hymn 232. Shaftsbury. II. 4. *For the Choir.*

1. Th' a-ton - ing work is done, The Vic - tim's blood is shed, And
Je - sus now is gone His peo - ple's cause to plead; He stands in
heaven their great High Priest, And bears their names up - on His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands;
A Heavenly Priesthood His.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Hymn 233. Johns. III. 1.

Congregation.
Choir.
1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Our tri - umph - ant ho - li - day; Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Who did once up - on the cross, Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!
Congregation.
Choir.
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ, our heavenly king;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah!

Hymn 234. Hotham. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Glorious, to His na-tive skies! Christ, awhile to
mor-tals given, En-ters now the highest heaven. 2. There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates! Con-queror o-ver death and sin,
Take the King of glo-ry in,.... Take the King of glo-ry in.

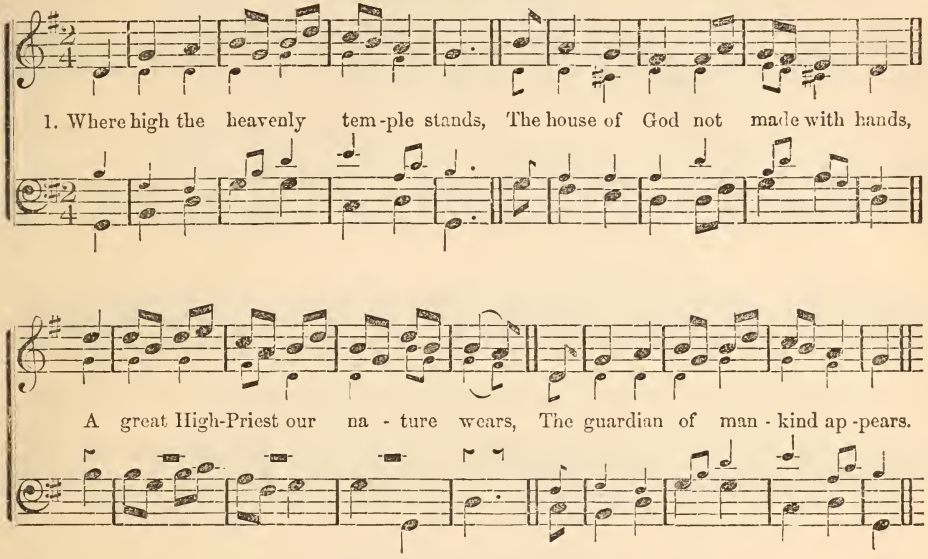
3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise
Following Thee beyond the skies.

6 Master (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Hymn 235. Portugal. L. M.


1. Where high the heavenly tem-ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our na - ture wears, The guardian of man - kind ap -pears.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

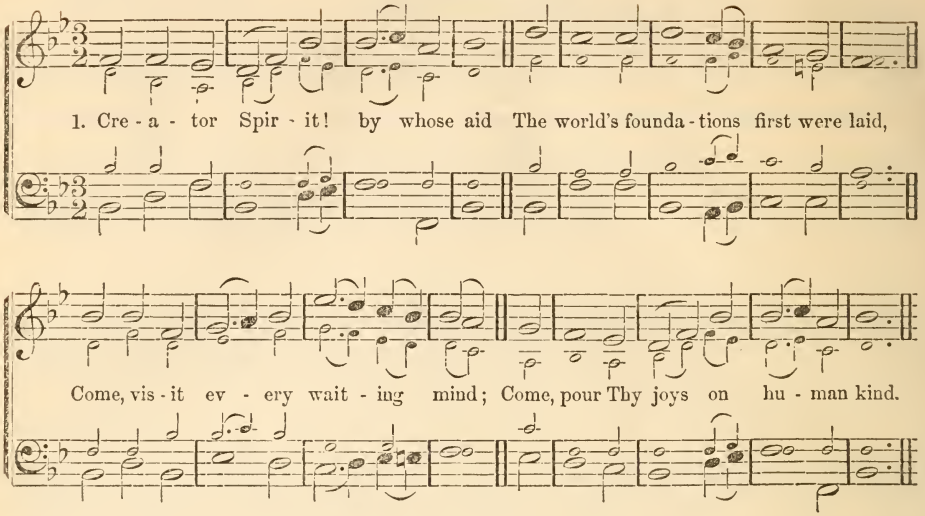
2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains,
A fellow-feeling for our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Hymn 236. Warrington. L. M.


1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it! by whose aid The world's founda - tions first were laid,
Come, vis - it ev - ery wait - ing mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind.

1 Creator Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.

2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

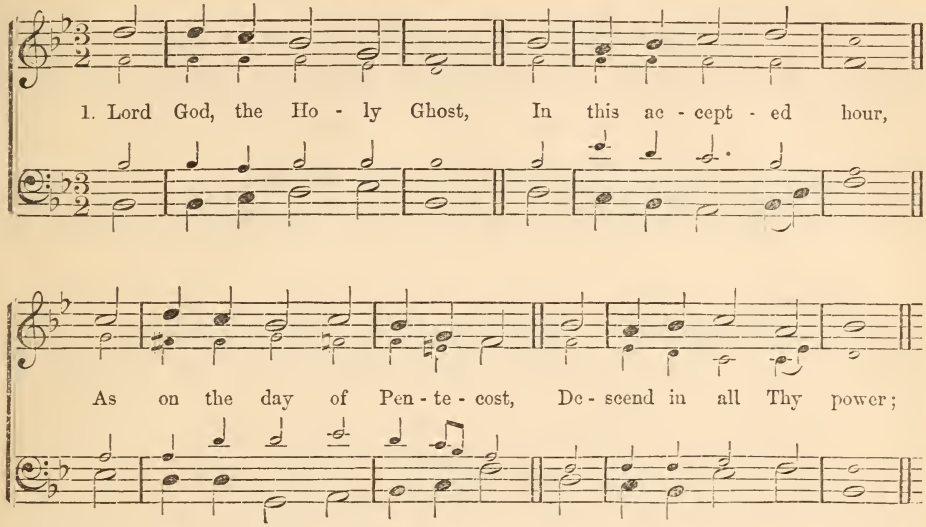
3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee!

4 Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

Hymn 237. State Street. S. M.



1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of Truth be Thou
In life and death our guide
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

Hymn 238. Eckardtsheim. C. M.

1 Spirit of Truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim,
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

Hymn 239. Canfield. III. 5. *For the Choir.*

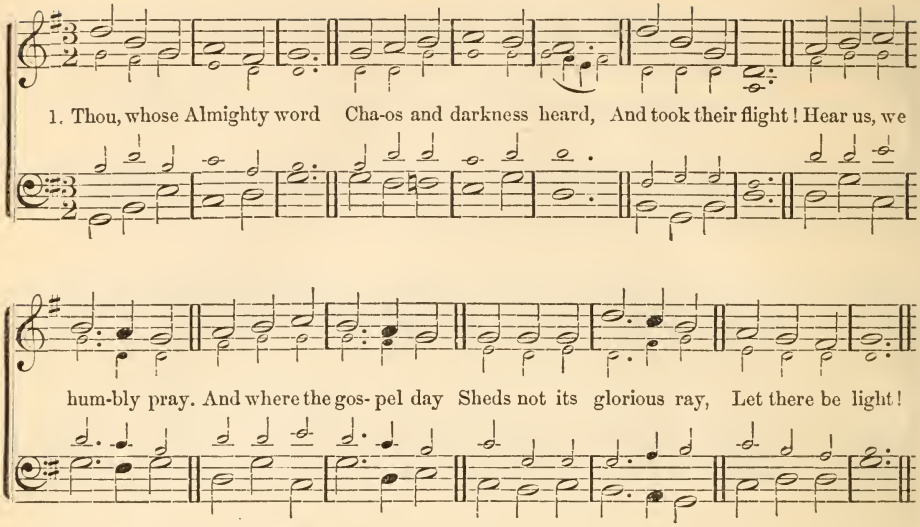
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right - eous - ness;
Heavenly Fa - ther, Heavenly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - iour, hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God, the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Hymn 240. Giardini. P. M.

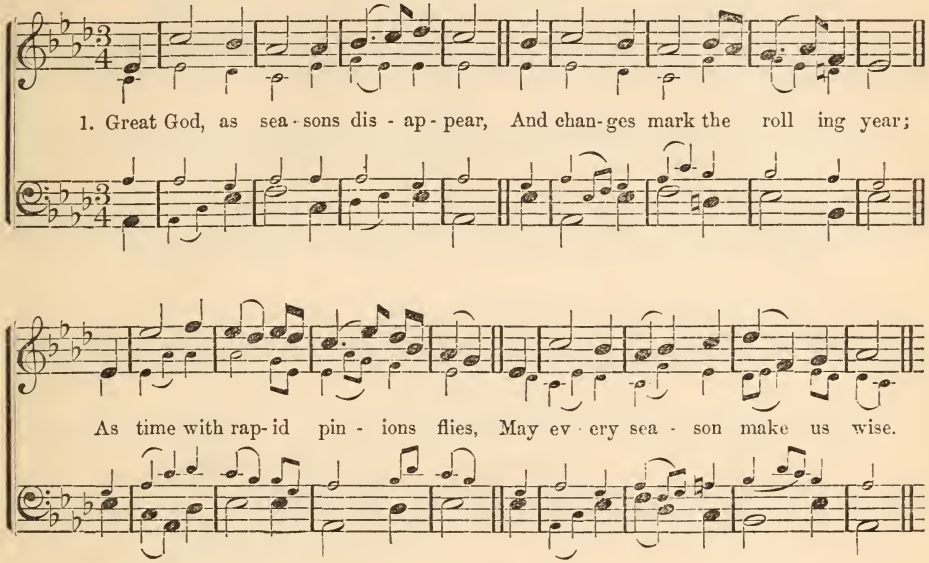

1. Thou, whose Almighty word Cha-os and darkness heard, And took their flight! Hear us, we
hum-bly pray. And where the gos- pel day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the spirit-blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Light!
Through the world, far and wide,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Let there be light!

Hymn 241. Seasons. L. M.


1. Great God, as sea - sons dis - ap - pear, And chan-ges mark the roll ing year;
As time with rap-id pin - ions flies, May ev - ery sea - son make us wise.

1 Great God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

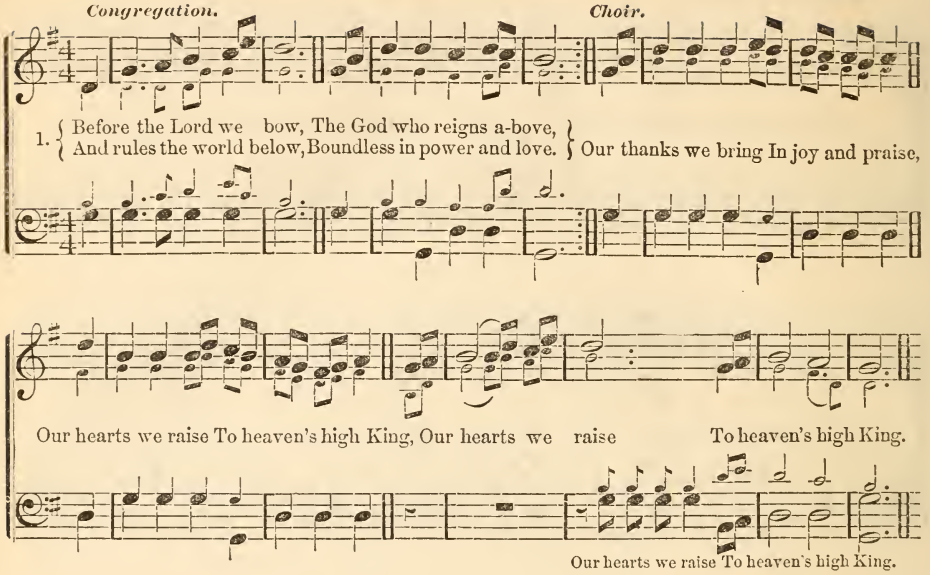
2 Long as Thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled;
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests lower!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of Thy love!

Hymn 242. Lischer. II. 4.


Congregation.
Choir.
1. Before the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a-bove,
And rules the world below, Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King, Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King.
Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King.

1 Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
Oh, may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

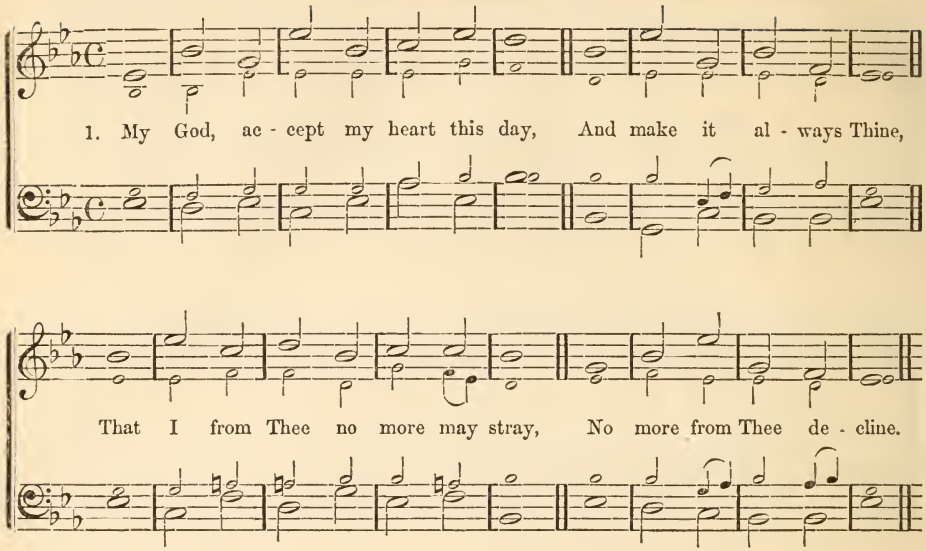
Hymn 243. Olivet. P. M.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
Ped.
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Hymn 244. London New. C. M.



1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

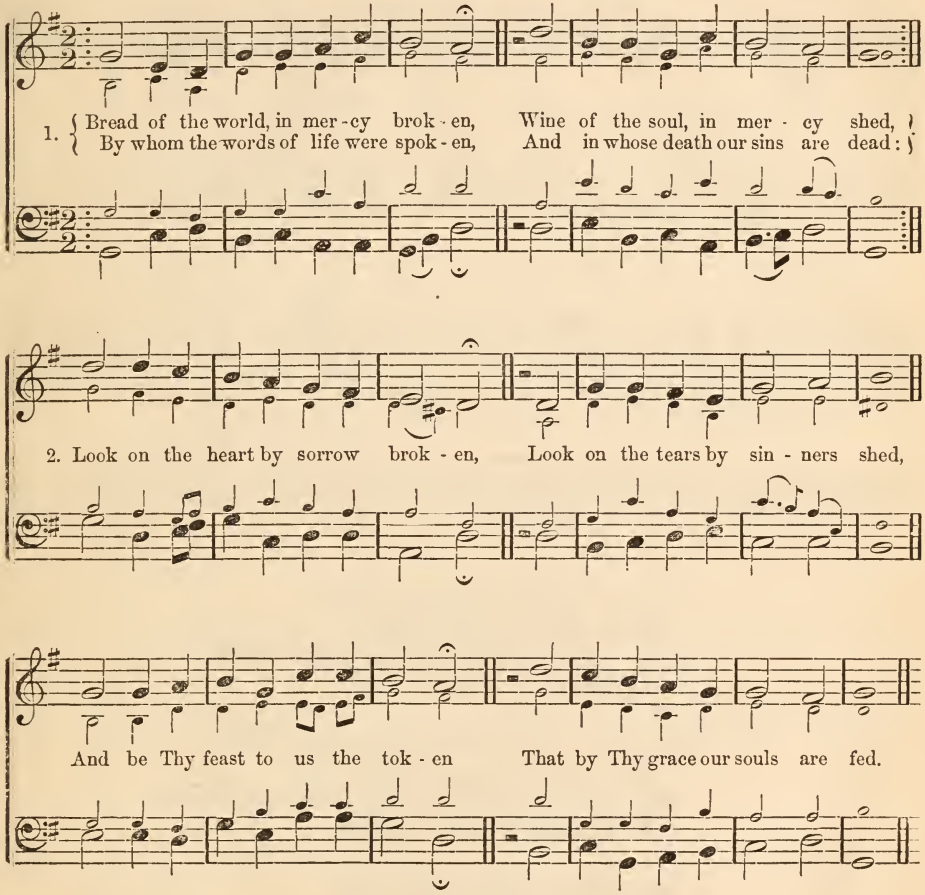
2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My best atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

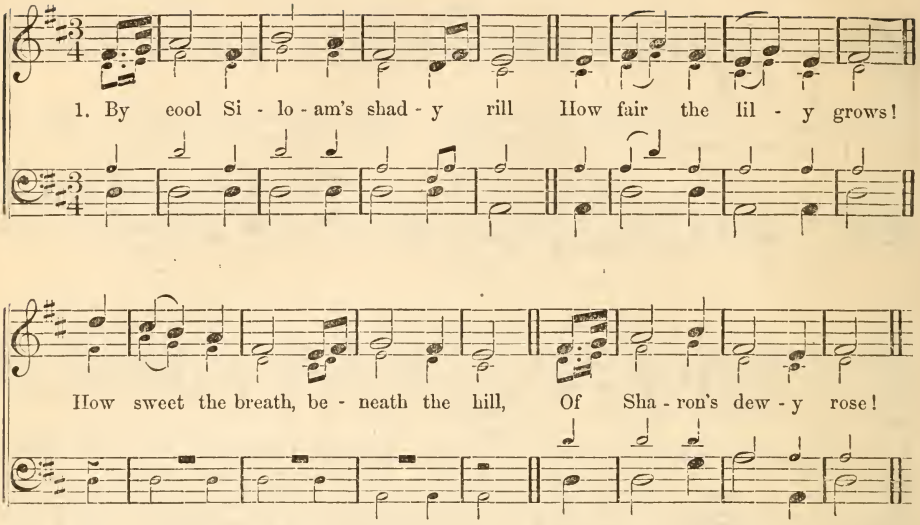
Hymn 245. Bancroft. P. M.


1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead:
2. Look on the heart by sorrow brok - en, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the tok - en That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Hymn 246. Siloam. C. M.



1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

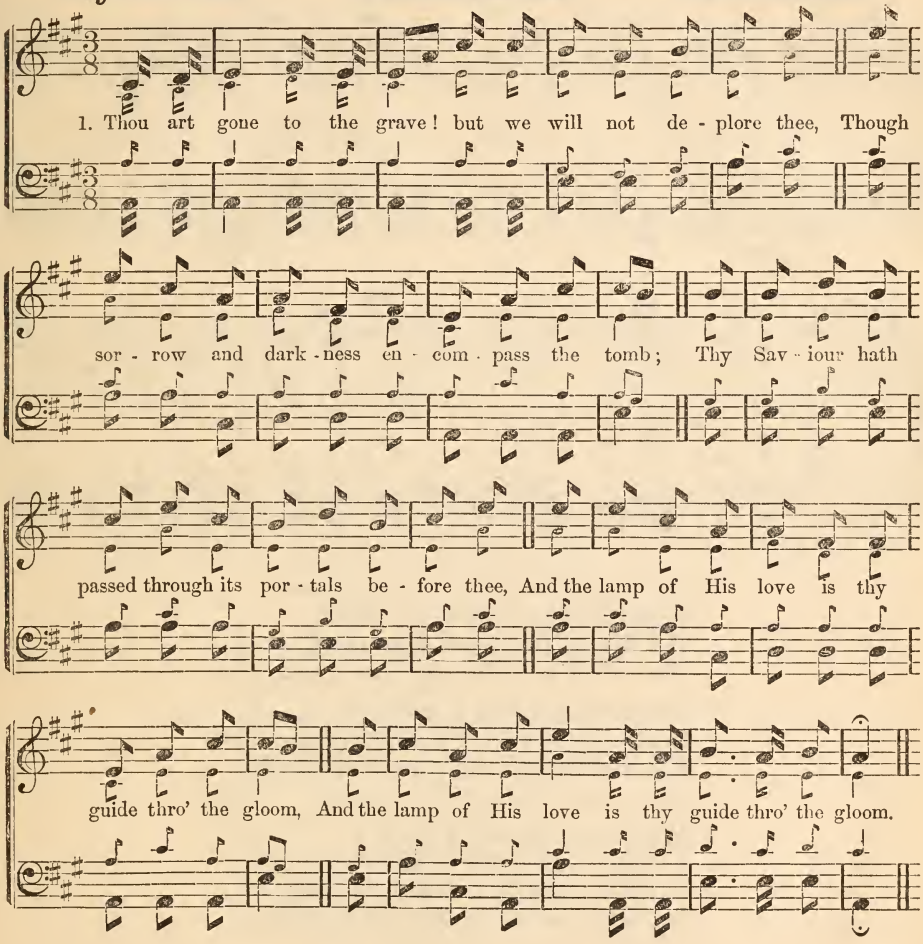
2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The path of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Hymn 247. Scotland. P. M. *For the Choir.*

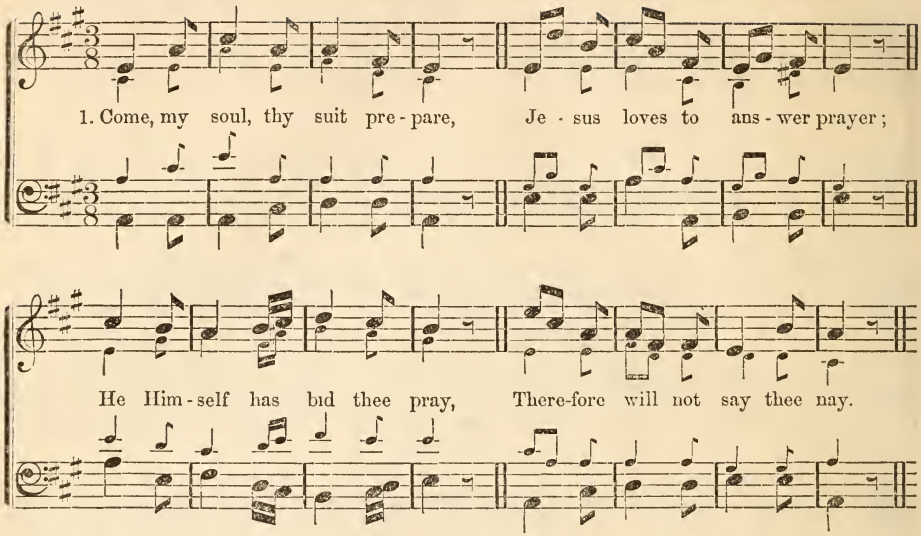

1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though
sor - row and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb; Thy Sav - iour hath
passed through its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of His love is thy
guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

Hymn 248. Horton. III. 1.



1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer,
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Hymn 249. Leipsic. III. 1. *For the Choir.*

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

4 Lo! for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Hymn 249. Cherubini. III. 1.

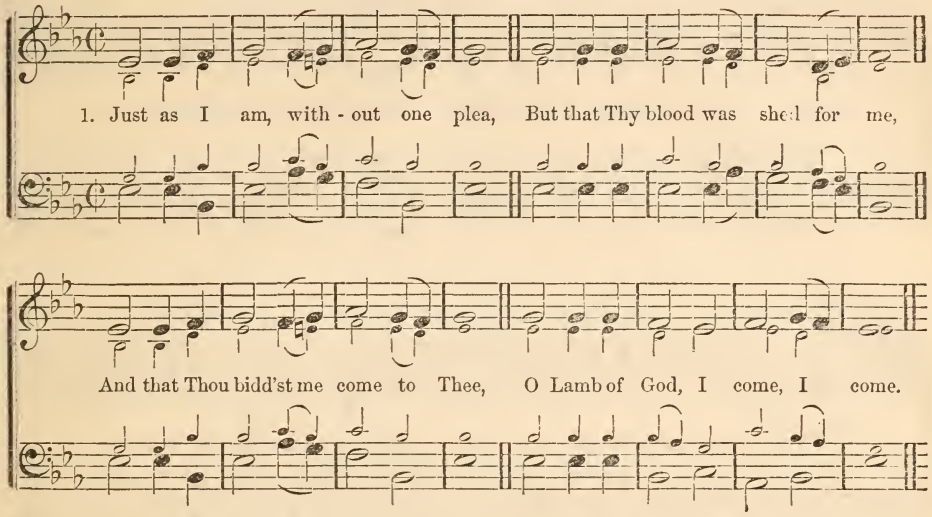
1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

4 Lo! for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Hymn 250. Hamburg. L. M.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

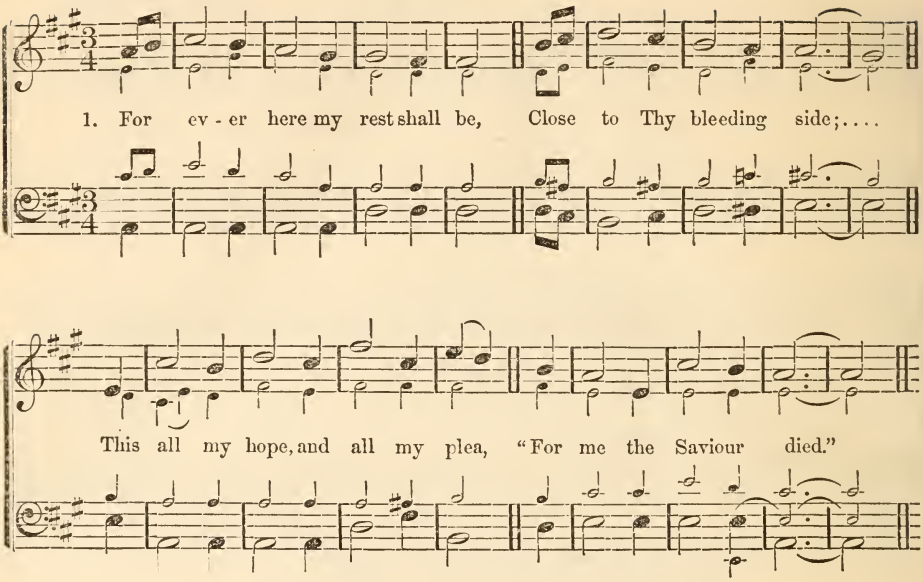
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Hymn 251. Manoah. C. M.



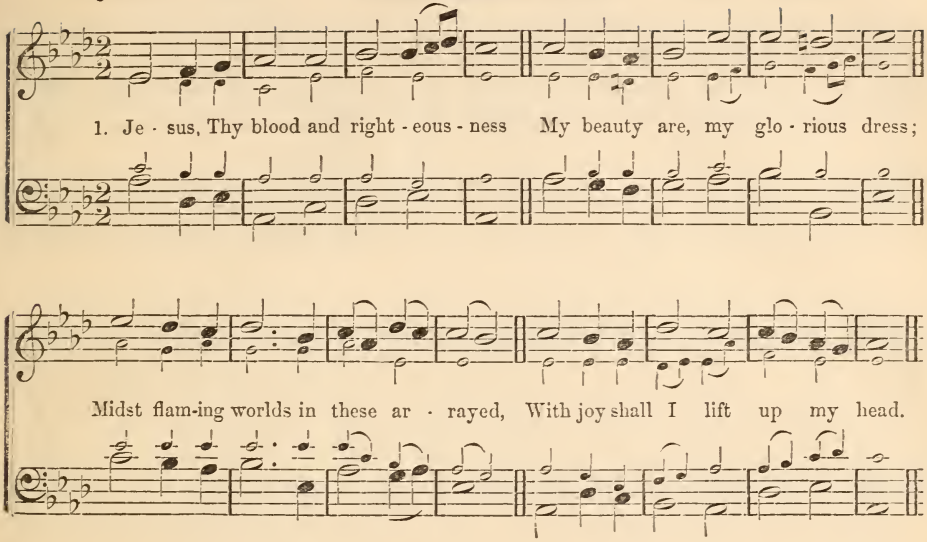
Soprano. 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

Choir. 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Soprano. 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Choir. 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Hymn 252. Ellenthorpe. L. M.


1. Je - sus, Thy blood and right - eous - ness My beauty are, my glo - rious dress;
Midst flam-ing worlds in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

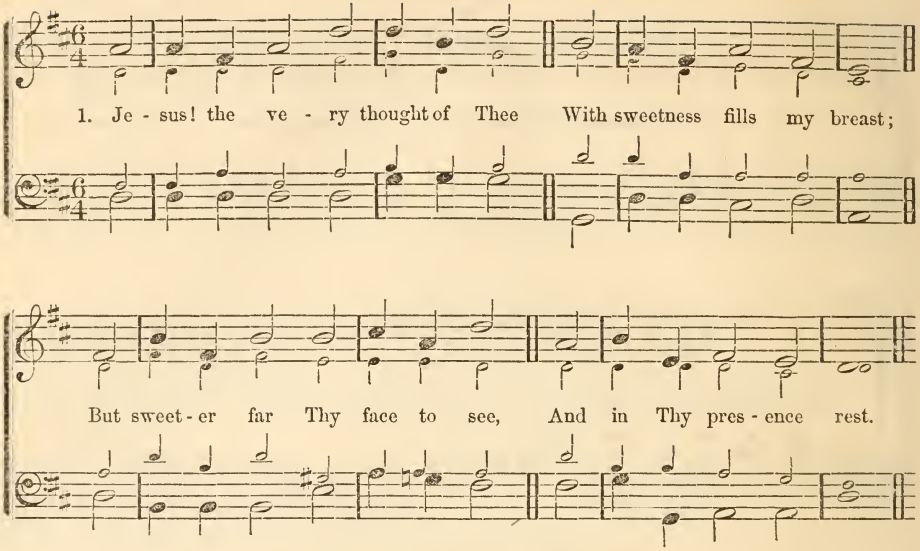
1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice;
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Hymn 253. Alpheus. C. M.



1 Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Hymn 254. Chrysostom. C. M.

1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Hymn 254. Ducachet. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

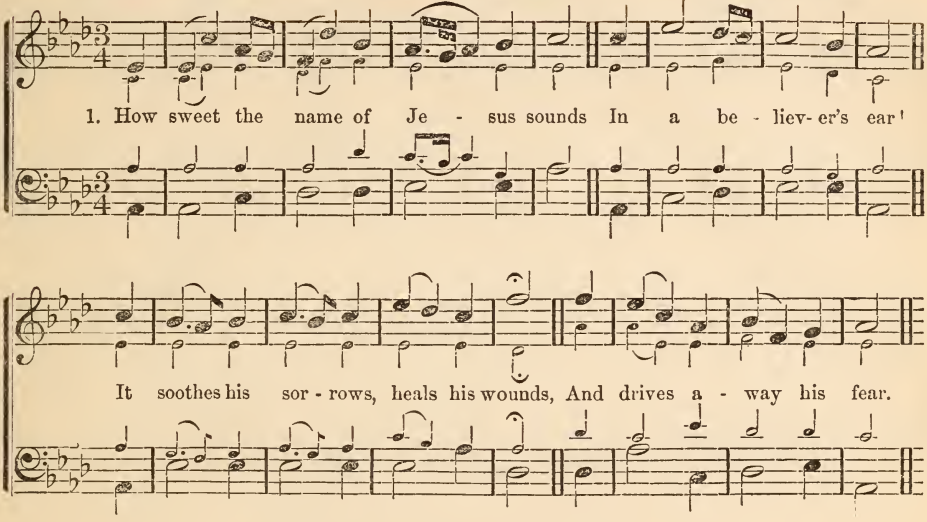
3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art My God,
And my eternal King.

Hymn 255. Kedron. C. M. *For the Choir.*



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

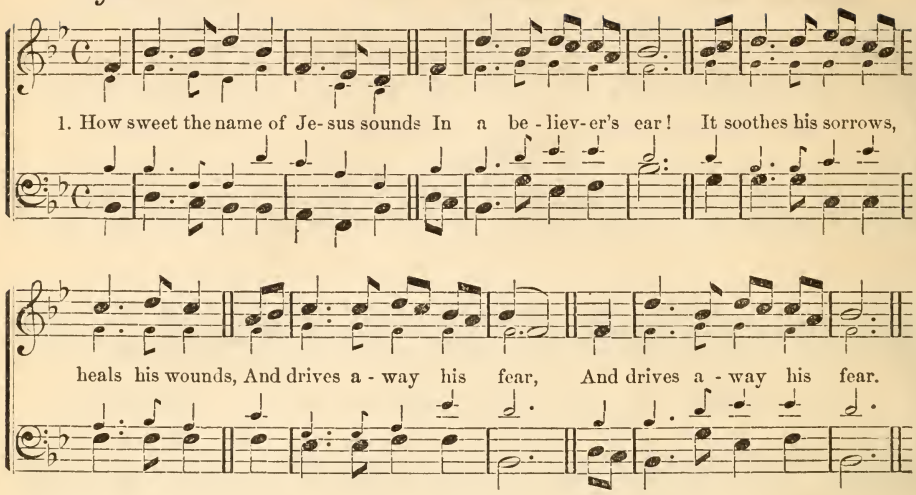
4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Hymn 255. Rhine. C. M.


1. How sweet the name of Je- sus sounds In a be - liev- er's ear! It soothes his sorrows,
heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Hymn 256. Harwell. III. 3.

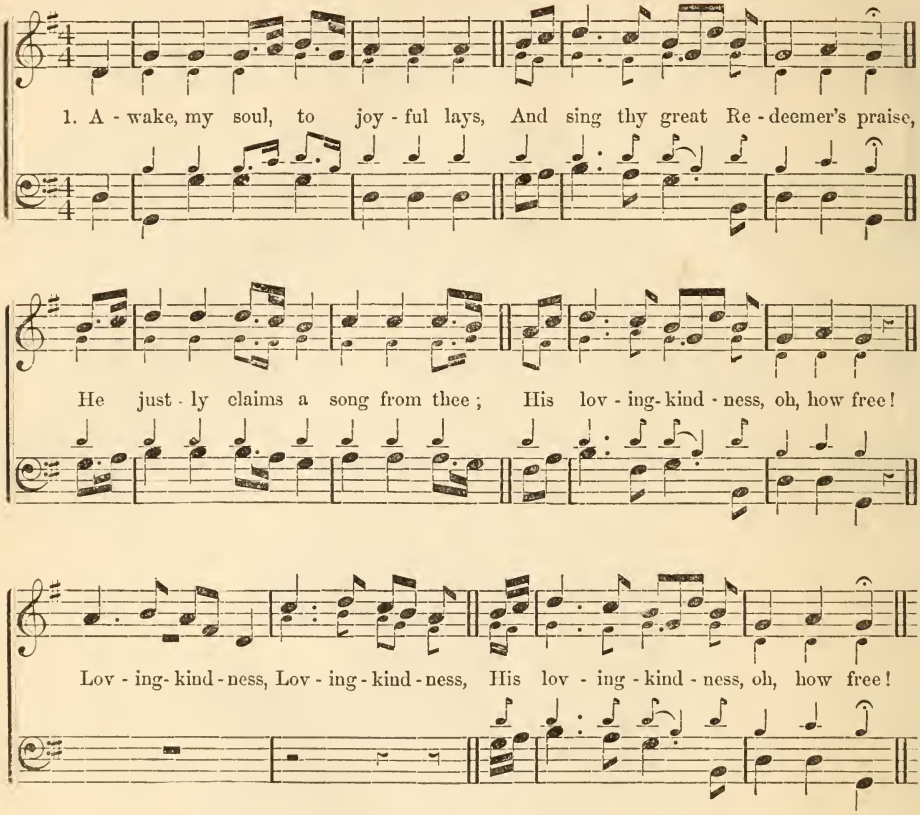
Congregation.
Fine.
1. { Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful - ness stored; }
{ Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! }
D. C. "Ho ly, ho ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"
Choir.
D. C.
Heaven is still with anthems ring - ing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
Heaven is still with anthems ring - ing, Earth takes up the angel's cry.

1 LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With his seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow.

3 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy"—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!

Hymn 257. Loving-Kindness. L. M.


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise,
He just - ly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing - kind - ness, Lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

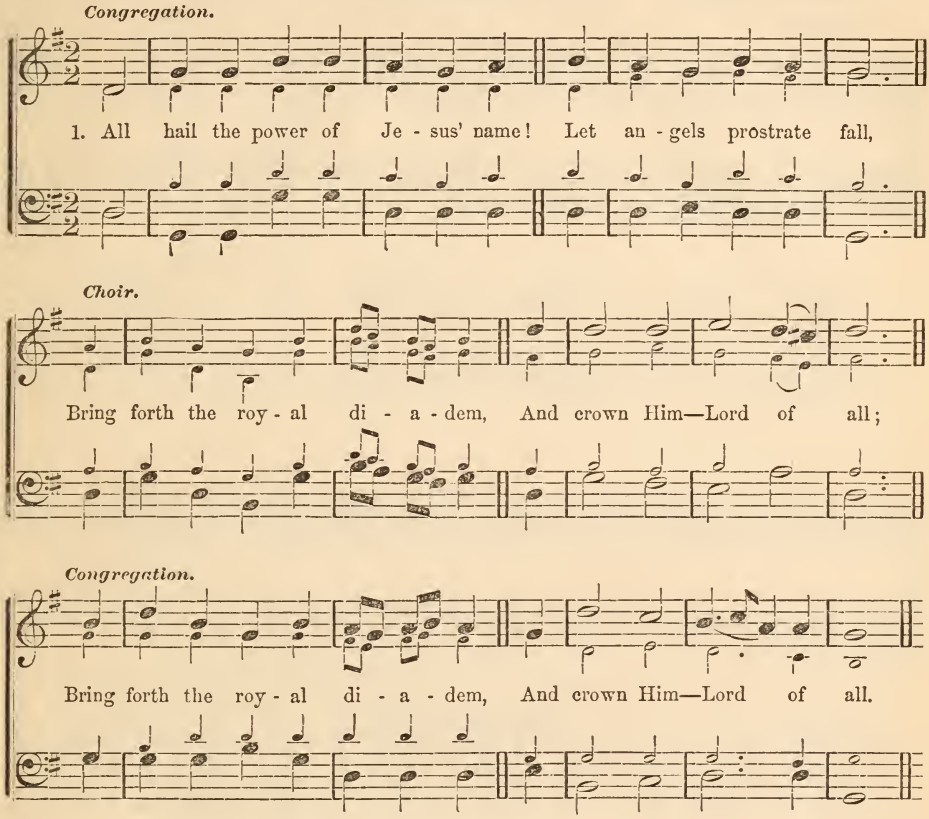
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Hymn 258. Coronation. C. M.


Congregation.
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
Choir.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him—Lord of all;
Congregation.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him—Lord of all.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the Altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

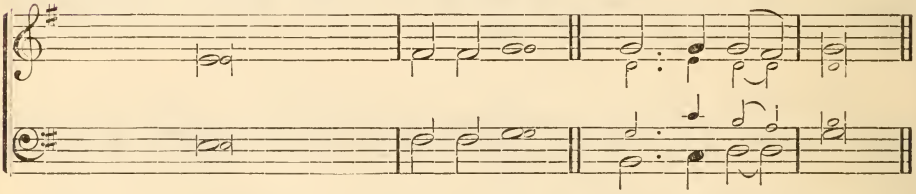
5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

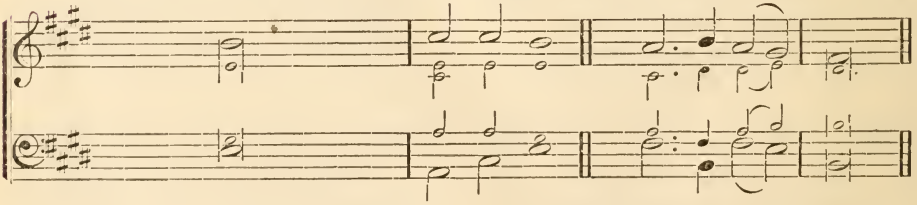
Hymn 259. Alleluia.

Choir.

The strain upraise ..... of	Joy and Praise,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	1.
And the Choirs that	dwell on high,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	2.
They in the Rest of Para -	dise who dwell,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	3.
The Planets beaming on their	heavenly way,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	4.
Ye Clouds ..... that	on - ward sweep,	Ye Winds on pinions	light,	5.
In sweet ..... con-	sent u - nite	Your Al - le - lu - —	ia,	6.



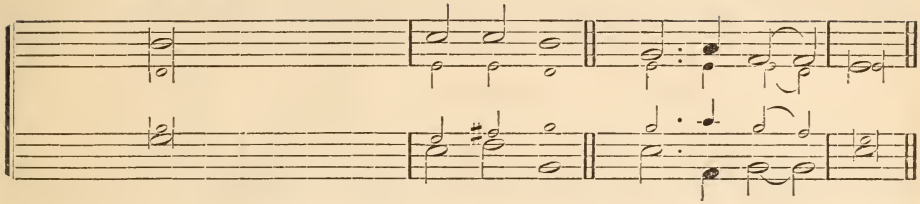
Ye Floods ..... and	o - cean Billows,	Ye Storms and Winter	Snow,	7.
Ye Groves ..... that	wave in Spring,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	8.
First let the Birds, with painted	plumage gay,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	9.
Then let the Beasts of earth, with	vary-ing strain,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	10.
Here let the Mountains thunder forth so-	nor - — ous,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	11.
Thou jubilant abyss of	O - cean, cry	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	12.



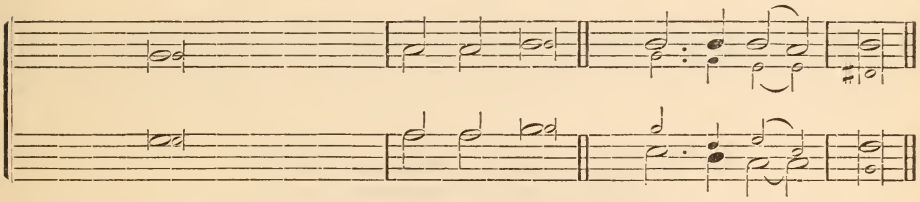
To God, who all Cre-	a - tion made,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	13.
This is the Strain, the E-	ter - nal Strain,	The Lord Almighty	loves,	14.
Al- ..... le-	lu - — ia,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	15.
Therefore we sing, with heart and voice a-	wak - — ing,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	16.
Now from all men	be out-poured,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	17.
With Alleluia	Ev - er - more,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	18.
Praise be done ..... to the	Three in One,	Al - le - lu - —	ia,	19.

Alleluia. Concluded.

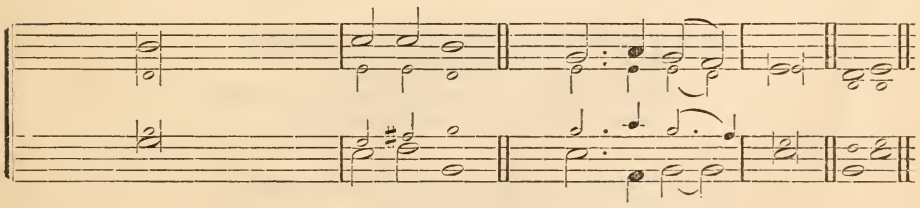
Congregation.



1. For the glory of their King, shall the ransomed	peo - ple	sing,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
2. Shall re-echo	thro' the	sky,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
3. The blessed ones, with joy the	Cho - rus	swell,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
4. The shining Constellations	join and	say.	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
5. Ye thunders echoing	loud and	deep,	Ye Lightnings wild - ly	bright,
6. Al- le-	lu - —	ia;	Al - le - lu - —	ia.



7. Ye Days of	cloud - less	beauty,	Hoar Frost and Summer	glow.
8. And glorious	For - ests,	sing	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
9. Exalt their great Creator's	praise, and	say,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
10. Join in Creation's Hymn, and	cry a -	gain,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
11. Here let the Valleys sing in gentler	Cho - —	rus,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
12. Ye tracts of Earth, and Conti-	nents re -	ply,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.



13. The frequent Hymn be	du - ly	paid,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
14. This is the Song, the	heavenly	Song,	That Christ the King ap-	proves.
15. Al- le-	lu - —	ia,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
16. And children's voices echo, answer	mak- —	ing,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
17. Alleluia	to the	Lord;	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
18. The Son and Spirit	we a -	dore,	Al - le - lu - —	ia.
19. Al- le-	lu - —	ia,	Al - le - lu - —	ia. *A-men.*

Hymn 260. Barby. C. M.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Hymn 261. Comfort. C. M.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green,
Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen.
Where sul - try sun, or stormy day,

1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with Thee,
My Saviour, this is life!

Hymn 262. Maitland. C. M.

1 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

6 But oh! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

Hymn 263. Lansingburgh. P. M.

1. My Sav-iour, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of
love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy, Con -
duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

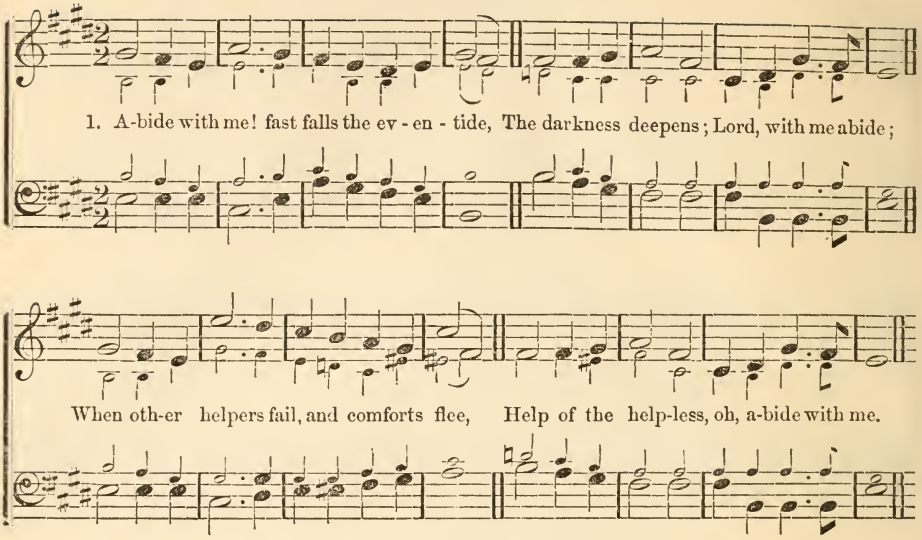
1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Hymn 264. Berlin. II. 5.


1. A-bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When oth-er helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.

1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

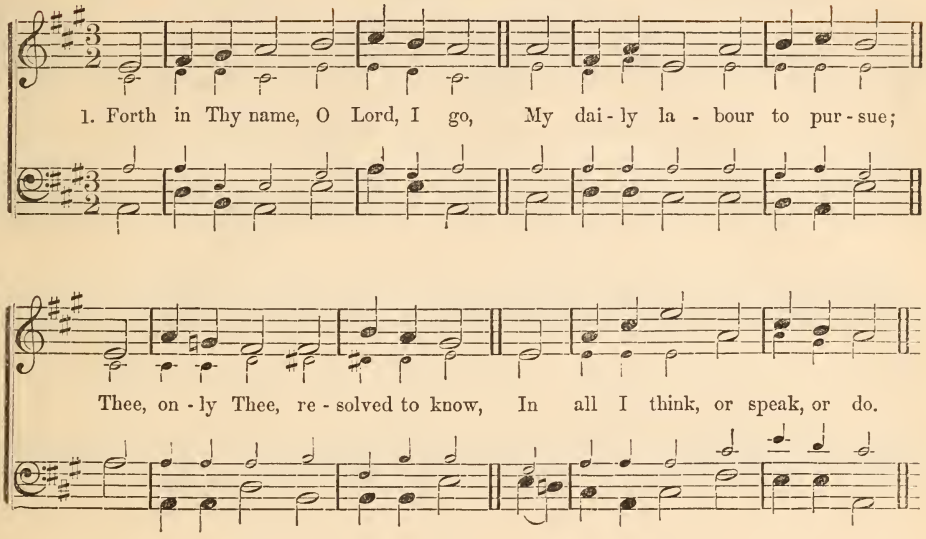
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Hymn 265. Hyde Park. L. M.

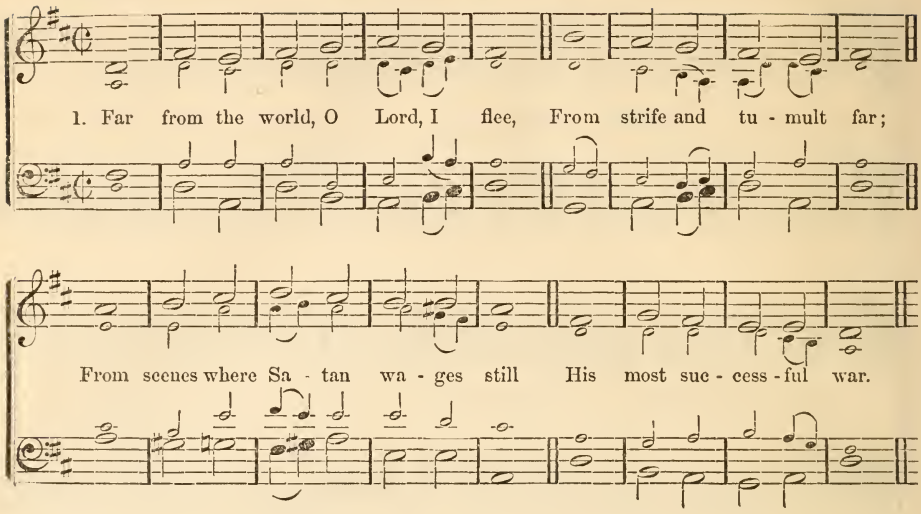


1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to that glorious day.

3 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Hymn 266. Phuvah. C. M.



1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of life divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour! Thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Hymn 266. Bellini. C. M. *For the Choir.*

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far;
From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.
2. The calm re- treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise a - gree;
And seem by Thy sweet boun - ty made For those that fol - low Thee.

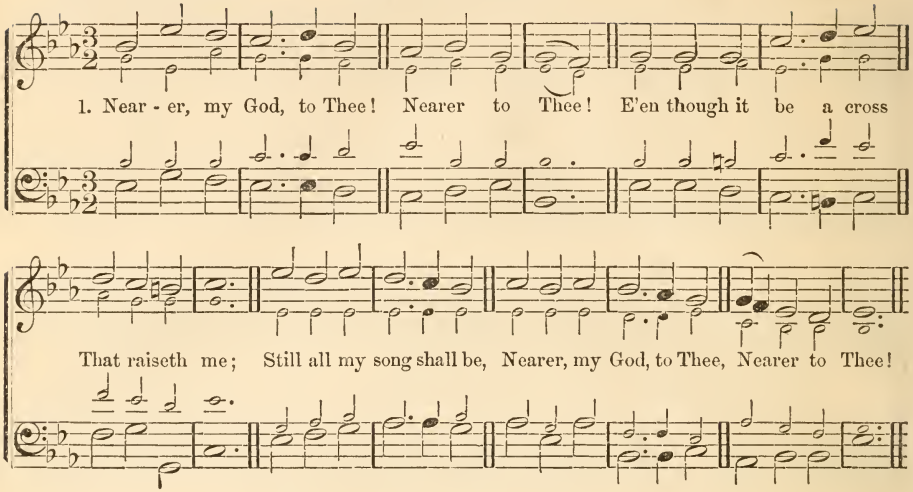
3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of life divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour! Thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Hymn 267. Aspinwall. P. M.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Hymn 267. Bethany. P. M.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Hymn 268. Attica. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

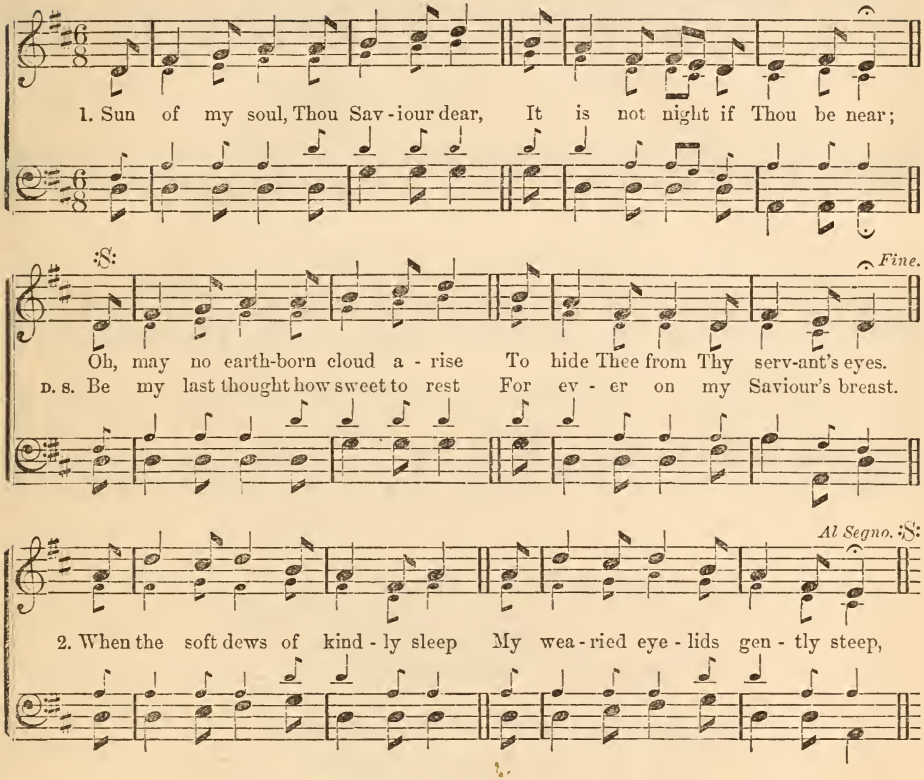
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymn 268. Hour of Prayer. L. M.

For the Sunday School.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
Fine.
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
D. S. Be my last thought how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
Al Segno.
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,

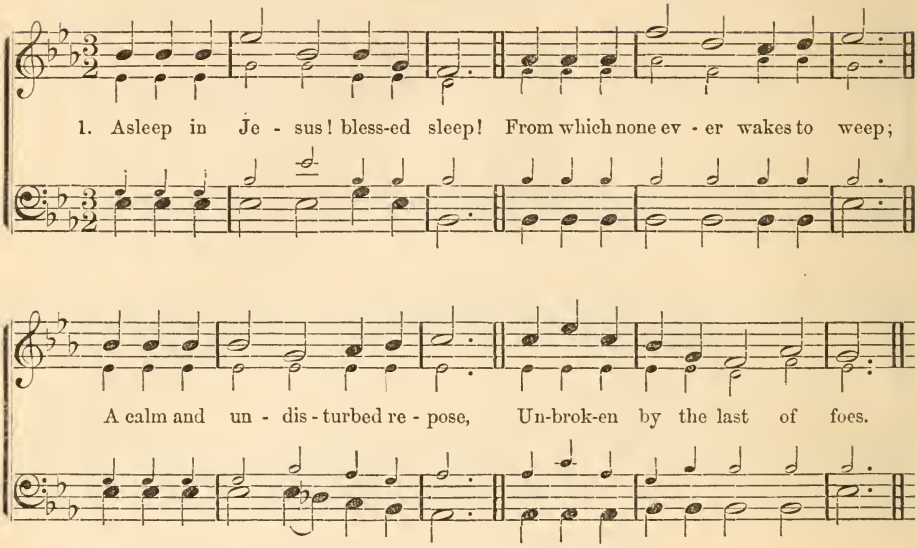
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymn 269. Rest. L. M. s


1. Asleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

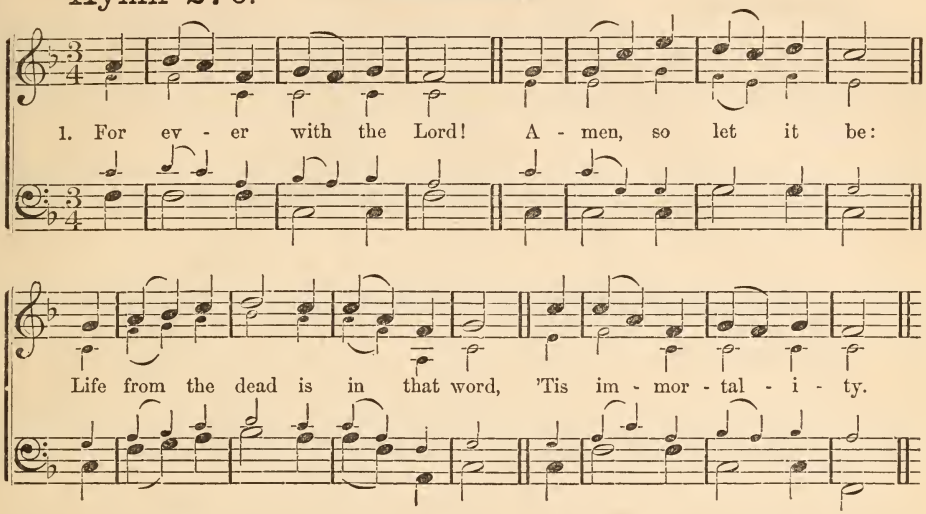
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its painful sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Hymn 270. Seir. S. M.



1 For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

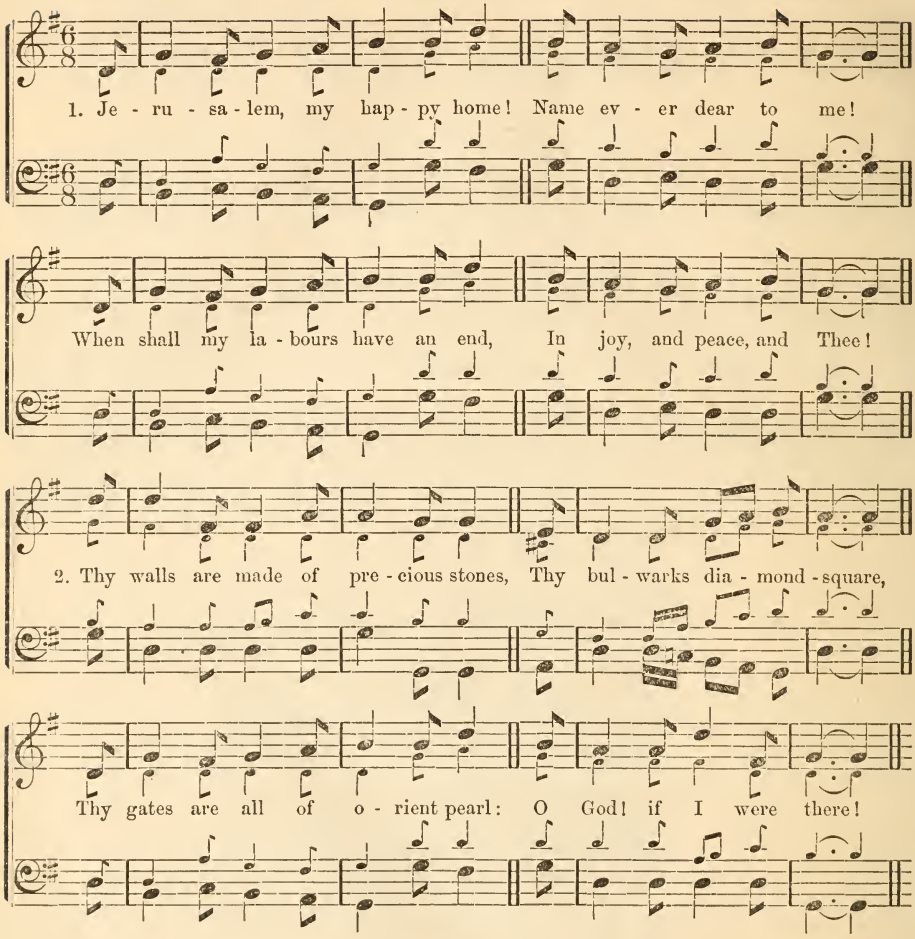
3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
The golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expand Thy bow of peace.

Hymn 271. Heavenly City. C. M.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace, and Thee!
2. Thy walls are made of pre - cious stones, Thy bul - warks dia - mond - square,
Thy gates are all of o - rient pearl: O God! if I were there!

3 Oh my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on Thy throne
In His felicity!

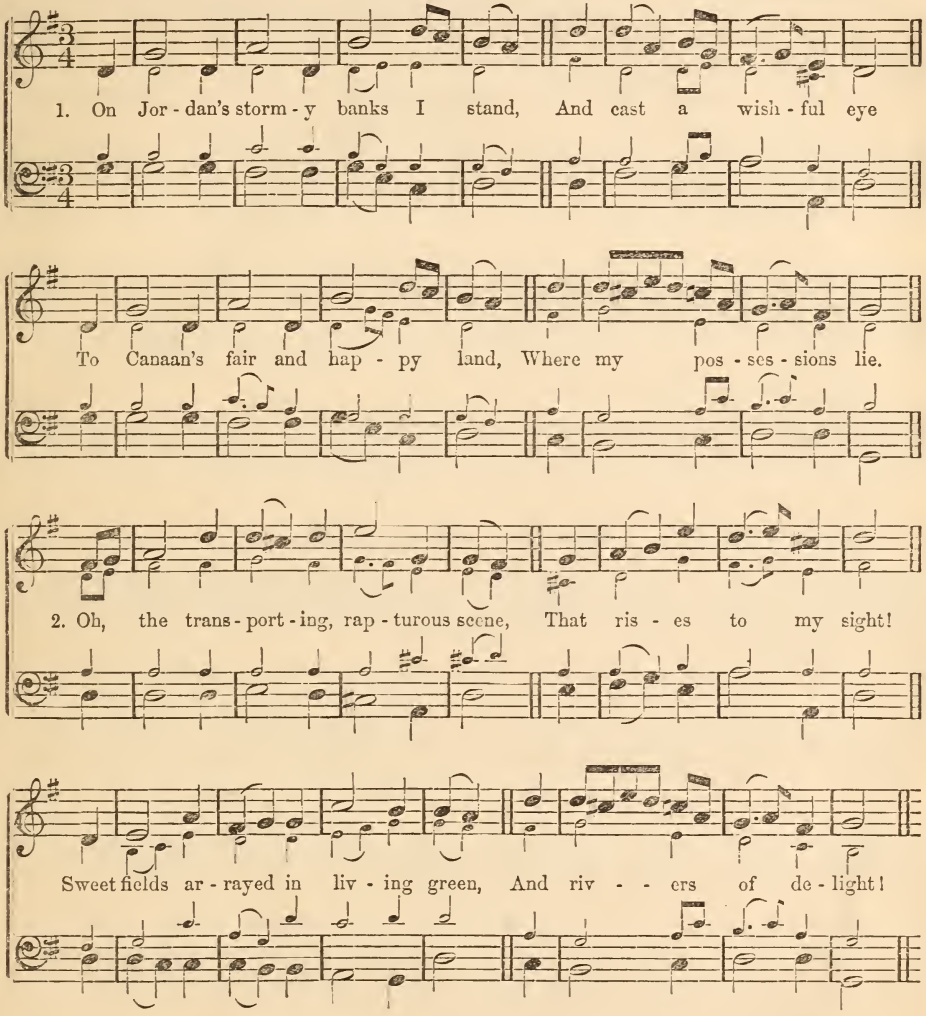
4 Thy gardens, and Thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

5 Right through Thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To Thee their honours bring.

7 Oh, mother dear; Jerusalem,
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Hymn 272. Dungeness. C. M. *For the Choir.*


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
2. Oh, the trans - port - ing, rap - turous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - - ers of de - light!

3 O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

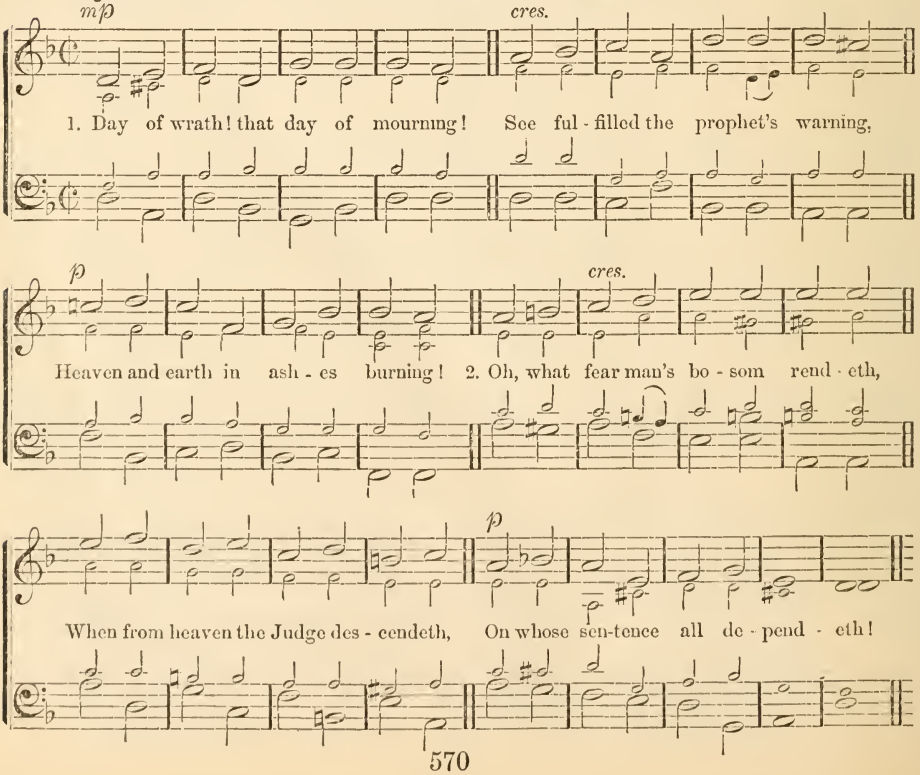
4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When I shall reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Hymn 273. Dies Iræ. No. 1. P. M.

Hymn 273. Dies Iræ. No. 2. P. M.


mp
cres.
1. Day of wrath! that day of mourning! See ful - filled the prophet's warning,
p
cres.
Heaven and earth in ash - es burning! 2. Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth,
p
When from heaven the Judge des - cendeth, On whose sen-tence all de - pend - eth!

1 Day of wrath! that day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall justice be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

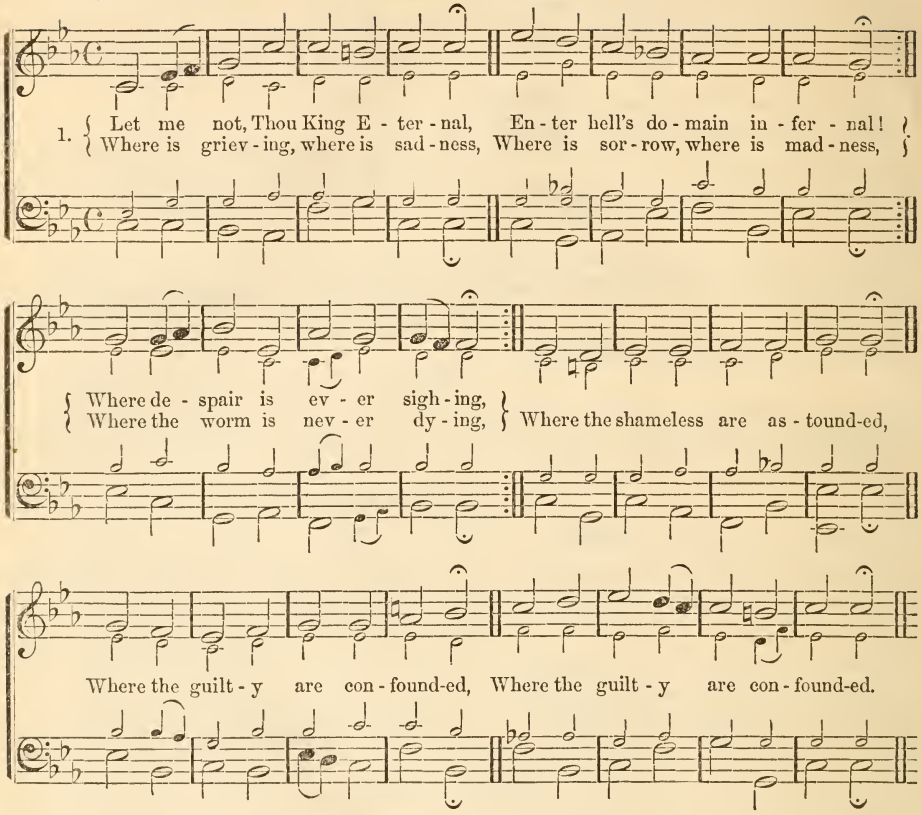
16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!

19 To the rest Thou didst prepare him
By Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

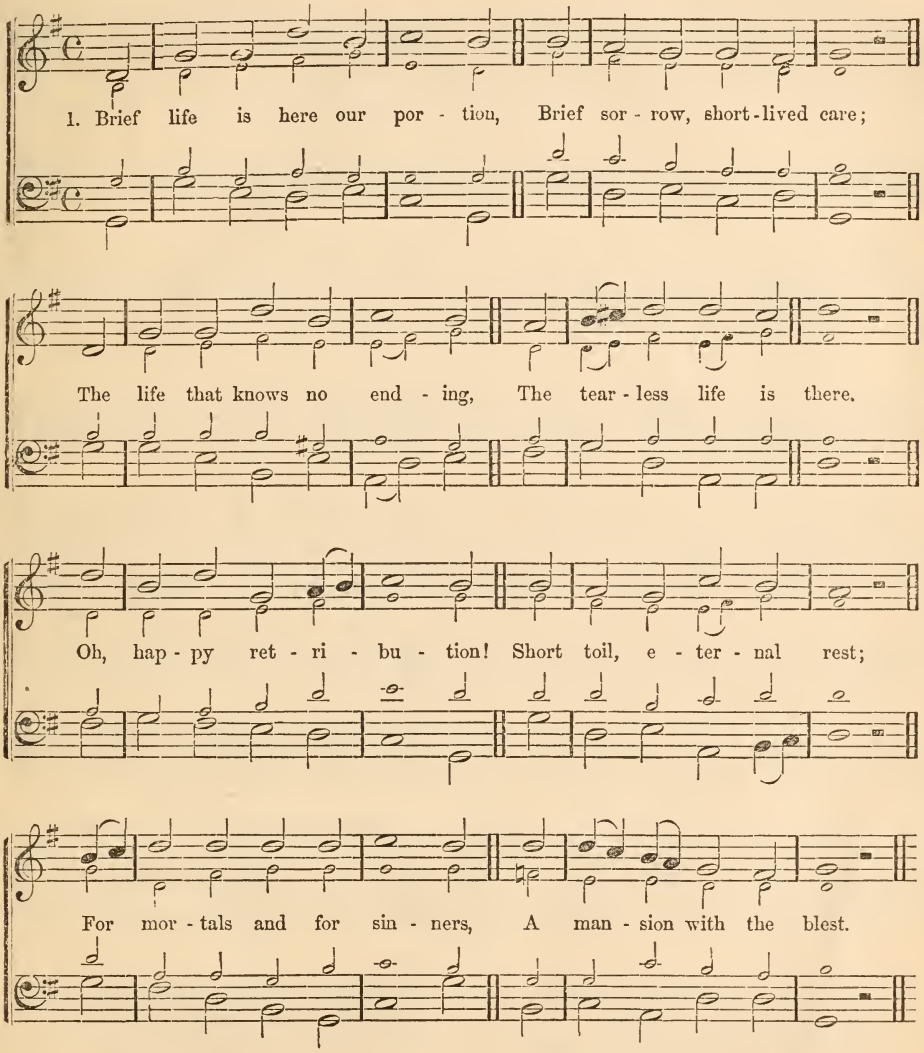
Hymn 274. Claxton. P. M.


1. Let me not, Thou King E - ter - nal, En - ter hell's do - main in - fer - nal!
Where is griev - ing, where is sad - ness, Where is sor - row, where is mad - ness,
Where de - spair is ev - er sigh - ing,
Where the worm is nev - er dy - ing,
Where the shameless are as - tound-ed,
Where the guilt - y are con - found-ed, Where the guilt - y are con - found-ed.

2 Me, may Zion welcome, saved;
Tranquil city, seat of David;
God its builder, light immortal;
Orient pearl each blazing portal;
Crystal gold its streets; the nation
Of the blest its population;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the guard that dwells around it.

3 With what joyous gratulations
Throng Thy gates the festive nations!
What the warmth of their embracing!
What the gems Thy walls enchasing!
Through that city's streets are wending,
Holy throngs, their anthems blending;
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant Thy praise in psalms victorious!

Hymn 275. Romaine. II. 6.


1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there.
Oh, hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

3 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 276. McIlvaine. II. 6.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight;
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 277. Bernard. II. 6.

1. For thee, oh dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh one, oh only mansion!
Oh Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Gloria Patri.

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore ;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven ;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blessed,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed ;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
  Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confessed,
  Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
  By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,
Be everlasting glory given
  To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
  Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
  Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
  Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
  To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
  Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
  God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
  On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
  To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heaven
  Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
  All praise be addressed
To God in three persons,
  One God ever blessed;
As it has been, now is,
  And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
  And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
  All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
As ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 and 184.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed:
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, in line 6, read,

As was throughout the ages past.

Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

SHOWING WHERE TO FIND EACH PSALM, AND PART OF A PSALM, BY THE BEGINNING.

	Psalm.	Part.
According to thy promised grace ..... cxix.	97	7
Adored for ever be the Lord ..... xxviii.	23	
Approach, ye children of the Lord ..... xxxiv.	29	2
As pants the hart for cooling streams ..... xlii.	36	
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs..... xlii.	37	
Attend, my people; Israel hear..... l.	43	2
Be gracious to thy servant, Lord..... cxix.	97	3
Bless'd is the man whom thou, O Lord..... xciv.	73	2
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone..... civ.	83	
Bless God, ye servants, that attend..... cxxxiv.	108	
But who thine anger's dread effects..... xc.	69	2
Consider my affliction, Lord..... cxix.	97	20
Consider that the righteous man..... iv.	4	
Deceitful thoughts and practices..... cxix.	97	15
Defend me, Lord, from shame..... xxxi.	26	
For ever, and for ever, Lord..... cxix.	97	12
For thee, O God, our constant praise..... lxv.	50	
From lowest depths of wo..... cxxx.	104	
Give ear, thou Judge of all the earth..... lv.	45	
God is our refuge in distress..... xlvi.	40	
God, my King, thy might confessing..... cxlv.	118	
God of my life, O Lord most high..... lxxxviii.	67	
God shall arise, and Sion view..... cii.	80	2
God shall charge his angel legions..... xci.	70	2
God's perfect law converts the soul..... xix.	15	2
God's temple crowns the holy mount..... lxxxvii.	66	
Had not the Lord, may Israel say..... cxxiv.	100	
Happy the man whose tender care..... xli.	35	
Have mercy, Lord, on me..... li.	44	
Hear, O my people, to my law..... lxxviii.	60	
He's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd ..... xxxii.	27	
He that has God his guardian made..... xci.	70	
How bless'd are they who always keep..... cxix.	97	
How blest is he who ne'er consents..... i.	1	
How good and pleasant must it be..... xcii.	71	

	Psalm.	Part.
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord....xiii.	10	
How manifold thy works, O Lord....civ.	84	
How shall the young preserve their ways....cxix.	97	2
How various, Lord, thy works are found....civ.	83	2
How vast must their advantage be....cxxxiii.	107	
I 'll praise my Maker with my breath....cxlvi.	120	
In mercy, not in wrath....vi.	6	
In my distress to God I cried....xxx.	25	
Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord....cxix.	97	5
In thee I put my steadfast trust....lxxi.	55	
I waited meekly for the Lord....xl.	34	
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth....xcvii.	76	
Jehovah reigns, let therefore all....xcix.	78	
Jehovah speaks: swift from the skies....cxlvii.	121	2
Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths....xxvi.	21	
Let all the just to God, with joy....xxxiii.	28	
Let all the lands, with shouts of joy....lxiv.	51	
Let me with light and truth be bless'd....xliii.	38	
Like water is my life pour'd out....xxii.	17	2
Lo, hills and mountains shall bring forth....lxxii.	56	
Lord, for ever at thy side....cxxxi.	105	
Lord, from thy unexhausted store....lxv.	50	2
Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry....cxliii.	115	
Lord, in thy sight, O let my prayer....cxli.	114	
Lord, let me know my term of days....xxxix.	33	
Lord, not to us, we claim no share....cxv.	93	
Lord, though at times surprised by fear....lvi.	46	
Lord, to my brethren I 'll declare....xxii.	17	3
Lord, what 's in man that thou shouldst love....cxliv.	116	
Lord, who 's the the happy man that may....xv.	12	
Magnify Jehovah's name....cvii.	87	
May Jacob's God defend....xx.	16	
Mine eyes, alas, begin to fail....cxix.	97	16
My God, my God, why leav'st thou me....xxii.	17	
My grateful soul shall bless the Lord....xvi.	13	
My off 'rings to God's house I' ll bring....lxvi.	51	2
My soul, for help on God rely....lxii.	48	
My soul, howe'er distressed and poor....lxix.	54	2
My soul, inspired with sacred love....ciii.	81	
My soul, oppressed with deadly care....cxix.	97	4
My soul with grateful thoughts of love....cxvi.	94	
My soul with long expectance faints....cxix.	97	11
No change of time shall ever shock....xviii.	14	
O all ye people, clap your hands....xlvii.	41	
O bless the Lord, my soul....ciii.	82	

		Psalm.	Part.
O come, loud anthems let us sing	xcv.	74	
O God, my gracious God, to thee	lxiii.	49	
O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent	lvii.	47	
O God, my heart is fully bent	cviii.	88	
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	lxxxiv.	63	
O God our Saviour, all our hearts	lxxxv.	64	
O Lord, my God, my portion thou	cxix.	97	8
O Lord, the Saviour and defence	xc.	69	
O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	xxxvi.	30	
O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul	cxlvi.	119	
O praise the Lord, for he is good	cxviii.	96	
O praise the Lord in that blest place	cl.	124	
O praise the Lord with hymns of joy	cxlvii.	121	
O praise the Lord with one consent	cxxxv.	109	
O praise ye the Lord	cxlix.	123	
O render thanks, and bless the Lord	cv.	85	
O render thanks to God above	cvi.	86	
O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey	lxxx.	61	
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow	viii.	7	
O 't was a joyful sound to hear	cxxii.	99	
O with due reverence let us all	cxxxii.	106	
Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise	cxi.	90	
Regard my words, O gracious God	v.	5	
Save me, O God, from waves that roll	lxiv.	54	
Say ye, the Lord shall not regard	xciv.	73	
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	xcvi.	75	
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	xcviii.	77	
That man is bless'd who stands in awe	cxii.	91	
Thee I will bless, my God and King	cxlv.	117	
The good man's way is God's delight	xxxvii.	31	2
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	xix.	15	
The Lord a holy temple hath	xi.	9	
The Lord does them support that fall	cxlv.	117	2
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God	l.	43	
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord	xxiii.	18	
The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower	xiv.	11	
The Lord, the only God, is great	xlviii.	42	
The Lord unto my Lord thus spake	cx.	89	
The love that to thy laws I bear	cxix.	97	13
The man is blest that fears the Lord	cxxviii.	103	
The name of our God	lxxvi.	59	
The servants of Jehovah's will	lxviii.	53	
The spacious earth is all the Lord's	xxiv.	19	
The strong foundations of the earth	cii.	80	3
The wicked I in power have seen	xxxvii.	31	3
The wonders which thy laws contain	cxix.	97	17
Thine is the cheerful day, O Lord	lxxiv.	58	

	Psalm.	Part.
Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom....cxix.	97	18
Though wicked men grow rich or great....xxxvii.	31	
Thou, gracious God, art my defence....iii.	3	
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known....cxxxix.	113	
Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways....xviii.	14	2
Through the changing scenes of life....xxxiv.	29	
Thus God declares his sovereign will....ii.	2	
Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain....xxxviii.	32	
Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow....cxix.	97	6
Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song....lxxxix.	68	
Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied....lxxiii.	57	
Thy sacred word, my joyful breast....cxix.	97	21
Thy wondrous power, almighty Lord....cvii.	87	2
Thy word is to my feet a lamp....cxix.	97	14
To bless thy chosen race....lxvii.	52	
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord....ix.	8	
To God, in whom I trust....xxv.	20	
To God, our never failing strength....lxxxi.	62	
To God, the mighty Lord....cxxxvi.	110	
To me, who am the workmanship....cxix.	97	10
To my complaint, O Lord my God....lxxxvi.	65	
To my request and earnest cry....cxix.	97	22
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes....cxxi.	98	
We build with fruitless cost, unless....cxxvii.	102	
Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees....xxxiii.	28	2
When I pour out my soul in prayer....cii.	80	
When we, our weary limbs to rest....cxxxvii.	111	
While I the King's loud praise rehearse....xlv.	39	
Whom should I fear, since God to me....xxvii.	22	
Who place on Sion's God their trust....cxxv.	101	
With cheerful notes let all the earth....cxvii.	95	
With glory clad, with strength arrayed....xciii.	72	
With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt....cxix.	97	9
With my whole heart, my God and King....cxxxviii.	112	
With my whole heart to God I called....cxix.	97	19
With one consent let all the earth....c.	79	
Ye boundless realms of joys....cxlviii.	122	
Ye saints and servants of the Lord....cxiii.	92	
Ye that in might and power excel....xxix.	24	

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

SHOWING WHERE TO FIND EACH HYMN BY THE BEGINNING.

	Hymn
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	264
A charge to keep I have	179
Ah, how shall fallen man	13
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	228
Alas, what hourly dangers rise	58
All hail the power of Jesus' name	258
All glorious God, what hymns of praise	15
Almighty Father, bless the word	39
Almighty Lord! before thy throne	80
Although the vine its fruits deny	208
And are we now brought near to God	95
And wilt thou, O eternal God	101
And will the Judge descend?	193
Another six days' work is done	33
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	133
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise	165
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	269
As panting in the sultry beam	159
As when the weary traveller gains	186
As o'er the past my memory strays	51
As the sweet flower that scents the morn	127
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	164
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	180
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	257
Awake, ye saints, awake	30
Before Jehovah's awful throne	154
Before the Lord we bow	242
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	5
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth	153
Be still, my heart! these anxious cares	157
Bless'd be thou, the God of Israel	204
Bless'd is the man whose softening heart	115
Bless'd is the tie that binds	27
Behold the Saviour of mankind	63
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	213
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	245
Brief life is here our portion	275
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	225
By cool Siloam's shady rill	246
Children of the heavenly King	146
Christ from the dead is raised, and made	71
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	69
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	74
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	75
Come let our voices join	110
Come let us join our friends above	216
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart	198
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	248
Come, ye that love the Lord	149
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	236
Day of wrath! that day of mourning	273
Deluded souls! that dream of heaven	142
Depth of mercy! can there be	249
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed	108
Dread Jehovah! God of nations	81
Eternal Source of every joy	8
Faith is the Christian's evidence	140
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	33
Far from the world, O Lord, I'd flee	266
Father of mercies, in thy word	2
Father of all whose love profound	78
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	100
Father, to thee my soul I lift	21
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	156
Few are thy days, and full of wo	188
Forever here my rest shall be	251
Forever with the Lord	270
For thee, oh dear, dear country	277
Forth in thy name, O Lord, we go	265
Fountain of mercy, God of love	84
From all that dwell below the skies	103
From Greenland's icy mountains	107
From whence these direful omens round	65
Glorious things of thee are spoken	215
Glory to thee, my God, this night	168
Glory to the Father give	111
God moves in a mysterious way	12
God of the seas! thine awful voice	118
God of our fathers, by whose hand	202
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name	97
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord	98
Go to dark Gethsemane	230
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	23
Great first of beings, mighty Lord	3

	Hymn
Great God, as seasons disappear	241
Great God, this sacred day of thine	34
Great God, to thee my evening song	169
Great God, what do I see and hear?	194
Great God, with wonder and with praise	1
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	177
Hail the day that sees him rise	234
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus	42
Hail, thou once despised Jesus	229
Hail to the Lord's anointed	54
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	218
Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound	189
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	41
Hark! the herald angels sing	45
Hark! what mean those holy voices	223
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	129
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan	158
Hear what the voice from heaven declares	124
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies	72
He's come, let every knee be bent	76
Heirs of unending life	210
High on the bending willows hung	67
Holy Father, great Creator	239
Hosanna to the living God	222
How beauteous are their feet	52
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	144
How long shall earth's alluring toys	197
How helpless guilty nature lies	20
How oft, alas! this wretched heart	59
How short the race our friend has run	126
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	255
How wondrous and great	109
I love thy kingdom, Lord	25
In loud exalted strains	35
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	173
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay	187
Jerusalem, my happy home	271
Jerusalem the golden	276
Jesus! and shall it ever be	175
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	233
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	226
Jesus, my strength, my hope	176
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	143
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	102
Jesus, the very thought of thee	253
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	252
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	148
Just as I am, without one plea	250
Let heaven arise, let earth appear	4
Let me not, thou King Eternal	274
Let worldly minds the world pursue	174
Like Noah's weary dove	24
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	40
Lord, for the just thou dost provide	120
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	237
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	113
Lord, my God, I long to know	151
Lord of life, all praise excelling	117
Lord, unafflicted, undismayed	161
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens	256
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	150
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	212
Mercy descending from above	114
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	227
My faith looks up to thee	243
My God, accept my heart this day	244
My God, and is thy table spread	94
My God, I love thee, not because	254
My God, permit me not to be	57
My God, since thou hast raised me up	123
My grateful soul, forever praise	19
My opening eyes with rapture see	37
My Saviour, as thou wilt	263
My Saviour, hanging on the tree	64
Nearer, my God, to thee	267
Not to the terrors of the Lord	26
Now from the altar of our hearts	170
Now gird your patient loins again	220
Now may the God of grace and power	82
Now the shades of night are gone	167
O'er mountain tops the mount of God	55
Oh! for a heart to praise my God	260
O happy day that stays my choice	89
O happy is the man who hears	204
O for a closer walk with God	182
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	77
O, in the morn of life, when youth	92
Oh, sacred head, now wounded	231
O let triumphant faith dispel	141
O Lord, my best desire fulfil	262
Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be	221
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	272
On Sion, and on Lebanon	106
O Spirit of the living God	104
O that my load of sin were gone	137
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	135
O thou to whose all-searching sight	60
Our Lord is risen from the dead	73
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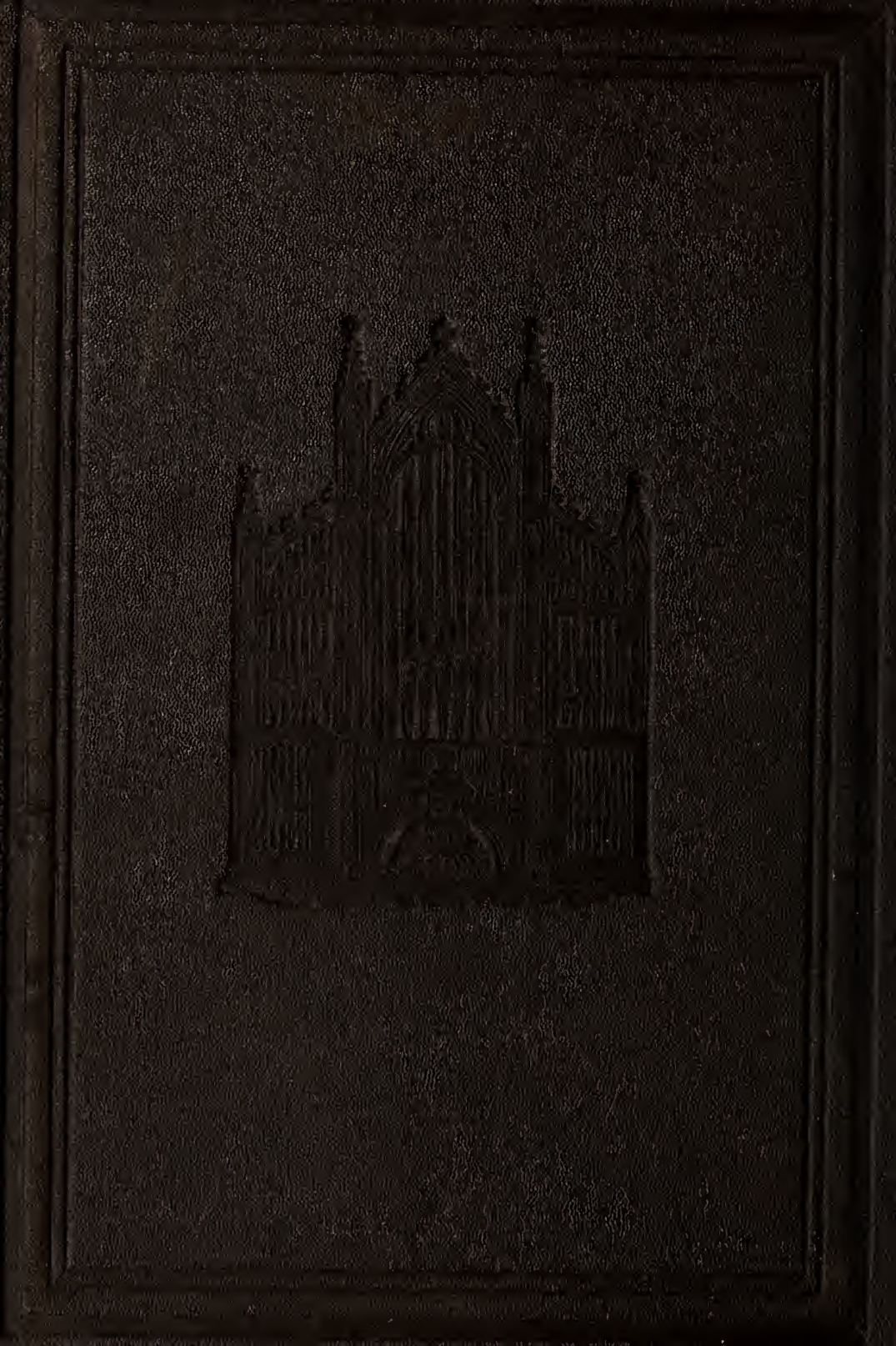
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